PARAPHRASE
IN
ENGLISH
ON THE
FOLLOWING
OF
CHRIST.

Written Originaly in *Latine*,
By *Thomas a Kempis*.

Let love of Truth allure to read and mark
What is the word that's writ, not who the Clark.

Printed *Anno Domini*, 1694.

Eliz: Winchcombe her
Booke

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

HEre Reader thou haſt *Thomas a Kempis* in a new dreſs, his work cobled into Rime, I will not ſay Tranſlated into verſe unleſs I were more confident of the Tranſlators Poetry. And could he have gotten an honeſt Champion in this art, that with a charitable hand would have corrected and varniſhed over the whole; he would I aſſure thee moſt willingly have ſubmitted his work to this amendment and correction. But ſuch is the miſerable and depraved world we live in that moſt People pleaſe themſelves

more in cenſuring with a crittical malice, what other men do, then in endeavouring to aſſiſt a harmleſs undertaker, or correcting the leaſt vice in themſelves; And if in a whole volume they can get ever ſo little to carp at, they have gain'd their point. *hic labor, hoc opus eſt.*

However,

Vade ſed Incultus qualem decet Exulis eſſe
Goe but ungarniſh'd as an Exile ſhould.

And Indeed it was the Product of an Impriſon'd Exile when Loyalty in *Cromwells* days was a Crime, and I fear it comes out when the following of Chriſt is a greater.

Ordinary Sins paſs for Peccadilioes and thoſe of the firſt rate amongſt men of the firſt Rank, are not only Practized but alſo commended; what hopes of amendment too when the Pen and Pulpit are turn'd to a trade of ſelf Intereſt?

Is it not able to ſtartle our Faith when we read what admirable things were written and practiz'd by Heathens, and ſo little by thoſe who are known by the name of Chriſtians?

That great Royaliſt and Excellent Penman *L'Eſtrange* Tranſlating *Seneca* ſpeaks thus. It

"It coſts us a great deal of time, Seneca's Epiſt. p. 21.
"and other mens ears a deal of trou-
"ble to purchaſe the Character of a
"Learned man, wherefore I ſhall e-
"ver content my ſelf with the *Cour-
ſer title of an Honeſt man.*

Whereas honeſty with our modern Chriſtians is ſeldom practiz'd and rather laugh'd at then commended.

Then ſays he "to Think any thing Sen. *Mor.* p. 30.
"good that is not honeſt were to re-
"proach Providence: Nothing can be
"good which gives neither greatneſs
"nor ſecurity to the mind, but on
"the contrary infects it with Inſo-
"lence, Arrogance and Tumour.

"Nor does virtue dwell on the tip *pag.* 32.
"of the tongue but in the temple of
"a purifi'd Heart.

Who is it (ſays the Pſalmiſt) *ſhall a-* *Pſal.* 23. 3.
*ſcend to the Mountain of our Lord? or
who is it that ſhall ſtand in his holy Place?* (he anſwears) *the Innocent of Hands and clean of Heart that hath not received his Soul in vain, nor Sworn to his Neighbour in fraud or deceipt.*

Yet if we conſider our ſelves this day in the mirrour of our actions we ſhall ſee little but the bitterneſs of mankind one againſt another.

Whoſe eſtate or reputation do we ſcruple to take away, if our power or contrivance for ſelf ends can rob them of it? If we ſtumble into Favorite we riſe up (God knows) to the ruin of our Prince; for the malice and revenge we contract from others by our practiſes inſolence and oppreſſion makes only a falſe paſs at us, but a home hit at our Maſter, and few right Rebells, or Enemies can be ſo pernicious to a Prince as a falſe hearted Favorit or Subject; for many times we pretend Loyalty in our diſcourſe, where the bottom being ſearched all is but diſſimulation and cheat: This guilded outſide Covers the Inſide of ſelf Intereſt, which only makes uſe of theſe ſalacies to get our foot in the ſtirrup and then ride if we can both Maſters and Servants too: *ego et rex meus.*

We carp at other mens Religion though we have none of our own, and pretend to be of ſome, that we may have the better Cullour to ruin others, whoſe opinion we perſecute, not for ſaving their Souls but damning their Eſtates, or preventing their Advancement.

And

And amongſt other miſchiefs attending a Prince that is govern'd by Irreligious Knaves this is one, that there is a ſecret kind of combination like a war enter'd into by them againſt all honeſt men, who hardly or never can relieve or reſcue him from ruin, becauſe ſuch villains lay cloſe ſiege to his ears and bar acceſs to the Loyall and plain dealer, whom they ſtill beat off and keep at a diſtance by one ſiniſter contrivance or other, leaſt their Practizes by ſuch might be unmask'd and defeated.

Seneta in his Epiſtles ſpeaks much to this purpoſe. "How ſhamefully "are great men fawn'd upon by their "Slaves and enur'd to fulſome pra- "ctizes? when the only buſineſs of "theſe that call themſelves friends is "to try who can moſt dexterouſly "deceive his Maſter. *pag.* 109.

Sir *Walter Rawleigh* (whoſe exact words I forget) tells us "that men in "his days were ſo bitter in points of "Controverſy that they appear'd to "him rather Commedians then diſ- "putants in religion; Whereas (ſays "he) *beatitudo non eſt divinorum cognitio "ſed vita divina.* Had he lived in our

days his pen undoubtedly would have added two ſillables more and called us Tragick Commedians.

And ſeldom upon theſe occaſions of miſchiefe, conteſt, or war does any Faction want a pack of hireling Levites (let the exteriour religion be what it will) who magnify the cauſe they eſpouſe to decoy in the ſilly Layety to the defence and advantage of their *Diana*.

And this is diſmally evident in theſe three Nations from the year 1637. to this day, and all (but ſuch as partially ſhut their eyes and ears) muſt know this for a truth In which I no ways excuſe thoſe of my own Religion. But particular Inſtances more befit a narative or hiſtory then this little treatiſe of my Pious Author, yet the old ſaying I muſt here repeat *coruptio optimi eſt peſſima*, for no man can be worſe then a *Judas* in his Apoſtleſhip.

And indeed a Churchman is not free from the tincture of *Judas*'s crime, who having once taken that venerable Function on him ſteps ever ſo little over his own threſhold to walk in the Statſmans Souldiers or other worldlings Province; by doing this he is

Traytor

Traytor to other mens Souls and his own too. For when they once give themſelves over to ſelfiſh and temporal advantages they make it their buſineſs *perfas aut nefas* to Juſtify their own actions and undertakings, and draw in the credulous and bigotted ſort of people to run down the oppoſit Party let them be ever ſo Juſt and Prudent, and being once involved therein, though they and their Proſelites Periſh by their Unlawfull and Imprudent Conduct; yet ſo much of malice and Pride continue to reign in them, as they never acknowledge their error and guilt, but perſiſt ſtill in their bad opinion, and to cloak it the better ſtuddy all the arts and ſiniſter means Imaginable, to aſperſe their adverſaries let them be ever ſo Innocent, wherein no man can ſtrike deeper then they, whilſt an exteriour Gravity, and Eloquence of a Schollar gains upon the vulgar, by help of an Interiour hypocriſy. And thus they deſtroy (like the Wolfe in the Fable) a harmleſs Lamb for drinking below him in the Stream.

However it were Irreligious in the higheſt degree to condemn or deſtroy the

the Function in general, for the failings or wickedneſs of ſome; No man undoubtedly appears to the unbiaſſed eye or underſtanding ſo glorious a Creature in the world as a Juſt Upright and virtuous Churchman, to whom this enſuing character ſet down by *Seneca* may be moſt properly applyed.

"If one could but ſee the mind of a "good man as it is Illuſtrated with vir- "tue the beauty &Majeſty of it (which "is a dignity not ſo much as to be "thought of without love and venera- "tion) would not a man bleſs him- "ſelf at the ſight of ſuch an object as at "the encounter of ſome ſupernatural "Power? a Power ſo miraculous that "it is a kind of charm upon the Souls "of thoſe that are truly affected with "it. There is ſo wonderfull a grace "and authority in it, that even the "worſt of men approve it, and ſet up "for the reputation of being virtuous "themſelves. They covet the Fruit "indeed and profit of wickedneſs, "but they hate and are aſham'd of the "imputation of it.

Clergy men to whom ſuch a Character may be Juſtly applyed take a care

care to act according to theſe words of St. *Bernard.*

Beati ſi ſic permanſerimus usq. in finem ſemper et ubique quærentes non quæ noſtra ſunt ſed quæ Jeſu Chriſti. St. Bern. Epiſt p. 35.

Bleſſed are we if we continne ſo to the end ſeeking always and every where our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, and not thoſe things that are for our particular advantage. Thus did *Peter*, and thus did *Paul*; But the later writing in a more Sublime ſtile, the former's actions and ſentences appear more proper in this place for ſays he to Chriſt.

Bohold we have quitted all and followed thee. And this was after his Maſters Copy. *The Son of Man has not a place whereon he may reſt his head.*

And this is the Inſtruction that famous *Bernard* Afterwards endeavoured to Immitate, according to his own words here recited. And ſo indeed ſhould all that undergo that Sacred Function, they ſhould as near as they could ſhine like thoſe bright Lamps of Sanctity and make their virtues light others into the way of Salvation.

But ſuch whoſe Intereſt walks baſely under the cloak of Zeal run thouſands

ſands by degrees into Atheiſm; whereas nothing helps more to recovery of a poor Sinner, then love of the divinity: that little and even languiſhing ſpark of love which ſuch find in their hearts towards our Saviour, and I my ſelf wretched man amongſt the chief of Sinners is the greateſt Antidote againſt the plague of deſpair.

Peter (ſays Chriſt) *doſt thou love me better then theſe?*

What need had the ſearcher of all hearts put this queſtion to ſatisfy himſelf? he ſaw and knew it, but the *quære* in preſence of others was neceſſary to ſhew the reaſons why he gave a poor ſilly Fiſherman the care of his ſheep, and pray'd for him too that his faith ſhould not fail to ſtrengthen his brethren, which after his maſters Aſcention he practized in theſe Words.

1 Pet. c 2. v 1. *Lay aſide all malice, and guile, hippocricy envy and Detraction, and as new born Babes deſire the ſincere milk of the word, Submit your ſelves to every Ordinance of Man for the Lords ſake, whether it be to Kings as Supream, or unto Governors as unto them that are ſent by him for the puniſhmens of evil-doers, and for the prayſe of them that do well Ho-*

nour

nour all men love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King, feed the Flock of God not for filthy lucre but with a willing mind and be cloathed with humility for God reſiſteth the Proud and giveth grace to the hnmble. ver. 17. Chap 5. 2.

And this very Grace and Honour was remarkably ſhewn ſome years before to the poor and humble creatures of the world. For when God thought fit to ſend his Envoy Extraordinary on Earth with Joyfull tydings of the Meſſias's birth, was this Embaſſy pray you directed to Kings or Princes? no, but to ſo many poor Shepherds that kept watch over their Flocks by night. He that believes this or forty other parts of Scripture to be true Hiſtory, muſt neceſſarily condemn the Atheiſt, for without the Aſſiſtance of a Supream power how could this poor Fiſherman talk ſo learnedly as he does upon ſeveral occaſions and in the language of ſtrangers which he never learn'd; or the Doors of a priſon fly open to ſet him at liberty, or walk on the Sea and not be drown'd. Luck. 2.

But leaving the unfortunate Atheiſt to that Repentance I wiſh him, he

that

that beleives in God and beleives there is a God, will eaſily ſee that thoſe great effects of Favour proceeded from *Peters* Love. And when I conſider this and a Common Harlot for the ſame reaſon advanced to all honour and glory amongſt the Saints of Heaven, and Recorded with praiſe by Chriſt himſelf, this gives me ſome hopes againſt the Memoires of my paſt wickedneſs. But 'its much to be fear'd that a heart too ſelfiſh and ſtinty will never regard the words of this Apoſtle nor obtain this happy and commendable bleſſing of divine love.

Pſal 5. *v* 5, 6, 7. *Neque habitabit Juxta te malignus neque permanebunt Injuſti ante oculos tuos,*

Odiſti omnes qui operantur iniquitatem, perdes omnes qui loquuntur mendacium.

Virum Sanguinis et doloſum abhominabitur Dominus.

ver. 11. *Sepulchrum patens eſt guttur eorum linguis ſuis doloſe agebant.*

There is ſo little of honneſt or Juſt love amongſt us or even humanity it ſelf that we ſtick at no oppreſſion which we can lay on our Neighbour, the ruin of whole Families is but a quarry of Pleaſure to our ambition and Covetouſnes. We live proud and plentifull,

tifull, upon the goods of others, and repay our Creditor with abuſe and Inſolence. "The ſadeſt caſe of all is "(ſays *Seneca*) when we become en-"ammor'd of our ruin, and make "wickedneſs our ſtudy, when vice has "got a reputation, and when the "diſſolute have loſt the only good thing "they had in their exceſſes the ſhame "of offending.

Which words may be as propperly now as ever apply'd to the *Triple* Idolatry of our days, Pride, Covetouſneſs and Luxury. Nothing of Invention, falſhood, Flattery, diſſimulation, Perjury, with all the arts and Criticiſms of unjuſt practizes carried on by the plots of a plodding Villain ſhall be wanting to compaſs thoſe Sacrifices we offer to theſe three Deities.

When men have gain'd Honour Wealth, or other advantages, by help of a Friend, what is more practicable in the ſuperlative degree then forgetfulneſs and ingratitude to thoſe very perſons they perfectly owe their fortune and advancement unto, and with what Impudence Arrogance Tyrany and Diſdain do they uſe their undeſerved greatneſs?

When

When the ſame Author tells you,
Sen. *Epi.* p. 121. "It is Virtue not Pedigree that ren-
"ders a man either valuable or hap-
"py for the Original of all mankind
"was the ſame, & it is only a clear Con-
"ſcience that makes any man noble;
"In truth it matters not whence we
122. "came but whether we go; The glory
"of our Predeceſſors is no more honour
"to us then our wickedneſs is a ſhame
to them.

To compaſs another mans right or eſtate what inventions of tedious, dilatory, malicious, and expenſive law ſuits are there ſet up? What forgery of Deeds and writings? what ſubordination of Swearing varlets to make a lye current, or to ſtifle the truth, and ſtrip whole Families of their birthright and ſubſiſtance, and ſome of their lives to boot?

To gain a ſimple heedleſs Virgin to their luſtful embraces what oaths of love is their wanting? what Imprecations and Curſes to Soul and Body if they mean any thing but reality and honour? and what languiſhing looks and geſtures do they Practiſe to gain belief and the conqueſt of this poor Victim? which they have no ſoon-

er

er ſacrificed to their deſires, then they even they themſelves firſt of all mankind proclaim her a Common Strumpet whom they have thus cheated by premeditated perjury and diluſions, running this wofull creature into all the miſeries that can be Immagined, who probably but for this Mountebank might have proved an honeſt Wife in the enjoyment of a Juſt Husband. This being the practiſe of our days note the reſemblance thereof with the time of *Tiberius* that wicked Emperour.

"An age when it was dangerous to "be honeſt and only profitable to be "vicious, and not only ill things but "vice it ſelf was both commended and "prefer'd, for all inſolencies when "they come to be exemplary pre- "tend to be lawfull Authority in Sin "is an incentive to it, and it is at "leaſt an excuſe if not a warrant to "tranſgreſs after great example Sen. *Epi.*

"He makes Infamy the reward of "lewdneſs, and values himſelf upon "his Excellency in ill doing, *&c.* So- "ciety and Conſcience are become "fooliſh and ſcandalous things, and "it is half the relliſh of our luſts that

"they are committed in the face of "the Sun. Innocency is not only rare "but loſt, and mankind is enter'd in- "to a ſort of confedracy againſt virtue.

And ſuch men or rather Monſters as theſe adore uſually three other Deities. Cruelty, Mallice, and revenge.

And is it not even wonderfull to ſee men exquiſit in theſe unchriſtian like vices, and yet dayly converſant in the Bible, can ſuch believe the words thereof dictated by the Spirit of God.

If they did can they forget thoſe words of our Saviour. *Eſtote miſericordes ſicut et pater veſter Cæleſtis.* Be merciſull as your Heavenly Father is. Do not Judge, or cenſure others, and you ſhall not be Judged; Forgive and you ſhall be Forgiven; why doſt thou ſee or take notice of the ſtraw or mote in thy Brothers eye, and with thoſe excellent Sentences of advice, that of our dayly prayer *Forgive us O Father our Treſpaſſes as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us.* Thus are we taught to love our very Enemies, yet ſo far from it that we perfectly hate ſuch as are plain dealers the beſt of friends, and take a Diſſembler, Flatterer, Cheat, Pimp or Bawd into our embraces with

the

the appearance of wellcome, though nothing indeed of reality remains in our hearts. Our exteriour kindneſs is a Sordid ſort of Modiſh compliance or the mean practiſe of Paraſites to invegle others to the baſeſt of offices or ſome Premeditated miſchiefe, or at beſt to ſome ſelfiſh deſign of our own.

"It is a main point to take care "that we propoſe nothing but what "is hopefull and honeſt, for it will "be equally troubleſome to us, either "not to ſucceed or to be aſhamed of "the ſucceſs. Wherefore let us be "ſure not to admit any ill deſign into "our heart that we may lift up pure "hands unto Heaven and ask nothing "which another may be looſer by. "Let us pray for a good mind which "is a wiſh to no mans Injury, I will "remember always that I am a man, "and then conſider that if I am hap-"py it will not laſt always, if unhap-"py I may be other if I pleaſe. I will "carry my life in my hand and deli-"ver it up readily when it ſhall be "call'd for, I will have a care of be-"ing a Slave to my ſelf. *Seneca of a happy life p. 67.*

What do'ſt think now reader? will it not be eaſier with ſuch a Heathen

"they are committed in the face of "the Sun. Innocency is not only rare "but loſt, and mankind is enter'd in- "to a ſort of confedracy againſt virtue.

And ſuch men or rather Monſters as theſe adore uſually three other Deities. Cruelty, Mallice, and revenge.

And is it not even wonderfull to ſee men exquiſit in theſe unchriſtian like vices, and yet dayly converſant in the Bible, can ſuch believe the words thereof dictated by the Spirit of God.

If they did can they forget thoſe words of our Saviour. *Eſtote miſericordes ſicut et pater veſter Cæleſtis.* Be merciſull as your Heavenly Father is. Do not Judge, or cenſure others, and you ſhall not be Judged; Forgive and you ſhall be Forgiven; why doſt thou ſee or take notice of the ſtraw or mote in thy Brothers eye, and with thoſe excellent Sentences of advice, that of our dayly prayer *Forgive us O Father our Treſpaſſes as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us.* Thus are we taught to love our very Enemies, yet ſo far from it that we perfectly hate ſuch as are plain dealers the beſt of friends, and take a Diſſembler, Flatterer, Chear, Pimp or Bawd into our embraces with

the

the appearance of wellcome, though nothing indeed of reality remains in our hearts. Our exteriour kindneſs is a Sordid ſort of Modiſh compliance or the mean practiſe of Paraſites to invegle others to the baſeſt of offices or ſome Premeditated miſchiefe, or at beſt to ſome ſelfiſh deſign of our own.

"It is a main point to take care "that we propoſe nothing but what "is hopefull and honeſt, for it will "be equally troubleſome to us, either "not to ſucceed or to be aſhamed of "the ſucceſs. Wherefore let us be "ſure not to admit any ill deſign into "our heart that we may lift up pure "hands unto Heaven and ask nothing "which another may be looſer by. "Let us pray for a good mind which "is a wiſh to no mans Injury, I will "remember always that I am a man, "and then conſider that if I am hap-"py it will not laſt always, if unhap-"py I may be other if I pleaſe. I will "carry my life in my hand and deli-"ver it up readily when it ſhall be "call'd for, I will have a care of be-"ing a Slave to my ſelf. *Seneca of a happy life p. 67.*

What do'ſt think now reader? will it not be eaſier with ſuch a Heathen

or Turk, or much worse in the dismal day of Judgment then with Catholicks, Protestants, Presbyterians or any other Sectaries whatsoever pretending to the name of Christian? The *Ninivites* themselves will sit in Judgment upon us. *Lex talionis* is a bad argument to Justify revenge.

Miserable mankind can we forget how Christ cur'd the Heathen Samaritan and all others without distinction that humbly and with Faith craved his assistance? did not he pardon *Magdalen* a publick Sinner? carry the Thief along with him to Paradise? treat *Judas* civily by the name of Friend? cure *Malchus*'s ear? return not a harsh word to those that spit in his face and tortur'd him? And on the Theatre of the Cross forgave the very Jews themselves? nay he pray'd for them on that Sacred Alter *Forgive them Father for they know not what they do.*

I will here add a few words more out of a *Protestant Author*, who Intitles his Book *the art of contentment.* "If those (says he) who neglect or "forget God are listed among his ene- "mies? what are those that avowedly defy,

" defy him? Indeed he that ſoberly
" conſiders the world, and ſees how
" daringly the divine Majeſty is day-
" ly affronted, cannot but wonder that
" the perverſions of our manners, thoſe
" Prodigies of morality ſhould not be
" anſwer'd with as great prodigies in
" Calamity too: That we ſhould ever
" have other ruin then that of *Sodom*
" or the Earth ſerve us for any other
" purpoſe then to be as it was to *Corah*
" our living Sepulcher.

And 2 leaves before this ſpeaking of Gods goodneſs and mans Ingratitude and wickedneſs, (he ſays) " Can the " higheſt human Indulgence bear any " proportion with this Divine Cle- " mency? no certainly, no finit or li- " mited patience but would be exhauſ- " ted with the thouſandth part of our " provocations.

Truly our practiſes too much reſemble that of *Jeruſalem* when beſieg'd and Conquer'd by *Titus* and *Vaſpaſian*, they then, and we now ſtriving to ruin one another at home whilſt we have enemies enough abroad & that certainly renders to our eyes one of the moſt dreadfull Tragedies that ever was written. Yet ſuch I confeſs is my opinion of Gods unlimited mercy

even *Judas* himſelf had he rightly repented might have obtained pardon.

But we are in ſhort worſe then Jew Turk or Atheiſt under the Maſquerade of a Chriſtian outſide practizing evil without limmit or conſideration, ſo void are we of all honeſty or moral goodneſs.

A Heathen Author Commending one of his noble and meritorious Romans when he had reaped up ſeveral of his parts and praiſes he concludes after this manner. "It is not for theſe "I chiefly commend him, but that of "all honeſt men *he was the moſt honeſt.*

Sen. *Epiſt.* p. 95. "The deadly and hourly danger "(ſays *Seneca* that threatens human "life is from one man to another; "other Calamities do commonly give "us ſome warning, the ſmoak gives "us notice of a fire, the Clowds bids "us provide for a ſtorm, but human "malice has no Prognoſtick, and the "nearer it is the fairer it looks. There "is no truſt to Countenances we carry the ſhapes of Men and the hearts "of Beaſts: nay we are worſe then "beaſts, *&c.*

For the *Tiger* and *Wolf* are more merciful in their mallice and revenge then

then Man againſt Man, and Woman againſt her own Sex. what Tongue and Pen, what inſtruments of Death and all other arts of miſchief can Execute ſhall not be wanting to prejudice or ruin whomſoever we hate, though the motives thereunto may be never ſo unjuſt or Trivial,

To conclude had the Indian or other Stranger read over our ten Commandments and Seven deadly Sins, and there upon examin'd our lives and deportment, I doubt not but he would ſay that our Religion confiſted in breaking the former and performing the latet.

To proceed any further in particularizing the guilty, were to tread too near on the heels of truth (as others ſaid before me), and have my brains daſh'd out for a reward, or hinder at leaſt many to read this little Book whereunto I invite them with the great Attractive of *Kempis* his name that famous virtuous follower of Chriſts life; mine for the Printers ſake ſhall be conceal'd.

However Reader if any thing herecontent thine ears affoord me a wretch-

ed

ed Sinner for requital thy prayers not thy Praises, these may Prejudice; those can not.

Farewel,

Some years since I translated the dismall Hymn of dies Iræ *into English that sad and tragical description of doomsday.*

My own weak zeal in the duty of a true Christian made me fear that others might be failing therein as well as my self, and that such a Preamble to the following of Christ might be rather a terrour or dissuasive to their perusal thereof then an incentive or invitation thereunto.

But advising with a learned friend of mine he told me it was really a fit Prologue for Thomas a Kempis's *work, and that any man who would avoid the terrible and eternal Sentence of* Gods *Last Judgment on the unfortunate damned, cannot meet with fitter instruction and precept then what this Pious vollume of my Author contains, which has been so generally lik'd and approv'd of, as most if not all Nations professing Christianity have translated it into their Native Language. I have therefore in the next leafe adventur'd to present it unto thee, both in English and Lattin.*

Dies

Dies Iræ dies illa
Solvet sæclu'm in favilla
Teste David *cum* Sibylla

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Index est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura
Judicante responsura.

Liber Scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde Mundus Judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Rex tremendæ Majestatis
Qui salvandus salvas gratis
Salva me fons pietatis.

Re-

A Day of wrath that Dreadfull day
Which turns to Fire this world of Clay
So do the Sibils and great *David* ſay.

What horror then will each invade,
When noiſe of Chriſt's approach is made
That Judge that Sun from whom no Crime finds ſhade:

The diſmal Trumpet with ſad Tone,
Sounds to the Grave of every one
To riſe and Rendevous before his Throne.

Amaz'd will Death and Nature be,
When they ſhall ev'ry Creature ſee
Intent to anſwear his Dread Scrutiny.

Then is brought forth that great Record,
Containing each thought, work, and word
Which Damns ot Saves before this Council-board.

The Judge no ſooner takes his Chair,
But nights deep Sins unveil'd appear
No ſize of Crime can go unpuniſh'd there.

What ſhall a wretch liks me then ſay,
Whoſe Patronage ſhall any pray
When even the Juſt think not ſecure their way?

Gratis thou doſt Preſerve great King
Thoſe that thereof are merriting
But let thy Mercy me to Safety bring.

Dear

Recordare JESU pie
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ
Ne me perdas illa die

Quærens me sedisti lassus
Redimisti crucem passus
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis

Ingemisco tanquam reus
Culpa rubet vultus meus
Supplicanti parce deus.

Qui Mariam *absolvisti*
Et latronem exaudisti
Mihi quoque spem dedisti

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne

Inter oves locum præsta
Et ab hœdis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis
Flammis acribus addictis
Voca me cum benedictis

Oro

Dear Jeſu think why thou did'ſt take
Thy Journey hither, let that make
Thee that day Save me, for thy Mercy ſake.

Thou weary ſeeking me did'ſt ſit
And bear thy Croſs and me by it
Redeem. Let not thoſe Pains want benefit.

Revengefull Judge that yet are Juſt
Thy Pardon now Implore I muſt
Before that great Arraignment day of Duſt.

I Guilty am, my guilt I weep,
My Cheeks with Crimes are Scarlet deep
Forgive a worm that thus to thee doth creep.

Mercy was granted *Magdalen*,
And to the Thief, why may not then
Thy Slave hope for the like though worſt of men?

My Prayers they are bad 'tis true,
But thou art Good, and goodneſs do
Leaſt I ſhould burn, nay burn for ever too.

Me from the heard of Goats command,
Amongſt thy Sheep Lord let me ſtand
Appointing me a place on thy right hand.

When thou do'ſt give thy heavy Doom
Againſt the wicked and that ſome
Are Sav'd, Lord bid me then amongſt them come.

My

Oro Supplex et aclinis
Cor contritum quasi cinis
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus

Huic ergo parce deus
Pie JESU *domine*
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

My Crootching Knee doth humbly bend,
My panting heart doth trembling Tend
Unto thy Grace, to Save me in the end

O Diſmal day! Dread are thy Crys,
When preſent Flames cannot ſuffice
The Guilty, but they muſt to Judgment riſe.

This Soul of mine and other men,
Sweet Lord; Sweet Jeſu pardon then
Affoord them reſt, and let us ſay *AMEN.*

ERRATA.

PAge 2. *line* 26. *read* ſearch, *for* ſcearch. *p.* 9. *l.* 3. *r.* paſſion, *for* paſſions. *p.* 12. *l.* 12. *r.* do's *for* do. *p.* 13. *l.* 9. *r.* no, *for* nor. *ibid l.* 24. *r.* battery, *for* battry. *p.* 14. *l.* 16. *r.* too, *for* to. *p.* 39. *l.* 10. *r.* ev'ry, *for* every. *p.* 40. *l.* 3. *r.* lov'ſt. *for* loveſt. *p.* 46. *l.* 15. *r.* rav'nous *for* ravenous. *p.* 51. *l. laſt but one r. Herculean, fos Herculliian. p.* 54. *l.* 25. *r.* but, *for* hut. *p.* 63. *l.* 3. *r.* ſearch, *for* ſcearch. *p.* 71. *l.* 5. *r.* t'enflame *for* to enflame. *p.* 74. *l.* 6. *r.* doſt, *for* doth. *p.* 89. *l.* 5. *r.* too, *for* to. *p.* 98. *l.* 26. ſound *written for Sound. p.* 104. *l.* 4. *r.* thee, *for* the. *p.* 113. *l.* 8. *r.* anxiety *for* anxity. *ibid l.* 21. *r.* Servant, *for* Son. *p.* 115. *l.* 19. *r.* bear, *for* bare. *ibid l* 24. of *is wanting. p.* 127. *l.* 2. *r.* ſearch, *for* ſcearch. *p.* 133. *l.* 19. *r.* ſacrifice, *for* ſacrafice. *p.* 145. *l. r.* too, *for* to. *p.* 146. *l.* 23. *r.* ſland'rous, *for* ſlanderous. *p.* 149. *l.* 13. o *is wanting. p.* 155. *l.* 24. *r.* eſtabliſhed, *for* eſtabliſh'd. *p.* 165. *l.* 8. *r.* act, *for* art. *p.* 184. *l.* 3. *r.* impart, *for* inpart. *p.* 185. *l.* 9. *r.* theſe, *for* this. *ibid r. Solomon, for Soloman. p.* 188. *l.* 21. *r.* bleſſings. *ibid l.* 24. *r.* becomes. *ibid l.* 32. *r.* from. *p.* 200. *l.* 22. *r.* thy *for* they.

Beſides the miſtakes above written there are ſeveral in the Points, which the reader is deſired to correct.

THE Following of CHRIST.

CHAP. I.

Of Imitating Chriſt, *and contempt of worldly Vanities.*

YE *wandring Souls that guideleſs ſtray in Night,*
Come all to me your Lord, I am the Light.
Who follows me walks not in darkneſs:
[Theſe
Our great Redeemers words point out his ways,
His ſpotleſs life; that ſuch who ſeek to trace
His ſteps, may freed from blindneſs find his grace.
Come then my Soul, let us retire and muſe,
How ſweet that converſation he doth uſe,
His learning mild, and yet doth ſoare and riſe
With Eagles wings, o're Schoolmens myſteries:
A Spirit with one grain of his repleat,
Drinks Angels Nectar, doth their Manna eat:
But without this full oft the Paſtor may
Unfold the Text, we fruitleſs go away.
He that would know the meaning of Chriſts words,
Muſt make Chriſts Life his pattern; this affords
The beſt of explanations, hence he'le ſee
Chriſt is the day, no light of life but he.
Vain they, who of one God, and Perſons three,
Diſpute, whilſt fraught with pride, that Trinity

They do offend; high words do not create
Men Saints, good lives pleaſe God, bleſt ſuch a ſtate;
Much rather chuſe to feel compunctions flame,
Than know the definition of the ſame.
Admit thou fully could'ſt by heart repeat
The Scriptures, and as perfectly could treat
Of all thoſe Volumes, which were ever writ
By ſage Philoſophers? What benefit
Would all this lofty knowledge be to thee
Without my grace, without my charity?
All's vanity, exceſs of vanity.
Vain is that man that loves not, ſerves not me,
That Soul alone excels, is only wiſe,
That tends to Heaven, and doth this world deſpiſe.
To ſeek then fame or wealth, and in them truſt,
What vanity? They fade, they fly like duſt:
A good life therefore leave not, to purſue
A long one, luſt's are vain, and them thou'lt rue.
As vain 'tis not to haſte where joys ſtill ſtay,
And thirſt for bubbles which do glide away,
O vanity! This only time to ſee,
And not regard, what ſhall hereafter be.
'Tis ſaid, with ſeeing man cannot his eye
Content, nor ears with hearing ſatisfie.
Endeavour then my child this world to leave,
And ſcearch that bliſs which mortals dont perceive;
That ſtupid wretch that's ſlave unto his ſenſe,
Forſakes my Grace, and ſtains his Conſcience.

CHAP. II.

Of having an humble opinion of one's ſelf.

THough men by nature ſo deſirous be
To know, what doth ſuch knowledge ſignifie
Without the fear of God? Poor Swains that are
His meeke true Servants, ſhall far better fare
Than

Than thoſe Aſtronomers, whoſe pride the skies
(Themſelves neglected) doth anatomize;
For he that his own worth knows beſt to deem,
Himſelf, and vulgar praiſe doth diſeſteem.

The eſſence of all knowledge, nought doth prove
To thy advantage; if that heavenly love
Be wanting, ſince thy Judge will have both thought
And act, for evidence againſt thee brought.

Then toile not Son too much for learning; this
Diſtraction breeds, and the occaſion is
Of much temptation, learned men we know
Would needs ſeem wiſe, and be reputed ſo.

How many things when known, the better part
Little or nought advance? How fond thou art,
That pinn'ſt thy wiſh on tranſitory bliſs,
Neglecting that which everlaſting is.

'Tis not in many words the Soul doth find
Content; a good life makes a Cheerful mind:
How freely can that conſcience, that is clear,
Before his God with confidence appear,
Where thou more knowledge do'ſt than others gain,
Thou muſt in life exceed, or ſhalt in pain.
If thou enjoy this Science, or that Art;
Let not theſe make thee proud; for 'tis thy part,
To be the humbler, though thy fancy boaſt, [know'ſt
What things thou haſt; more they, which thou not
Then let not hence thy pride the higher ſoar,
But ſtill confeſs thy ignorance the more.

Alack, why doſt thy ſelf ſo much prefer?
Many more learned are more skilfuller,
If learning, and true knowledge thee allure;
Study to be unknown, to be obſcure:
True perfect knowledge is our ſelves to know,
And known't abaſe; and thoſe who truly ſo
Themſelves contemne, and others highly priſe;
Are doubtleſs learned men, moſt doubtleſs wiſe.

Although thy Brother doth a ſin commit,
A publick grievous one, yet let not it
Advance thy ſelf conceit, thou canſt not tell,
How ſoon thy own offence may merit Hell.
We are indeed all frail; but let not now
This make thee think, a frailer lives then thou.

CHAP. III.

Of the Doctrine of Truth.

HAppy that man who is inſtructed by
Meer truth it ſelf, and not the fallacy
Of figures, or of fading words, for we,
Both by our ſence and judgment little ſee,
And are deceived oft; what profit brings
Conteſt about obſcure and hidden things?
Think not thy Ignorance of ſuch like ſhall
At the laſt day be counted criminal.
Mans folly how egregious 'tis? That Slights
What is of uſe and profit, and delights
In curious and deſtructive things; thus we
Poor wretches have our Eyes, yet cannot ſee.
Terms or Diſtinctions, what can they afford
Of good to us? But whom the eternal Word
Hath ſpoken to, that happy ſoul is freed,
From diſcord of opinions. All proceed
From one ſole word, which one all ſpeak, and this
Is that doth ſpeak to us, this that that is
The prime beginning, none without this light
Can truly underſtand, can judge what's right:
Now he to whom but one thing all things be,
Draws all to one, doth all in one thing ſee:
May to himſelf aſſure a ſtable mind,
And in his God a peaceful manſion find.
Then O my God! Who art ſole truth, make me
One with thy ſelf in conſtant Charity.

To

To read much, or to hear: Both oft displeaſe.
In thee alone my wiſh, my will, my eaſe,
Then let all Doctors, all men ſilent be
In thy ſight Lord, ſpeak thou alone to me.
The more we do into our heart retire,
The more w'are there ſincere; more we acquire
(And with leſs pains) true knowledge, cauſe from hence
God daines the light of his intelligence:
No multitude of buſineſs can diſtract
A pure and ſettled Soul, For in each act
Such ſcorn ſelf intereſt, and only plod
The peace of mind, and honour of their God.
What doth more trouble thee, or more thee thwart?
Then the unconquerd luſts of thy own heart,
By good and Godly perſons firſt are Scand
Before they Act the workes they take in hand;
They tame their paſſions of themſelves impure
And tutor'd make them ſtoop to reaſons lure.
The conqueſts of our ſelves the greateſt are:
So ſhould we make it Son our chiefeſt care,
To worſt this foe; and with each day encreaſe
Our Crowns of virtue, and of holineſs.
Mans beſt perfection in this vale of woe
Is mixt with imperfection; all we know
By art or nature, ſtill is more or leſs
O'ercaſt with Ignorance's clowdineſs.
Self humble value, is a more ſure way
For thee to Heaven; then is the high eſſay
Of Learning; and yet Learnings not condemnd.
We doubtleſs muſt (if duely weigh'd) commend
That thing for good which is approved by
The ſole great maſter of Divinity.
Yet ſtill good conſciences, and virtuous lives
Muſt be prefer'd, but where man oftner ſtrives
To know much, then to live well, ſuch miſtake;
And of their pains ſmall or no harveſt make.

O had their Zeal but ſued for heavenly grace
(Such grace as might root vice away, and place
Sweet virtue in the ſtead on't) as they pry
For arguments to ſhew ſubtility;
The laiety would be devouter far,
And Clergy men more juſt then now they are.

When we arraign'd at dooms days bar appear
Which ſhall our readings or good acts moſt clear
Our trembling Souls? They for their bodies ſhall
Plead more how Godly, then Rhetorical.

What now of all thoſe learned Clercks becomes,
Alive ſo much ador'd? Whoſe vacant rooms
By ſuch new ſucceſſors ſupplied be;
As ſcarce afford their name a memory.
Now are they gone, who in their time did reign
Like Comets; glory of this world how vain?
O had they (as their ſearch did skill afford)
Liv'd juſtly, and known rightly God's true word;
Then had they ſtudied well. But what a crowd
Of ſuch do periſh here? who fondly proud
Of earthly Sciences, do lightly weigh
Thoſe tributes, they unto their God ſhould pay.
Whil'ſt greatneſs thus, not humbleneſs is ſought,
Men vaniſh in their vanity of thought.

He's great that hath great Charity, and he
Is truly great, hath true humility,
And ſleights the hight of honour, he is wiſe,
That for his Chriſt this dunghil can deſpiſe.
He learned is indeed that can fulfil,
By quitting of his own, his Makers will.

CHAP. IV.

Of Prudence and Foreſight.

'TIS not each ſpirit, nor all ſayings are
To be believ'd; firſt wiſely them compare

With

With God's command; for we alas are prone
To think all ill, but ne're ſpeak well of one.
Men that are prudent, credit not each tale,
Becauſe they know how apt we are to fail;
And that ev'n creatures of moſt excellence,
Do ſometime by their tongues commit offence.
'Tis wiſe, our ſelves not to precipitate
In every action, nor be obſtinate
In Our opinion, neither ſhould we hold
Each ſtory true, nor ſtraight ways blab what's told
Adviſe with Godly council, who beſt can
By their own practice teach thoſe laws, which man
Receiv'd from his Law-giver, chuſe the wiſe
Rather for guides, than thy own phantaſies.
The Good is heavenly wiſe, wiſe ſhall he be
Who to his God with true humility
Offers his contrite heart a ſacrifice,
In ſtorms ſhall he be calm, in all things wiſe.

CHAP. V.

How to read and ſtudy the Holy Scriptures with profit.

SEarch truth in Scripture (to that end and ſenſe,
With which 'twas writ.) & not ſmooth eloquence,
Nor ſeek a Rhetorician's polliſht ſtrain,
But virtuous zeal for thy eternal gain.
Let neither depth nor choice of ſtile delude
Thy ſtudies from a Godly book, though rude;
Nor meerly for his learning him reſpect,
Nor t'other for his ignorance reject:
Let love of truth allure to read, and mark
What is the word that's writ, not who the Clerk.
God's word for ever laſts, though man decaies,
And God that word to us by ſundry ways
Declares; whoſe gift ſtill makes no difference,
Betwixt a begger, and the mightieſt Prince

Though oft we read this ſacred book, yet ſuch
Our Critick brains our labour ſtill proves much,
And ſmall the profit; whilſt we ſawcily
Diſpute on things, we humbly ſhouldpaſs by.
If then thou wouldſt a benefit acquire,
Read with a harmleſs Faith, a meek deſire:
Court not a learned name, but ſearch to find
The Godly out, with them diſcuſs thy mind,
And ſilently do thou their ſayings hear;
With old mens parables, let not thine ear
Be ſcandaliz'd; it is thy reach that's weak,
They ſeldome want a cauſe for what they ſpeak.

CHAP. VI.

Of inordinate Deſires and Affections.

WHen man inordinately longs for ought,
Straight doth unquietneſs ſeiſe on his thought,
Thoughts that are proud and covetous ne're want
Their civil wars: Souls poor and humble, chant
Variety of peaceful laies, and he
Who his own Luſts cannot yet mortifie,
Will by temptations ſoon a ſlave be led,
And eaſily with trifles vanquiſhed:
So ſhall the weak in ſpirit, that is yet
A vaſſal to his carnal appetite,
And prone to pleaſe his ſenſes, hardly win
His earth bred wiſh from all the baits of ſin;
For whenſoe're from them he'd fain retreat,
Grief ſtraight purſues him, even to a defeat;
And if the leaſt diſaſter ſtops his way,
His paſſion to a loſs doth him betray:
But if he yields himſelf, he ſtraight repents,
And that with cauſe; his own concupiſcence
That led him to it, under hopes of peace
Him captive makes, and makes his quiet ceaſe.

Who then thou art, that fain would'ſt to thy ſoul
Purchaſe true reſt, obey not, but control
That evil paſſions; peace doth never bleſs
Thy heart, that's wedded to voluptuouſneſs;
Nor ever his, that ſeeks external toys,
In fervency of ſpirit dwell true joys.

CHAP. VII.

Of flying vain Hope and Haughtineſs.

VAin he, who doth in man or creatures place
His confidence; Son think it no diſgrace
To ſerve another, or be here eſteem'd
One of the pooreſt worms, all muſt be deem'd
Even nothing for Chriſts love, preſume not on
Thy ſelf, but fix thy hopes on God alone.
Depend not on thy own vain skill, nor yet
Repoſe as vain a truſt on others wit:
Build thy aſſurance on the Lord, who can
Pull down the proud, and raiſe the humble man.
Glory thou neither in thy wealth though much,
Nor in thy mighty Friends, if thou haſt ſuch:
Glory in God, 'tis he gives all the pelf
We have, and firſt of all would give himſelf.
Let not thy pride in bulk or ſhape orejoy,
Short blaſts of ſickneſs will them both deſtroy;
Take no falſe pleaſure in thy ſeeming wit,
Or other gifts of nature, leaſt in it
Thou God offend'ſt, Nature by his command
Theſe gave, and thou them haſt at ſecond hand.
Prefer not then thy own conceited parts
Before anothers, God who ſees all hearts
Muſt needs ſee thine, and in his juſtice may
Shew thee perhaps, thou art far worſe then they.
If thou doſt well, yet not vain glorious be,
Mans falſe, and Gods true Judgments, ne're agree.

Things

Things oft pleaſe us, that oft our maker grieve.
If then there's ought of good in thee, believe
There is much more in others ſo thou'lt be
Rich in thy heart with true humility.
To judge thy ſelf worſe then the worſt of men
Can not thee hurt, but ev'n him to condemn
As thy inferiour, thou may'ſt ſoon therein
Conclude thy weale, and future woe begin.
Happy doth meekneſs live in perfect reſt:
Whilſt pride frys with the fire of its own breſt.

CHAP. VIII.

What company is to be followed or refrained.

THy ſecrets not to every one relate,
But to the wiſe, who in a Godly ſtate
Do ſpend their hours, from Youth that's vicious fly
And chooſe the Rev'rend old for company.
Sooth not the wealthy miſer for his pelf;
Avoid the great if bad, and joyn thy ſelf;
With Godly equals, ſuch whoſe honeſt care
Their ſtock of virtue with the publick ſhare.
With women no unlawful freedom uſe,
Commend the good, but let thy wiſh ſtill chuſe
A converſation with thy God alone, [own.
Or thoſe whoſe lives more then their tongues him
Shun ſome as Gorgons, friendſhip with all have,
But too much inwardneſs with any wave.
Oft doth report a love in us create
To other men, whom we on tryal hate:
Oft thoſe our faults diſlike, to whom unſeen
We thought our humours would have pleaſing been.

CHAP. IX.

Of Obedience and Subjection.

FOnd we who ſeek to rule, more our avail,
That others ſteer the ſhip wherein we ſail;

Sweet

Sweet are the ſubjects hives whilſt Kingdoms bring
At once a Scepters hony, and cares ſting.
Yet more for fear than love their duties do,
And that with grudgings more than gladneſs too:
Who not by Conſcience and his God is led,
Shall ne're with full content be furniſhed.
Keep thy own bounds, let *Cæſar* have his due,
If not, thou'lt like the wandring fancied Jew
Survey this round, and ne're thy hopes compleat,
Far hills though green they ſeem, moſt know a cheat.
Mankind by fancy moſt is byaſſed,
Fancy by ſympathizing humours led,
But he that's juſtly politick, this mode
Muſt change, and pleaſe his God for his own good.
Thy own conceits too much rely not on,
What man knows all? lives here that *Solomon*?
To others judgments freely give thine ear,
And though thy arguments ſeem good; yet where
Thou ſeeſt it fit to frame it otherwiſe,
Alter and yeeld and be not too preciſe.
To take anothers Council or obey,
Is eaſier then to give advice or ſway.
Much pride, and wilfulneſs he ſhews; who will
Fix in his own opinion though not ill,
If wiſer then himſelf, through deeper reach.
With reaſons would his alteration teach.

CHAP. X.

Againſt idle meetings and vain talk.

FLy from the noiſe of publick meetings Son,
Soon are our Souls with wordly chat undone:
Nay though our meaning harmleſs be herein,
Soon are we Snar'd with vanity and ſin;
Oft have I wiſht my words unſaid, oft I
Have wiſht my abſence from ſuch Company.

Now

Now if we fain would know, whence doth ariſe
Such paſtime in ſuch prating fooleries,
Seeing how ſeldom we without offence
Of conſcience can retire to ſilence thence:
Our anſwer is, we talk becauſe we know
Our grief is eas'd by partners of our woe.
Minds with Diverſity of thoughts oppreſt
Grow light when laid within anothers breſt.
How eager is our tongue or thought to ſeize
On things we love or wiſh, or that diſpleaſe
Our humour moſt; alas but to no end:
Vain proves content that do on ſuch depend;
Oft with falſe ſweets it ſo adulterates
Our hearts, we can not reliſh heavenly cates.
Watch then and pray, and ſpend thy minutes well
And if thy tongue muſt needs ſome ſtories tell,
Thy frugal ſpeech diſpoſe ſo, that it bear
A wholeſome fruitful Grace to thoſe that hear;
Leave babling, which bad cuſtom miſchief plants.
A raſh glib tongue iniquity ne're wants.
Where minds divine and bright together met
Are in their God, as in one circle ſet:
Here holy ſayings are not idly ſpent;
Great is the uſe where treaſure thus is lent.

CHAP. XI.

Of obtaining Peace and Zeal of ſpiritual profit.

Did we but into others parts leſs pry.
We ſhould our own Scene act more pleaſingly.
But we occaſions frame to range abroad;
And ſeldom reſt us at our own abode;
Small eaſe, and leſs of gain have they, which ſound
For mines of treaſure in their neighbours ground.
How happy liv'es ſimplicity, how bleſt?
How from theſe errours free, how ſtill at reſt?

Whence

Whence comes it that ſome Saints in former days
So perfect were? Becauſe their grand eſſays
Were contemplations of Heavens miſteries,
Which luſts repel'd that dim like miſts our eyes.
Whil'ſt we (our bridles broke) then beaſts more
Plung into ſin to ſnap at wordly traſh. [raſh
Scarce we our rebel Paſſions e're ſubdue,
Or coldly our gain'd victory purſue,
Nor marvel if our zeal in faith not laſt,
When loathly it we uſe, like faſhions paſt.
But could we once forſake our ſelves, and fly
Diſtractions, that cauſe inward mutiny;
We then ſhould taſt the ſweet of unknown good,
And ſatiate our Souls with Godly food;
But now our wandring ſteps do not obey
Their faithful Guids, we ſtill become a prey,
To our own naſty appetites, and thus
Our ſubject crimes, of goodneſs plunder us.
So if misfortunes only but draw near,
The ſuburbs of our thoughts, we ſtraight ways fear;
And in this pannick fright and madneſs cry
for help, from helpleſs weak humanity.
Did our tall hearts like ſturdy Youths deſie
The execution of their battry;
Srong virtuous Troops of aid our Heavenly King
Would convoy in himſelf, he ſoon doth bring
Aſſiſtance to his party, and doth ſhield
His Souldiers fighting, whilſt they win the field.
Oft doth he raiſe ſuch wars, that we might try
Our valour, and thereby gain victory.
But if we make (whilſt we like pigmies lurk)
Religion only as our outward work,
Soon will our Foes aſſaults ſuch walls annoy,
And that once gain'd, as ſoon the reſt deſtroy.
Free then thy fort from ſin, which forc'd away,
Thy Soul ſhall reſt ſecure, thou win the day.

Did

Did we but yearly root away one vice,
We ſhould grow good and perfect in a trice;
Woes me thou ſeeſt we paſs full many a year,
And yet grow worſe than when at firſt we were.
Bred up in Faith, he now a ſacred man
By us is counted, if he only can
Keep part of his firſt zeal, yet ſhou'd deſire
Of Godlineſs encreaſe, each day flame higher;
But if thou lay thy firſt foundation ſure,
Thy pains ſhall pleaſing be, thy houſe ſecure.
Hard is the cure, 'tis true, where old the maim,
As hard can we our head-ſtrong faults reclaim;
Then curb thy will betimes, bad cuſtom ſhun,
Leſt when thou wouldſt, thou mayſt not get it done.
How will thy wing the lofty Dove e're tame,
When hopping wrens thou find'ſt to ſtout a game;
O didſt thou know how much thy good life might
Of peace bring to thy ſelf, to us delight;
Sure then thou wouldſt more carefully decline
Theſe toys of earth, and aim at joys divine.

CHAP. XII.

Of the profit gotten by Adverſity.

AFfliction oft doth good effects produce,
It teacheth mankind to what end and uſe
Our life is lent, and like a mirrour ſhews,
How weak that truſt, which we in duſt repoſe.
'Tis good ſometimes that men detract our fame.
And think their ſlander true, although the ſame
Be falſe, for it is oft the cauſe that we
Change our old pride to new humilitie;
For when the ſlandring world doth us be-ly,
And ſtrive to blaſt our fame with infamy,
Our conſcience then appeals to God for right,
That Judge, that not by hear-ſay dooms but ſight.

The

The good man (ſoul or body hurt) is ſure
From God his only Surgeon to ſeek cure:
He knows no balm, without his hand prevails,
To him he weeps, to him his ſtate bewails;
From him he begs delivirance of his pains,
Whoſe ſoul's even griev'd, that life it ſtill reſtrains,
And hence courts death to give him liberty,
That ſo diſcharg'd he may with *Jeſus* be;
For herebeneath ſuch men perceive full well,
They neither peaceful nor ſecure can dwell:

CHAP. XIII.

Of reſiſting Temptation.

WE ſilly Sons of men muſt not propoſe,
Without temptation our few days to cloſe,
Job knew it well, and this made him to ſay
Temptations were companions of mans way.
Arm then with prayers, arm againſt this foe,
Such are the ſhields, beſt ward the Traytors blow:
Watch too, for Lucifer doth never ſleep,
But like a greedy bird of prey ſtill ſweep
About the world, attempting at all hours,
To ſeiſe on ſouls, the quarry he devours.
Our lives without temptations cannot be,
Not greateſt Saints were from them always free.
Sometimes I grant, 'tis ſour yet wholeſome fare,
We humbled thence, purg'd and inſtructed are;
Theſe ſtorms the holy Fathers toſt, whereby
Though ſav'd at length, they firſt did ſhipwrack ly:
No calling ſo devout, nor place retir'd,
Where men without ſuch troubles have expir'd;
No, whilſt we live, we muſt not hope to ſee
Our ſelves quite rid from this adverſity:
For each his Grandames ſerpent hath within,
We all are born in luſt, conceiv'd in ſin:

Temp-

Temptations lead temptations, miſery
Still uſhers us to more, and always we
Become the ſlaves of that miſhap or this,
Being fal'n from our firſt eſtate of Bliſs.
To miſs *Charybdis* ſome on *Scilla* light,
But patience ſhuns theſe miſchiefs more than flight
A perfect modeſty prevaileth o're
That foe, whom ſtrength could not o'recome before.
Who baulks temptations by ſole outward deeds,
And not the root of their beginning weeds,
So ſlightly thus provides he for his reſt,
They worſe than e're before will him infeſt.
True ſuff'rings (through Gods favour do prevail,
Where ſtubbornneſs and ſtiff reſiſtance fail;
Uſe council in thy troubles, be a friend
To thy afflicted Neighbour, and him lend
Such comfort as his preſent grief may crave,
Or as thy ſelf (if in his caſe) would'ſt have.
The Spring of ill temptations ſtill we find
Flows from a little faith, a fickle mind:
Even as a ſhip that without Pilot rides,
Is totter'd to and fro with winds and tides:
So will the leaſt temptations ſerve to fan
The thoughts of an unconſtant wav'ring man:
Theſe try as fire doth Iron what we are,
And oftentimes our unknown ſtrengths declare.
Guard then thy heart, and chiefly at the firſt
Againſt temptations, ſo thou'lt eaſier worſt
This enemy; for at his firſt attacque
Thou'lt conquer him, if then thou beat'ſt him back.
A certain Poet did of old rehearſe
The truth hereof in this enſuing verſe:

Principiis obſta ſero, medicina paratur,
Cure the beginnings, med'cins oft come late.

Firſt a bare thought comes to our mind, and thence
Proceeds a ſtrange imaginative ſence ;
This a delight begets, and ſo theſe win
By wicked motions our aſſent to ſin ;
To foil our ſelves we nurſe an envious foe,
Whom we might ſmother whilſt an Embrio :
And hence it oft enſues, that this delay
Of our reſiſtance, doth our force decay
Before we fight, then yeilds that rival ſtrength,
With whom the Liſts we enter muſt at length.
Some juſt as they begin their ways to mend,
Are tempted and perplext, ſome at their end ;
And divers all their life ; again there are
Who of afflictions have a lighter ſhare :
Thus theſe doth God for his Elect fulfil,
Who acts all by his juſt, wiſe, heavenly will.
Deſpair not then when thee ſuch temptings meet,
Be ſooner proſtrate at thy Saviours feet,
And there to him petition, weep, and cry
That he may help thee in thy miſery.
St. *Paul* aſſures us by his holy Word,
God ne're gave wound, but he did cure afford.
In all theſe perils let us quickly bring
Our ſouls beneath the ſhelter of his wing,
Who kindly guards that ſpirit that doth fly
To him for ſafety, with humility.
Temptations and afflictions prove how we
Have profited, thereby our graces be
The greater before God, our Vertues more
Appear on earth, though ſtill they higher ſore.
In calms of joy each ſoon may ſeem devout,
But ſtorms of grief who bears, ſhall without doubt
Be made a choſen Veſſel, we who ſtop
At ſtraws, and over blocks like children hop ;
We home in dangers bug-bears make to fly,
Muſt ſeldom on our fickle ſelves rely.

CHAP. XIV.

Againſt raſh Judgment.

PIerce thy own heart with a deep Scrutiny,
But others faults let not thy cenſure ſpy:
In judging them our time we vainly ſpend,
Err commonly, and eaſily offend,
But to condemn and ſearch thy ſelf; ſuch pains
Are well beſtow'd, and will return the gains:
We value things by fancy, and blind love
Doth always us to partial ſentence move.
Now were the zeal of God our only guide,
Our Luſts, (which ſtill themſelves from truth devide)
Would ſoon be queld; but they afford no truce
They always ſtorm whilſt we our ſelves ſeduce
Some fools whoſe wiſhes ſoothing fates have bleſt
Seek and unwittingly ſelf Intereſt;
But if one blaſt doth this long peace diſeaſe
Straight are they ſad, ſtraight rage they like the Seas.
Where Judgments differ, great diſſentions grow
Twixt Friends and Countreymen; Religious too
Are not free from this vice, we hardly leave
That ancient uſe to which our natures cleave.
And to go further then the proſpective
Of earthly ſight, few willingly do ſtrive.
If we conjoyn with or depend on ſence,
Or Reaſon, more then that Obedience
We owe to Chriſt, and liſts us of his hoſt,
Small hopes of reſt from our bright Holy Ghoſt.
God will have all and not a piece of man;
Short is our human reach his love to ſpan.

CHAP. XV.

Of the works of Charity.

NEither reſpect of Cauſe or Perſon, muſt
Authorize thee to do what is unjuſt.

Some

Sometimes, Good works (leaſt thou do ſcandalize
The weak,) thou mayſt omit, or otherwiſe
Perform; and yet think not it hence undone,
But ſoon improv'd though not ſo well begun:
Exteriour deeds, without interiour Love
Do little profit, yet ſmall gifts do prove
Available, if joyn'd with Charity;
Our Lord enquires not how much, or who he
That ſends the preſent? Solely he regards
Mans willingneſs and ſuitably rewards.
The purple robe ſhews but the Prelates ſtate,
The heart alone with God his future fate
Beſpeaks, it nothing will his Soul avail
'Gainſt Pagan, Jew, or Heretick to rail;
If that his actions ſpeak their ſeveral ſin,
And fright more out, than he with words can win
Unto the Church, a contrite humble heart
Gains more than Phariſaical ſmooth art.
Great is the gift, if the affections ſo;
And much perform'd, if done as we ſhould do:
And done it is, when we in all prefer
The publick good to our particular.
Oft ſeems it Charitable which indeed
Is meerly carnal: For If we proceed
As uſe doth teach moſt by our fancies fire,
Hope of reward, or covetous deſire;
All theſe are coin, ſtampt in an earthly mint,
That hath more of the fleſh than Spirit in't.
A man of real zeal in all his ways,
Serves not his own turn, but gives God the praiſe
As free from envy, as he freely quits
All private joy, nor in himſelf admits
Content, but in his Lord, whoſe bleſſings he
Aſpires unto before Earths Monarchy;
He ought of goodneſs attributes to none,
But all aſcribes unto his God alone,

The Fountain of all Perfect good ; in whom
All Saints find their Perpetual blessed home.
Lastly, who doth one spark of this love gain,
Accounts all worldly toys but meerly vain.

CHAP. XVI.

That we must bear sometimes with other mens Faults.

THat which thou canst not in thy self correct;
Or others, mildly take till God direct
The work another way, and think thereby
Perhaps thy Patience he intends to try:
Patience a virtue, without which decay
All our deserts, then know thou art to pray,
His power and grace may with such arms secure
Thee, whilst thy mind, his tryals doth endure.
Who often hath receiv'd advice of thine,
And yet will not forsake his crimes, decline
Thy farther council, and the matter leave
To mans chief Judge, we shall one day perceive
How his true glorious ordinations tend,
To bring all creatures to the justest end.
If others fail, although their faults be great,
Yet bear it ; they this lesson may repeat
Unto thy self, for if thy power dissent
From thy own will, can others thee content?
We Preach good life to them, when they neglect,
Yet never mend our own, and would inflict
Strict Punishment on them, our selves go free,
Ne're tame our own, yet blame their luxury,
Would bridle them with laws which we refuse,
And seldom others weigh in scales, we use.
If all were Gods, what should we for God's sake
From others suffer ? No, he's pleas'd to make
Each bear his Brother's burden, for no time
Could witness him that liv'd without a crime,

That

That carried not his load: That could alone
Subsist, but sometimes needed to bemoan
Lack of advice. Then help if any fall,
Their faults endure, admonish comfort all:
Black fate (which chiefly shews the noblest minds)
Virtue by tryals most Points out and finds.

CHAP. XVII.

Of a Religious Life.

HE that his peace or concord would acquire
With others here, must conquer his desire
In many things; no small Perfection lies
In quiet living 'mongst communities,
And Strictest Colledges without some Strife,
Blest he that still so leads, so ends his life.
Deem thy self here a pilgrim in exile,
Be more a Churchman, than in outward stile;
Regard it not though thee the world despise,
A fool to man appears to Jesus wise.
Think not a shav'd Crown, Hood, or Habit can
With their out-forms make a Religious man;
Or that his grey Coat that can talk or write
Enough to gain and save a proselite
Is Perfect made thereby; for if his pen
Or pride of tongue courts more the praise of men
Then their or his own good, he makes hereby
Himself an Actor in base Pageantry,
He shews that just he ne're intends to do;
Friend to their souls and to his own a foe.
To change bad manners into good, to quell
Our savage passions, these are acts make well
For men in orders, he whose senseless aim,
To ought but God or his souls good makes claim,
Commences ill his plea, for grief will sit
As Judge upon his heart, and sentence it.

Hope not long peace, who ſeek'ſt not in mans ſight
To ſeem the meaneſt and moſt abject wight:
Know thou art born to ſerve, not govern here,
To toyl, not idely ſpend thy time, to bear
The weight of Croſſes, not to prate away
In laviſh chat the precious hours of day.
This world us tries, as doth the furnace gold,
Nor canſt thou caſt thy work in ſuch a mold;
But they'l unperfect be, unleſs thy heart
Doth pride, thy ſelf, and all for God deſert.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the Virtuous Lives of the Holy Fathers.

VIew but thoſe uſual acts of holy men,
In whom a perfect Faith did ſhine, and then
Thou'lt ſoon perceive how little is that all,
Which we our own performances do call.
Our life alas compar'd with theirs, what is't?
They bleſſed Saints and conſtant Friends of Chriſt,
In thirſt, and hungar, cold, and nakedneſs,
In watching, prayers, pains, and wearyneſs,
In Meditations, and all ſufferings
Did always ſerve and bleſs their King of Kings.
View the Apoſtles and ſtout Martyrs days,
Peruſe thoſe Confeſſors and Virgins ways,
And all who trac'd the ſteps our Saviour led,
Still with vaſt miſeries aſſociated;
They made it in this world their only ſtrife,
To ſlight their own, to gain eternal Life.
Well could the deſarts witneſs their hard fare,
And vain attempts of vanquiſht ſin declare,
How oft aſſail'd by foes in fierceſt wiſe,
How zealouſly they offer'd ſacrifice
Of prayer unto God, what Tyrants they
Unto their fleſh, what pains ſpent every day

To

To profit in Religion, and how great
Their conflicts, wherein they did vice defeat.
O how uprightly walk't they in Heavens sight,
No Sun them idle saw, and though each night
There restless minds or tongues did always pray,
Yet seem'd each hour to slide too swift away.
So that the sweetness of their mental trance,
Made them forget their bodies sustenance:
Kindred and Wealth, Authority and Friends,
They all renounc'd, with all such worldly ends;
And for their Lord, though poor, in mortal eyes,
Hoorded up banks of virtuous Usuries:
Their Meager cheeks like baren hillocks stood,
Yet were within refresh't with Angels food:
Meerly as Strangers did on earth appear,
Who with our mighty God familiars were:
How meek were they, obedient, patient, kind?
Whence they gain'd love from him, succes in mind,
They here could judge themselves most vile and base,
Yet serv'd his Court as Favourits in grace.
Then follow them ye that would Godly prove,
Let their examples more to goodness move,
Than all that throng to ill, who dares profess
To be for Christ, yet joyns with wickedness.
When Holy Orders instituted were
At first, religious men themselves did bear
With all the fervent zeal of Piety
Could be imagin'd, ev'ry one did vye
With t'other, striving who should most excel
In Virtues, shunning vice and living well.
Strict was their discipline, that duty they
To their Superiours gave, as Subjects pay
To Princes, ev'ry act of theirs did shew
The grand respect they did their Elders owe;
This day old monuments these deeds renew,
And were their Bays who did the world subdue.

He now that from ſome groſs offence is free,
Or holds to the true Creed, an Angel he.
Ah ſluggiſh times! Where man ſo ſoon declines
The firſt heat of Religion, and repines
Even length of life, as 'twere his only harm,
Becauſe he weary is, or but luke-warm
In Faith, nay ſure 'tis dead, when well we may
Learn from ſuch holy Maſters, yet ſtill ſtray.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Exerciſe of a good Religious Perſon.

THY Chriſtian life ſhould deckt with virtues be,
And prove within, as thou ſhew'ſt outwardly.
Nay rather ſeem leſs pious than thou art;
For him (whoſe ſight diſcovers each mans heart)
Thou duly ſhouldſt adore in every place;
Before him always walk in ſtate of grace.
Renounce with penitence ſin every day,
And with a freſh enflamed Zeal thus ſay.
O Lord my good intent this preſent hour
Aſſiſt, afford my juſt deſires thy power,
Thy ſervice to begin with goodneſs fraught;
For what's already done is leſs then naught.
Small trifles cauſe a change from good, yet we
Omit good Cuſtoms though we looſe thereby;
Look then that as thy holy courſe goes on,
Thy mind points out a like concluſion:
For if he tires, that ſtoutly ſtrives to win,
He ſure will fail, that faintly doth begin.
The juſt mans actions on his God depends;
Not wit the uſual rudder of our ends,
We plot, but he doth to concluſion bring:
Man of himſelf perfects not any thing,
If we our wonted exerciſe omit,
Meaning ſome other way to benefit;

Soon

Soon may we that repair; but if through ſloath
Or ſottiſh feebleneſs, or one or both,
We it neglect; this will offend our God,
And draw our lives to an ill period.
In ſundry kinds our beſt endeavours may
Be lame enough; yet let not this diſmay
Thy virtuous enterprize (for thou doſt well
In ſlaying thoſe head ſins that moſt rebell)
But let each part in careful order be,
Which eaſier will advance thy victory.
Although each hour thou muſters not thy crimes;
Appoint the morn and night as propper times,
At morn till night propoſe thy future way,
At night ſum thy expences of that day, [theſe
What were thy thoughts, thy words, thy deeds, all
Both God and man moſt commonly diſpleaſe.
Up then and ſtrongly arm againſt the foe;
Punniſh thy home-bred riots, leaſt they grow
To mutiny within thy ſelf, and fly
Soft idleneſs, our luſtfull Deity.
Read, write, pray, muſe, but all on ſome good ſcore,
And ſo thy mite pay to the publick ſtore.
In undertaking wiſely be preciſe;
All Bodies cannot brook like exercize;
In publick do not that which privacy
Befits, in cloſets thoſe beſt acted be
Yet let not paſſionate diſires to this,
Make thee neglect what common duty is;
This well perform'd as doth thy place require,
Thou may'ſt at leaſure to thy ſelf retire.
Let each in ſome good work his function ply;
This thee impaires, which proves his remedy.
So different times approve diſtinct eſſays;
Some on the Sabath, ſome on working days
Some war, ſome peace, ſome fit the hours of care,
Some when our thoughts in Heaven rejoycing are.

Renew

Renew good works, and moſt each holy feaſt;
As if departing then to endleſs reſt:
Then ſhould we chiefly do what God commands,
Expecting preſent guerdon at his hands,
Which though deferred then, let us ſuppoſe
The King as yet likes not our wedding Cloaths;
That we (when we are fitly dreſt) ſhall ſee
Our Souls glad nuptials with his Majeſty.
He doutleſs a bleſt Steward ſhall of all
Be made, who watcheth when his Lord doth call.

CHAP. XX.

Of the love of Solitarineſs and Silence.

SElect ſuch hours wherein moſt Properly
Thou mayeſt Gods favours mind, and thankful be.
With curious thoughts employ not much thy head,
Better to be devout then buſied.
Shun idle rambling vain diſcourſe, nor Pry
After this old wife's tale, that novelty,
So ſhall thy ſpirit with her ſpouſe alone
Enjoy a freer converſation.
Such were the paths our holy leaders trod,
Who quit this world to live apart with God.
I never came, ſaid *Seneca* 'mongſt men,
But my departure was more wicked, than
My coming in; and we by cuſtom find
We eaſier can our lips in ſilence bind,
Then not in babling be too prodigal;
Some ſafely ſtay at home that gadding fale.
Thou then who ſeek'ſt to court Divinity,
Uſe more retirement, leſs of Company;
There's none that can ſo ſafely range abroad,
As he that gladly to his own abode
Himſelf can limmit, none ſo ſafely ſway,
As he who learnt, and's willing to obey.

None

None a Diſcourſe ſo ſafely entertain,
As he that freely can his tongue reſtrain;
None can ſo true a mirth or courage find,
As humble ſouls arm'd with a ſpotleſs mind.
Yet good men had their fears, though moſt ſecure,
No heavenly gifts could their low thoughts allure
To ſelf conceit, whilſt wicked men by pride
Grew weak, and ruin'd diſregarded dy'd.
Seek here no eaſe, 'tis vain, my Son, to woo it,
Not thy religious nor good life will do it.
Preſumption oft makes Sathan of a Saint,
Yet we ſtill of afflictions make complaint,
That are vain glories ſcourge, and tames that heat
Of pride, which plots our hazzard and defeat,
Could we the fond delights of Earth refrain,
Our hearts with eaſe, a brightneſs would retain
His thought, that ſoars above the world, and flies
To God, may with continued melodies
Of Heaven tranſport it ſelf; But this delight
In cloſets moſt is found, and thence takes flight
There ſhut thy ſelf, examine there thy heart,
There wilt thou find what muſt abroad thee part;
The more 'tis us'd, more it affords content,
But ſlight it and it proves impriſonment;
Frequent it rightly firſt, and thou'lt deſcry
Thoſe extaſies of joy which hidden lye.
A calm and lonely walk fits him that tries
His ſtrength with ſin of Scriptures miſteries;
His friendly tears will ſecond there his fight,
And waſh his wounds when laid to reſt at night:
There then his Maker will his Surgeon be,
When he neglects mans diſability.
And viſit him with his bleſt retinue,
Rid thus of kindred and ſuch fickle crew.
Much better 'tis we in a corner lurk,
Regardful of our ſelves then did we work

Grand

Grand miracles without the wholeſom care
Of our Salvation, men in Orders are
(If virtuous) little covetous to be
Found oft abroad, or to be ſeen, or ſee.
Why doſt thou covet where the Law bids nay?
This World muſt end, the luſts thereof decay.
Why doſt thou fancy over much to gad?
Thy pleaſure finiſh'd is, as ſoon as had.
And what's thy gain? Ev'n thou with crimes all foul
Com'ſt home, and clog'd with a dull wandring ſoul?
Oft frisks he forth as brisk as youthful *May*;
Who ſoon returns, with lack and well a day.
The Sun that doth with ſmiling rays adorn
The Ev'ning, but foreſhews a louring morn:
So is this worlds content, its greateſt joy
A ſweet beginning, bitter ending toy.
What can another place preſent thine eye
That is not here? Behold the Earth, the Sky,
And ev'ry Element; for of theſe all
Conſiſt, yet ſee'ſt thou nought perpetual.
If thou with forreign rarities, thy thought
Doſt hope to pleaſe, 'tis vain, for were all brought,
All human things to one place, where we might
Peruſe each tittle, all's but a vain ſight.
No, no, lift up thine eyes, man, unto Heaven;
From God ask pardon for thy ſins, and then
Leave fading gays to fonder fools, and give
Thy life, thy All to him, by whom all live:
Cloſe up thy doors, call thy dear Jeſus in
So wilt thou quiet gain, ſo favour win.
Didſt thou not hunt for rumours or ſuch ſtuff,
Thou would'ſt leſs troubled be, have peace enough:
But now thy Bedlam humour makes thee be
A ſlave to thy own curioſity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Motives to Compunction.

WHoſe juſt ambition with a noble hope,
Aſpires to Heaven, let him contract the ſcope
Of looſe behaviour; pay no votes to ſin,
But rule his ſenſes by ſtrict diſcipline,
And with a due compunction pray, for thence
He virtue will obtain, and negligence
Soon drive away. Well might it be thought ſtrange,
How Joviall we are here, and know the change,
Whereto our ſouls are link'd, but that our mind
Beſotted with its weakneſs cannot find
Its growing grief, for blind ſecurity
Leads us to laugh, when moſt we ought to cry.
There's no true freedom, where doth not cohere
A Chriſtal Conſcience with a Chriſtian fear
Of our Redeemer; happy is that man,
Who caſting droſs of Earthly buſineſs, can
Fine thence his better part, thrice happy he
That breaks the yoke of *Pluto*'s fealty,
Fight with thy ſelf thy greateſt foe, decline
To deal in others works, and they will thine.
Unſafe to meddle with ſupremacy
Of great ones, on thy ſelf ſtill have an eye.
To watch, to guard, to wiſh thy own Soul beſt,
Is an allowable ſelf intereſt.
Wail not the want of humane love; lament
Thy own bad life, that ſo doth diſcontent
Thy gracious Saviour, that ſo little can
The duty ſhew of a Religious man.
Wealthy is he, who wants much comfort here;
He hath the means, and in the upper Sphere
May purchaſe his own manſion, if he miſs,
The blame's his own, think'ſt thou that endleſs bliſs

Thou

Thou haſt deſerv'd, when counting all thy debts
Unpaid by niggard ſloath, the ſum perfects
Thy full damnation; who breathes ſacred fire,
Spurns this mean ſlime, & flaming mounts ſtill higher,
The good man that peruſeth the ſad ſtate
Of others and himſelf, knowing what fate
Purſues their preſent failings, drops a tear
To ſee what miſery this world doth wear:
And when this ſtory he again o'reviews,
Then he his tears repeats, his plaints renews:
So ſhould our ills (which like Cimmerian night,
Their darkneſs interpoſe between our ſight,
And the celeſtial *Phœbus*) make our eyes
Pay plenteous holocauſts of ſacrifice.
Court not long life, whoſe length is ſhort, a bait
To cheat our ſilly wiſh, let Death ſtill wait
As an officious ſervant on thy thought,
Let Hell and all its horrid pains be brought
To entertain thy mind, and Dooms-days place
Preſent its Scene, when God ſhall turn his face
From thee if damn'd; theſe ſure will teach thy heart
How to repent for thy ill acted part.
To weep and brook diſaſters well, to bleſs
Thy loving Saviour that he ſent no leſs.
But theſe, woe's me, come ſeldom in our head;
We like the glutton Sea, ſcarce limited,
Devour each tide of pleaſure, which is gone,
When but now come; ſo we go ſlowly on
In our cold Faith, wanting that Spirit, which
Our wretched moaning bodies ſhould enrich.
Beg then the Sun may ſet on fire thy breaſt,
And new reſtore thy ſoul from that burnt neſt;
Say with the Prophet, feed me Lord with tears,
Be they O God, the bread of my few years.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Conſideration of Man's Miſery.

SEarch ev'ry chinck of Earth, thou'lt ſtill deſcry
All ſubjects of misfortunes Monarchy;
There's no reſiſtance, muſt, or ſhould, or may;
He, Thou, and I, Kings, Popes, muſt all obey:
Why art thou then perplext, the happyeſt he
Is he that ſuffers for the Deity.
But we, poor Animals, point; there goes one,
A gracious Prince next Heir unto the Throne?
How wealthy that man, and how powerful this,
There walks a fourth, a noble Bulk it is;
And here's a dappard Lad, doth ſtoutly ſtrut
With *Fanty* face trim'd in the neweſt cut;
Then we with wonder cry, good Lord how bleſt
Are they in power, in parts, or Intereſt.

O Stupid times, your dim Lanthorns ſee,
What are Heavens Guifts, what their Felicity;
Then would theſe jugling blinds at which you gaze,
Diſplay their petty ſlights and end your maze,
Light Attomes, and yet burdenſome: For though
With Years of cares they come, with blaſts they go.

True Bleſſings are not heaps of worldly pelf
Theſe he enjoys, who can conform himſelf
Unto his ſlender pittance, whoſe belief
Frees no mans habitation here from grief.

The more a man ſeeks Virtue he the more
Doth Earth contemn, and preſent life abhor,
He there perceives, what ſins corruptions are,
Which makes him loath them, and deſire to fare
The more with Chriſt, it vexeth him to think
Of reſt, or ſleep; to labour, eat, or drink:
He hates them all, though Natures ſupplements,
Things that appear but ruptures of his ſence:

Then

Then with the prophet let our Votes accord,
Draw me from my neceſſities, O Lord.
A wretched man, who his own miſery
Hath not diſcover'd; much more wretched he
Who knows it, and yet loves it too, ev'n ſome
Whoſe beſt endeavours from the martyrdom
Of cold and heat, free not their nakedneſs,
Could they this world but in that begger-dreſs,
Perpetually enjoy, they would not change
For God's Imperial Realm their ſordid Grange.
O drunk and faithleſs beaſts! So lull'd in mud,
That now ye ſwallow crimes, then chew the cud,
When nothing elſe is left; ye'le one day ſee
And rue your vile and beaſtly vanity.
But now behold that turtle flight of Doves,
Whoſe lofty thoughts ſtoopt not on fleſhly loves;
Things whoſe beſt eſſence like a bloſſom'd flower,
Springs with the morn, and withers the next ſhower.
They ſoar'd above Earths miſts that lye between
Our ſight, and thoſe bright beams by us unſeen;
Their juſt ambition pierc'd the higheſt Sky,
High as the higheſt height of deity.
And yet my child diſpair thou not; thou ha'ſt
Still ſpace enough, the ſeaſon is not paſt,
Paies will regain thy loſs, do not defer
To mend thy Soil, nor let the early Star
Thee idle find, but to thy work with ſpeed:
For as thou Sow'ſt, ſo ſhalt thou Reap thy Seed.
Or Souldier like, on, and begin the fight:
Think this the time and weigh not fortunes ſpight.
Croſs fates but try; he bears the bell away,
That ſtrikes in the declining of a day.
He who to the unfeign'd Elizium goes,
Muſt force his way through flowds and flames, expoſe
His body to their fury, or ne're win
A trumph over Hell and Hells Heir ſin.

Can

Can lives (which cag'd in moving clay pots are)
Want their miſhaps fenc'd with ſuch brittle ware ?
Who could not wiſh 'tis true to live at eaſe
Free from worlds miſeries ? but that did ceaſe,
All weal concluded, when our firſt offence
Us nocents made ; apply then patience
Expect Gods tender hand to touch the wound,
Thy gangerd fleſh muſt dye, e're thou be ſound.
O Heavens ! how great mans frailty is, how prone
continually to fall ; now doth he own
His wickedneſs, to morrow to't anew
As ere he did, then on a ſtrict review,
Reſumes his better purpoſe, by and by,
As if he ne're meant good, ſins damnably.
Down then with Pride and Luſt that man defile,
A ſpark of either flames our tinder pile.
Nor let thy idle laviſhneſs thus ſpend
The fruit of all thy toil regard thy end.
Woe will it be if yet we go to reſt,
Or lye as in a ſafe and peaceful neſt.
When well we know that nought appeareth leſs
In us, then ſymptomes of our Godlineſs :
Like youths we muſt in rudiments of wars,
Be train'd, e're we can office bear with Mars.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Meditation of Death.

THou ſeeſt how ſhort our ſtay, how ſoon we go,
Our longeſt life, a ſpan, of autumn ſnow,
Some formal drops telling our exequies,
Our memory with us together dies ;
Be wiſe therefore my Child, and underſtand
How to perform the work thou tak'ſt in hand.
Dull he that doth this whoriſh world embrace
Neglecting Heaven, regardleſs that his caſe

Concludes with his divorcement thence, it were
Our part to tread each punctual measure here,
As if immediately to give account
Unto our supream master, he dares mount
The Scaffold boldly, that can truly say;
I baulk'd not death, but from sin fled away.
To day if unprepar'd; to morrow then
How wilt thou be, uncertain 'tis; again
Art thou assur'd to see next mornings Sun?
Or if thou be, what will those hours ill spun
Advantage thee, the end of many years,
Further from God then nearer, oft appears.
O happy men could we pass one day well
And then depart; many forsooth can tell,
How long they wore their good Religion, yet
Ne're shew the profit they thereby did get.
If death thee fright, know that long life hath more
Of peril in't, blest he who still before
Propounds, prepares each minute for his last,
Or seeing t'other dye, doth wisely cast:
This is the Epilogue, what e're the play;
And learns this part by heart which bears the sway.
Suppose at Sun rise, not to live till night,
Nor then to overtake next morrow slight:
Death us assaults not with his pipes or drums:
Watch then, and greet him stoutly when he comes.
Thou may'st be snapt, when most thou dost neglect
The Son of Man calls when we least expect
Then wilt thou read thy errours, when too late,
And strive to mend, when thou must terminate.
Happy his Soul whose past age doth agree
With his departing wish, who perfectly
Did hate this world, did favour Godliness,
Would be admonish'd freely to address
His life to an amendment, could obey
His Church and state superiours, and then slay

His

His ſelf will paſſions, and affliction take
With cheerful Patience for his Makers ſake.
O Lucky Soul! ſuch tokens do foretel
His future Heaven, his conqueſt over Hell
Whilſt ſound and active then drudge for thy wealth;
Small our performance, when we want our health;
Yet moſt till then their work procraſtinate,
But though they knock, few will get ope the gate.
Be wiſe whilſt life affords thee time to mend,
That afterwards thou may'ſt thoſe ſeats aſcend
Which Pride made Angels looſe; and leaſt thou mayſt
Pray when thy Lord regards not what thou ſayſt;
Or then one minute ſeek one hour or two,
Which (though 'tis heard) perhaps in vain thou'lt ſue.
Conſider rightly what thoſe tortures are,
Thoſe hideous dangers, whoſe aſpect could ſcare
The fright of war, fire, ſtorms, or ſuch like cracks
Which daunt our boldeſt he; then worldly knacks
Will ſhew their copper guilt, and make thee learn
How to correct thy life, how to diſcern
Thy former falſe affections, and to be
More glad to meet with death, then death with thee.
Now practiſe (whilſt thy glaſs doth run) to die,
Quit Earth, that then thou mayſt to Jeſus fly;
Now whilſt it ſtill doth run, the world contemn,
That thou to Chriſt mayſt go more freely then;
Repent, ſigh, groan, whilſt yet ſome time's unſpent
That then thou mayſt be truly conſident.
But fool, thou caſts how many years ſhall pay
Their tribute to thy age, yet not one day
Canſt thou ſecure thy ſelf, and well doſt know
Nought is leſs ſure then life, thou ſeeſt ſome go
E're they expected, ſome kill'd by the Sword,
Some drown'd, ſome break their necks, ſome at the board
With crum or morſel choakt, he falls at play, (
With ſickneſs this, a friend or thieves him ſlay.

By ſundry paths, as ſtreams run to the Sea,
Mans life doth paſs, though not one certain way.
Who after death will help thee, if thou looſe
That opportunity thou ſhould'ſt now chuſe:
Now, now, I ſay, O now or never more
Thou muſt do good whilſt time is, and before
The hour thou wot'ſt not comes; now mayſt thou buy
A ſtock, ſhall yield thee Heavens annuity.
My Dear, think not on any thing but this,
This thing to which all things but nothing is.
Now lend ſome hours,& make ſuch friends, who ſhall
Return thoſe hours with joys perpetual.
Conceit thy ſelf an Alien on the Earth,
Nor let thy avarice plead right of birth
To reſtleſs windmills, why ſhould'ſt thou encreaſe
The worlds rent, when it grants no certain leaſe,
Pay all thy golden votes to God, who grants
At eaſie rates a ſure inheritance.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the laſt Judgment, and puniſhment for ſin.

MArk ſtill thy end, what ever way thou ſteer,
Think how before thy juſt Judg thou'lt appear:
A Judge, whoſe very ſight will evidence,
Who takes no bribes, admits no vain expence
Of fond excuſes, who our inſide ſees,
And by its merit each mans cauſe decrees.
Thou wretch of ſlime, whoſe coward heart doth dread
Ev'n the fierce looks of man, what wilt thou plead
Unto this Judge of Judges, whoſe leaſt thought
Will have each ſcruple to his preſence brought.
Fee now thy ſoul with virtue, that it may
With boldneſs anſwer on that dreadful day;
No Lawyer there to patch thy rotten caſe
With fuſtian argument, or antick face:

Each

Each creature their will mind himſelf alone,
But few I fear dare ſpeak, though moſt will moan.
Now mayſt thou lay out tears, they'l then yield
And profit then ſhall pay thy preſent pains. (gains,
Thy preſent ſighs and groans will then be heard,
And clear'd thus now, God will thee then regard.
And throughly doubtleſs is the patient purg'd,
Who by anothers injury though urg'd
To take revenge, yet like his Chriſt doth leſs
Bewail himſelf, than t'others wickedneſs;
Who prays with fervour for his enemies,
Forgives them in his heart, and gladly flies
For pardon, by ſubmiſſion to aſſwage
Whom he offended; ſeldom mov'd to rage,
To pity often, labours to controll,
His fancies wilder freaks, and raiſe his ſoul
To rule above it; theſe are things prevent
The direfull ſtroak of future puniſhment:
But we alas miſtake our courſe, and move
Miſguided by the loadſtone of ſelf love.
Know then that ſins encreaſe that penal fire,
And where thy carcaſe ſtoops to its deſire,
And doth that onely Goddeſs now adore,
More ſhall thoſe flames be then, thy torture more.
There each mans crimes with pains ſhall fitted be,
Burnt goads ſhall prick the Idle, gluttony
Taſt only thirſt and hunger, there ſhall pitch
And boiling brimſtone plaiſter o're the itch
Of luſt and luxury, the envious wretch
Shall howl with grief; a propper engine ſtretch
Each part of vice; Pride ſtings of ſhame ſhall ply;
Miſers be pincht with pangs of poverty.
In brief, a tedious age of pennance here
Shall ſeem leſs grievous then one minute there;
Yet after thouſand Centuries ne're ceaſe,
Nor comfort found, nor twinkling ſpace of eaſe;

Though ſtill we fry, ſtill the damn'd Scullion blows,
Nor friend is here to pacify our throes.
'Tis no Romance, peruſe it well, correct
Thy preſent faults, that thou with Gods Elect,
At Doomſday mayſt rejoyce; there ſhall the bleſt
Ev'n ſcorn to brave thoſe things by whom oppreſt,
And vext they often were in life; for then
They'l ſit to Judge who judg'd are now of men.
There boldly ſhall the humble poor confide,
The proud be ſet with fears on ev'ry ſide;
There ſhall we ſay, how wiſe to God was he,
Who ſerv'd as ſubject to our Drolery,
Whilſt patient croſſes ſhall be Heavenly ſweet,
Sins grief ſhall ſtill with like additions meet,
The Godly here ſhall ſing, prophane ſhall weep,
Afflicted triumph more, than did they keep
Their lives in laſting Holy-days; then will
The Sumptuous Tiſſue wrought by arts beſt skill,
Give place to totter'd rags, the cottage ſhall
Thoſe glit'ring beams of Pallaces apall.
Not all thy quelcqeſhaw's ſo much relliſh bear,
As now one Prayer pickled with a tear:
Silence ſhall babling huſh, and good works gain
More Laurels then the ſtrains of thy queint brain.
Thy patience ſhall a richer palm reherſe,
Than could the Empire of this Univerſe.
Great art leſs valued then obedience,
Not Logick terms, nor knowledge of their ſenſe
Rejoyce thee half ſo much as thy chaſt Spirit,
Contempt of wealth ſhall more then wealth inherit:
So future joys ſhall preſent toiles requite,
But groans thou'lt reap if now thou ſow'ſt delight.
Prove thy ſelf then betimes, and try how thou
Canſt ſuffer future pains by ſome pains now;
Thinkſt thou the crouching coward that a ſhot
Avoids, durſt to attaque the ſeat of *Lot*

In flames; yet theſe expreſs the dread and woe
Of Hell, as boys with crackers thunder ſhew.
Hope not to hold a double Paradiſe,
To ſwim in Heavenly and in Earthly bliſs;
Be ſure thou that muſt loſe, if this thou take,
Or ſeeking Heaven, thou muſt the Earth forſake.
Suppoſe now thy deſerts were ſuch, as would
Oblige the world ſo far, that if it could
Collect the million honours, which were plac'd
On every Champion, who was juſtly grac'd
With triumph, and of all compos'd one crown
To raiſe thy only power, thy ſole renown;
Admit to this the Land, the Sea, and Sky,
Were ranſack't to content thy luxury;
Pleaſures found for thee, paſt all humane ſenſe,
Thy ſhape extracted from the quinteſſence
Of beauty; and yet thus being wholly bleſt,
What's all if Death thee ſtraightways doth arreſt?
Thou'lt ſerve the worms to make a skeleton,
Ev'n worſe than nought thou'lt be, thy life once gone.
Mans vanity! that ſees and knows this true,
Yet leaving it will not true good purſue;
True good to love God truly, and to be
Only his ſlave, for he ſuch ſlavery
In us doth with ſuch grand requital bleſs,
As gives us worms unto his Throne acceſs;
It gives us that brave courage, that doth quell
The fear of death, pains, judgment, yea of Hell.
But marvel not, that ſlaves of Sin ſhould be
Affrighted with ſuch terrours; yet if thee
A zeal to God from evil not invites,
At leaſt preſent thy conſcience with theſe frights.
But then thou giveſt (if neither will prevent)
Thy ſoul to Hell by thy own Teſtament.

CHAP. XXV.

That we ſhould earneſtly endeavour to amend our lives.

BE thou the faithful ſteward, and declare
By early ſervice, and officious care,
How much thou loveſt thy Lord, and think why he
Prefer'd thee to thy bodies tenancy;
Prune vice away, thy farm ſo neatly ſpruce,
That it may be fit for thy Landlords uſe:
With induſtry endeavour to improve
What barren is, and let rewards thee move
To ſpend ſome hours in't yet, ſo ſhalt thou weed
Both fear and ſorrow from thy choicer ſeed.
Toyl but a little longer, and thou'lt find
Abundant reſt, eternal joys of mind.
If thou continu'ſt fervent and ſincere
In doing pious acts, thou need'ſt not fear
But that the goodneſs of thy God will be
As free and faithful in rewarding thee:
Hope well to win the field, but always fly
(The cauſe of pride and ſloath) ſecurity.
A certain penitent, whoſe thoughts were ſway'd
Betwixt deſpair and hope, thus humbly pray'd:
O that I knew, could I but perſevere
In theſe my good reſolves? to which his ear
Receives God's welcome anſwer; what if thou
Didſt know that granted, which thou beg'ſt for now;
Even as if twere, ſo let thy days be ſpent;
Then write, I'le ſign what ſhall thy heart content.
This Joyful Oracle ſo well him pleas'd,
That now, his curioſity being ceas'd,
His tutor'd will henceforward always choſe
To leave the work commenc't to Gods percloſe:
And thus the conqueſt of his paſſion won,
He ſtill perſiſted as he well begun.

The

The prophet ſays truſt in thy Lord; do good;
So ſhall the Land afford thee plenteous food,
But O! here is the knot, here lyes the pain.
How ſhall we once inur'd to vice refrain
Our proſecution of it, or how may
Our young amendment make old ſin obey?
Truſt as aforeſaid in thy Lord, propoſe
If thou but ſtrike, he'le place himſelf the blows,
What though thy power be weak, add courage to
Thy juſt endeavours, armed thus, thou'lt through
Thy thickeſt foes, who reſcues victory
From greateſt hazzards, honour'd moſt ſhall be,
Nature I grant made not all ſtout, ſo ſome
Themſelves can mortifie and overcome
More eaſily then others; yet at length
Induſtrious care ſhall maſter careleſs ſtrength.
Two helps are chief to our amendment, one
To quit that vice whereto we moſt are prone.
The next, to find our uſeful'ſt virtue out;
And found, therein to be ſtill moſt devout.
Nor leſs in that our ſelves condemn muſt we,
Which ſeems in other men a crime to be.
From ſweet and ſower ſuck honey: if thou hear
Or ſeeſt a good example, ſtrive to bear
The method on't away, and imitate
What thus thou haſt approv'd; ſo let thy hate
A wicked act eſchew, even as thine eye
Doth others mark, ſo theirs in thee doth pry.
Heavens! what a joyful comfort tis to ſee
Thoſe follow Chriſt, who Chriſtianity
Profeſs, what griveous pity is't again,
When they to act their calling dare refrain.
O ſenceleſs danger! to neglect thy own,
And heed another mans vocation.
Attend thy proper place, and think who dy'd
By his own creatures hands, who crucifi'd

For us unworthy mortals, bluſh for ſhame,
To find his life ſo active thine ſo lame.
Religious perſons, whoſe internal eyes
Ponder the life and ſacred ſacrifice
Of Jeſus ſhall ſufficient gather there,
Without a ſecond ſearch, their Soul s to clere.
O did Chriſts Paſſion once imprint thy heart,
Then joys would follow ſoon, thy grief ſoon part.
Thoſe regulars that Zealous are, ſubmit
With gladneſs to commands that are thought fit
For their obedience ; but the negligent
Encounter always ſomething to reſent.
Here want of inward ſolace him afflicts,
And there his vow external interdicts.
So Traytor thoughts, that do Allegance ſcorn
To their elected function, ſoon are born
To ruin by their own rebellious will:
The giddy Libertine ne're wants his ill.
But now theſe regulars ſtrict diſcipline
With ſerioufneſs peruſe ; thou'lt read therein
They ſeldom rang'd, kept ſtill retir'd oft watcht ;
Their food but mean, their bodies courſly thatcht ;
They labour'd much, ſpoke little, and that well,
And anſwer'd prayers by their early bell ;
A Godly volume was their paſtime, and
Their pride purſu'd obedience, fled command.
To theſe conſider the ſeverer ſort
Of ſundry orders, who their joys report
In Pſalms and Jubilations which they ſing
Each tedious night unto their heavenly King.
Sure theſe Examples will preſent to thee
How vaſt their hopes, how grand thy lethargy.
O that all other things would leave us free,
To ſing Gods praiſe with all the Harmony.
Of heart and voice, That wants which ſtill attend
Our feeble nature, could more minutes lend

For perfecting this work: and that we might
With Heavenly extaſies our Souls delight.
Then ſhould we happier be, then now we are,
Being forc'd to cater for our bodies fare;
Whoſe mean neceſſities debar us thus
From inward banquets ſeldom known to us.
He whoſe inſtructed pallat once can hate
Earths choiceſt Cates, when found adulterate;
Taſtes then Cæleſtial Feaſts, and fortune brooks,
Even as an ayery name of poets books;
Her ſmiles and frowns are vainly ſpent, for he
Courts not the firſt, nor fears her Tyranny
God is His only one, his All in all
His conſtant Love, his Power perpetual;
To him all live, nothing to him doth dye
All ſerves his will i'th twinkling of an eye:
Mind then thy end, ſee'ſt not the very laſt
Of all thy words now ſpoke for ever's paſt.
No pains nor care employ'd, no virtue's won:
Relaps to ſloath and ſoon thou art undone.
Rouſe then thy drouſy ſpirit, do not ceaſe
From toil and fervour to obtain thy peace.
The Grace of God, the Love of good, doth make
His Burden lighter, that doth labour take.
A Zealous perſon always is prepar'd
To meet the change of times, and as more hard
He finds that task, which muſt his vices foil
Then eaſe his bodies pains; ſo doth he toil
More eagerly to ſweep that web begun,
Knowing himſelf muſt quarry prove If ſpun.
Keep on thy own, though others check their flight
A Godly day brings home a merry night.
Heed thy own courſe, ſpare not thy weary wing:
Induſtr'ous birds at Evening ſweetly ſing.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE SECOND BOOK.

OF THE

Following of CHRIST.

CHAP. I.

Of Internal Converſation.

WHat's that thou ſeek'ſt my ſoul? Is't Heaven then go
And ſearch within, 'tis there the Lord ſays ſo:
Fly thither then. Yet ſtay,—we muſt forſake
This outſide world e're we of that partake.
'Tis ſo, but that once done thou need'ſt not be
In queſt to find it out 'twill find out thee.
A real Heaven hath peace and Joy infus'd
By Gods moſt Sacred grace; a gift refus'd
Unto the wicked crew, for Chriſt will come
And ſtay with thee if thou a fitting room
Provide for ſuch a gueſt, yet likes not he
Thy mud-walls hung with gawdy tapeſtry.
He views the Inſide of our hearts and there
He gladly dwells if beauteous that appear.
There he delights himſelf, there often walks,
There he agreement finds, their ſweetly talks.

Riſe

Riſe then my Soul, and dreſs thy heart ſo well
That thy fair Spouſe may like it and their dwell.
Mark what his ſayings are, who me affect
Do keep my words, my Father will reſpect
Them with the like affection, he and I
Will both continue in ſuch company.
Doſt hear this Heavenly Sentence and ſtill ſtay
Diſputing what to do? Come drive away
All others, call thy Saviour In, if thou
Canſt him alone enjoy thou haſt enough.
He is that faithful Sheapherd that will heed
Thy wandring Steps whil'ſt thou doſt harmleſs feed,
Nor ſhalt thou mans aſſiſtance need for they
Soon change their love, and leave their flocks a prey
To ravenous wolves, but whom Chriſt once befriends
Not want of wealth, or life, that friendſhip ends.
Then ſettle no great truſt in man though he
Be rich or powerful kin or deer to thee,
Nor let his anger or oppoſals make
Thy quiet breſt its wonted calm forſake.
Man is the fan of time turn'd by each breath
Of fortune, now does he contrive thy death
Who yeſterday as ſoon his own would plot
Now friend, now foe, now here, and now is not.
But love, and ſerve, and on thy Lord rely;
His help is ſure, his ſayings barr reply.
Fear not to ſuffer by a doubtful clauſe,
When that thy Judge is council in thy Cauſe.
But ſee (how vain my words) it ſtares about
Searching to find ſome naſty Swine-cot out:
Alack poor frantick Soul, what doſt thou do?
There's nought continues in this place but woe.
What makes thee gaze? thou art a Stranger here,
And till in heaven, thou'lt be ſo ev'ry where.
Once there indeed, thou happy ſhalt abide;
But as thou Sail'ſt thou'lt meet on ev'ry ſide

The gliding pagents of Earths gayeties:
Be ſure thou mark them not, they'l cheat thine eyes:
Or if thou chance to glance, or heedleſs hear,
Their Syren notes, ſtop not, but fly, and fear;
Thy dangers then at hand, for thou muſt know
Their Muſick always charms to overthrow.
Thy ſafeſt courſe will be to fix thy mind
On God; thy oriſons will likely find
His help and pitty, or if thou deſcry
Thy reach too weak for a deep miſtery;
Think on the pains of Chriſt; how ſold, how ſtript,
How box'd, how crown'd with thorns, with ſlaves how whipt.
How Earth did ore its maker tyrannize;
How quit by friends in his extremities;
Arraign'd, condemn'd, where he did mildly reign,
Slain with contempt; and wilt thou worm complain?
What ſhall the creature mans abuſes ſcorn?
Who ſees his great Creator hath worſe born:
No, no my Child, by ſuch his love is ſhewn;
Such are his Seals, that mark us for his own.
Then take thy wrongs and croſſes in good part;
Let future hopes allay thy preſent ſmart:
Do'ſt thou expect, thou ſhouldſt rewarded be
For patience, try'd by no adverſity:
Or that thy days from all repugnance free'd;
Beſt likes thy Saviour, no, thy way to ſpeed,
And live with Chriſt, is by the forfetiure
Of pleaſures, with and for him to endure.
And wert thou once toucht with a lively flame
Of ſacred zeal, then wiſer thoughts would blame
Thy raptures, caus'd by good or bad Succeſs:
Nay bleſs thoſe Slanders, that thy ſhame expreſs.
Gods love engrafted once, makes man deſpize
Himſelf the Stock, where he the Fruit doth prize.
And doubtleſs this once perfectly enjoy'd,
The heart poſſeſſing it, muſt needs be voyd

Of

Of Carnall luſts, and topping human ſence,
In Spirit ſee and taſte Gods Excellence.
Hee who diſcreetly not by vulgar rates
To each thing a juſt price appropriates,
Is wiſe indeed; and ſhews himſelf hereby,
Inſtructed chiefly by Divinity.
So doth this learning to his mind preſent
How mean external toys, what true content
In inward comforts, nor doth he confine
His prayer to one certain hour or ſhrine;
For he that is not always ranging forth,
Can ſoon retire, not buſineſs of moſt worth
Shall wholy hinder, but that he'le apply
Himſelf ſome minutes to his piety.
But if officious minds will needs attract
Affairs upon themſelves, theſe muſt diſtract
Their pious work where ſpirits well prepar'd
Deem not this worlds perverſnes worth regard.
Thy heart refin'd from Earthly droſs, each thing
Will to thy proffit be contributing.
But O my Son! thy Paſſions are not dead,
Thy carnal ſparks not yet extinguiſhed:
For ſlender croſſes ſet thy rage on fire,
Or trivial troubles choake thy good deſire.
That homage which too willingly man pays
To worms compos'd of ſlime, in thraldom lays
His wretched Soul; he muſt ſuch Idols ſlight
That courts a Joyful heart or Heavenly light.

CHAP. II.

Of Patience and Humility.

REgard uot much, who is thy Freind, or Foe,
But arme thee with a ſpotleſs Soul, for ſo
Thou wilt perſwade thy God to be thy ſhield:
And whom he guards, worlds cannot force to yield.

With

With ſilence ſuffer and let patience ſway
Thy mind God ſtill foreſees and ſends his day
Of help, and we our Judgments muſt commit
To him that Steers and knows what courſe is fit
For our advancement: it is he that frees
Man from the badge of Shame and Calumnies.
Our Vice oft ſeen, and checkt by others tames
That heat of Pride, which in our Nature Flames:
The fierceſt Lyons, though offended, be
Oft pacified by our Humility.

God doth the humble one protect, and ſave:
To ſuch himſelf is meek; though oft they crave,
He ſeldom them denies, and makes them be
Even ſharers of his State and Secreſy:
Heaps of Affronts on ſuch are vainly hurld,
Whoſe actions look on God and not the World.

Thoſe humble thoughts that moſt our ſelves debaſe,
Attain moſt Faith; and Faith moſt heavenly Grace.

CHAP. III.

Of a Good and Peaceable Man.

SMooth firſt thine own, & thou'lt calm others minds:
More good a quiet, then a learned finds;
Contentious Souls pervert the beſt to ill,
And greedily with fowleſt Slanders fill [bleſt,
Their glutton ears; where thoſe, whom peace hath
To the worſt things apply what ſence is beſt.

They ſinniſter conceipts of none do bear,
Though envious wretches gript with Jealous fear,
Can neither taſte themſelves the ſweet of Peace,
Nor will they (to vex others) barking ceaſe;
Oft blab they that which were more requiſit
To be kept ſecret, ſo do they omit
As uſefull acts, and ſee what ſhould be done
By other men, yet ſtill neglect their own.

Thy proper Duty firſt perform for then
Thou art more fit to tutor other men.
His Reaſons partially thou canſt refuſe,
Yet thy own faults in the ſame cauſe excuſe;
With Reaſon do but argue this thou'lt ſee,
Thou rather ought'ſt to make Appollogie
For others then thy ſelf; unequal 'tis
That he endure thy errors, thou not his.
Then mark from Charity how far thou art,
Which its own humour ſtill ſtrives moſt to thwart.
An eaſy task to keep Society
With good and peaceful perſons: Who is he
That would not gladly quietneſs obtain,
Or not love thoſe that would love him again?
But where a mind impatience can eſchew,
Amongſt a froward ill condition'd crew
Of carping Friends or publick Enemies,
'Twere truly Juſt to praiſe and Judge ſuch wiſe.
Thus differs Nature, this retains himſelf
And others too, in peace, that wicked Elſe
Is haunted by the quite contrary curſe;
Bad to himſelf, and yet to others worſe.
So Virtue with her own ſweets not content,
Doth like perfume with Neighbours, ſhare her ſent.
View but this worlds reputed peace, thou'lt ſee
It is not that which wants Adverſitie:
But which beſt greets this evil; for as more
Man knows to ſuffer, greater is his ſtore
Of rich Tranquillitie, and ſuch an one
Who Conquers thus himſelf deſerves the Throne
Of all this Earth; He is a Friend to God
An Heir of Heaven, when life ſhall period.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of Pureneſs in Mind, and Plainneſs in meaning.

WIth wings of Plainneſs and of Purity
Man Soars above the Earth; the one doth fly
To a true harmleſs meaning, tother mounts
To ſearch ſublimeſt things, and then accompts
It's purchaſe to the mind, that plainly tends
To God, and this what God is, apprehends.
Bath'd from the filth of Luſt, and ſo made light,
No actions that are good ſhall ſtop thy flight.
Help others, but ſtill ſeek to pleaſe thy Lord;
Then ask all happy freedom; he'le accord.
Were but thy heart upright, the world would ſeem
(As 'tis) a toy, a glaſs, whereby to deem
And frame thy life; a book, wherein to con
It's worthleſs price and thy Inſtruction.
Nothing ſo vile, or ſmall but repreſents
The makers goodneſs and Omnipotence.
And were thy inſide perfect as it ought,
All would be unconſealed to thy thought.
Even as minds are, ſo Judge they ill or well:
The pure one pennetrates both Heaven, and Hell.
Such (when glad tidings news of mirth do bring
To others,) can with them their tryumph ſing:
But thoſe ſad creatures, whoſe Souls guilty be,
Taſte only of their Neighbors miſery.
The piercing fire ſcours ruſt from Iron leſs
Then Sins repentance men from wickedneſs.
Faint zeal that ſlowly comes, is quickly gon,
And ſeeks exteriour conſolation.
Did we our looſer paſſions once reclaim,
Shun works of darkneſs, and at brightneſs aim,
Thoſe labours that Herculian now appear,
Would counted be light, eaſy, Sweet, and deer.

CHAP. V.

Of the Conſideration of Man's Life.

OUr uſual want of grace, and power ſhould make
Our groundleſs pride, ſelf confidence forſake.
A ſlender part of wit, pertakes the Sence
Of man, and that ſoon loſt by negligence:
Yet our fantaſtick humours are ſo blind,
Wee ſee it not, and to our ſelves ſo kind;
That on each Sin a queint excuſe attends;
Nay worſe then that, our bad for good commends.
Soon others motes, we ne're our own beam Spie;
Soon mark, but ne're forgive an Injury.
Yet ours forſooth, muſt like the winds diſtreſs
Without regard, and be remedileſs.
Were our own Acts weigh'd by juſt ſcales, we then
Would pick leſs cauſe to Chapter other men.
A godly care regards not human tydes
Of Wealth, but ſolely for his Soul provides.
And they who Saintlike thus employ their time,
Will talk but little of anothers crime.
Look not to proſper in Religion, till
Thou lock thy Evil Tongue from ſpeaking ill
Of others; till thou ſearch thy ſelf with eyes
Of Jealouſy, till God becomes the prize
Of all thy hopes, but this once done thou'lt ſlight
Earths cheating glitter, that deludes thy ſight.
If we our ſelves neglect, what doth it boot
That we are furniſht out with skill to ſhoot
And hit each other mark. But lay all by
For this my Son that's true felicity.
He's only bleſt that ſcorns what's temporal
The Proud and griping only riſe to fal.
Count nothing wonderful, nought excellent,
Nought good but God, or what of him is meant:

For

For transitory Pleasures; pass them by,
As they pass thee; thou knowest th'are vanity.
Souls that affect thee Lord, do freely quit
All love but thine, who only Infinit,
Incomprehensible, Eternal art,
The comfort of man's Soul, Joy of his heart.

CHAP. VI.

The Joy of a good Conscience.

TRue glory doth in a good Conscience rest;
If thine be so continuall is thy Feast.
Such with rejoycings brook Adversities,
Whilst Vice still cowardly, still tortur'd is.
Tryumph in goodness only; sweet his sleep,
Whose conscience wary Innocence doth keep:
A wicked Soul ne're reaps a perfect Joy;
And doth its minds true harmony destroy.
The Scripture tells there is no peace within
Their brests, that are the harbourers of Sin.
And though their boasts speak bliss, and can defy
Cross destinies, believe them not; they ly.
The Lords least wrath will quickly them consume,
And burn their useless Actions into fume.
He by Affliction shews to man his care,
Which to the Godly, cause of wellcomes are.
Vain are those Honours, which we gain, or give;
The Just one's praises in his Soul doth live,
Not Tongues of Men; his Exultations be
Of, and in God, and in his verity:
He ours contemns, who seeks eternall fame.
But they who covet, nay who do not blame
That wish as worthless, which courts Earths renown,
Do certainly despise a Heavenly Crown.
A resolution once well fram'd, doth slight
The height of attributes, detractions spight.

This like a tall Rock mong'ſt the billows ſtands
Heedleſs what weather greets his outward ſands.
Praiſe or diſpraiſe makes thee not worſe or better,
Our thoughts thee alter not, nor art thou greater,
Then God doth value thee; weigh what thou art
Within, not outwardly; for God the heart,
And men thy looks regard; deeds them content;
But he examins chiefly the Intent.
Good acts that diſeſteem themſelves we find
Are ſigns; that ſhew where dwels an humble mind:
So doth contempt of worldly comforts, ſhew
A true integrity; again, who do
No outward witneſs for their acts diſire;
Declare their hopes to God alone aspire.
The proud who only their own trophies vaunt,
Wear none; 'tis God alone can honour grant.
Whoſe mind contemplates him and paſſeth by
The world, ſhares of an Angels property.

CHAP. VII.

To love Chriſt above all things.

O Happy thou! who know'ſt what 'tis to love.
Thy Jeſus well, and for him diſapprove
Terreſtriall hopes, all Love for his muſt part;
He will be chief, or not dwell in thy heart.
Frail is the love of earthly things, but his
For ever laſts, a wiſh that carnal is
Shall periſh, hut his happineſs no ſpace
Of time ſhall end, who doth his God embrace.
Strive thou with thy affection his to gain,
When all forſake, he conſtant doth remain.
The hour will come, nor will it ask thy leave,
Which of this World and Life will thee bereave.
Hold then to Chriſt, by him the ſhoar is won,
And Life through him, when Death comes, but begun.

But

But such this friend, he must be lov'd alone
Must have thy mind, and King it in that Throne.
Wave then the fellowship of fond delight
And he'le reside with thee, 'tis vain to plight
Thy Faith unto another Spouse, for all
The race of Man, like grass or flowers, doth fall.
Trust not in them, nor ought else in this Earth,
Weak reeds, who bring Mortality with birth.
Seek Christ, or seek thy self, thy choice thou'lt gain:
But him to joy, thy self to endless pain.
Who seeks not him, draws on himself more woe,
Then armed worlds of enemies can doe.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Familiarity with Jesus.

Sweetness attends Christs presence, grief doth wait
Upon his absence, where he speaks, joys straight
Ensue, so if his silence barr content,
Mans cure will make but vain experiment.
When *Mary* heard the Lord was come, she rose
And to her weepings, put a quick percluse.
Happy that hour, whereof thy Lord makes choice,
To bring thee from thy waillings to rejoyce.
Without thy God, thou art a wither'd plant,
Those fondlings that trust other hopes, shall want
More then the Earth can with its wealth repair:
His help once gon makes all our hope despair.
No harm annoys us, whilst our Saviour's by,
Life with him comes, and if he part we dye.
Blest he that finds thee Lord; who can assigne
Bounds to his wealth, that hath this golden mine,
Who can his blessings count? Oh too much he
Hath lost, that looseth Jesus; what said I?
What was't I spoke? said I he lost too much?
Alack! He lost the world and twenty such.

This like a tall Rock mong'ſt the billows ſtands
Heedleſs what weather greets his outward ſands.
Praiſe or diſpraiſe makes thee not worſe or better,
Our thoughts thee alter not, nor art thou greater,
Then God doth value thee; weigh what thou art
Within, not outwardly; for God the heart,
And men thy looks regard; deeds them content;
But he examins chiefly the Intent.
Good acts that diſeſteem themſelves we find
Are ſigns; that ſhew where dwels an humble mind:
So doth contempt of worldly comforts, ſhew
A true integrity; again, who do
No outward witneſs for their acts diſire;
Declare their hopes to God alone aspire.
The proud who only their own trophies vaunt,
Wear none; 'tis God alone can honour grant.
Whoſe mind contemplates him and paſſeth by
The world, ſhares of an Angels property.

CHAP. VII.

To love Chriſt above all things.

O Happy thou! who know'ſt what 'tis to love.
Thy Jeſus well, and for him diſapprove
Terreſtriall hopes, all Love for his muſt part;
He will be chief, or not dwell in thy heart.
Frail is the love of earthly things, but his
For ever laſts, a wiſh that carnal is
Shall periſh, hut his happineſs no ſpace
Of time ſhall end, who doth his God embrace.
Strive thou with thy affection his to gain,
When all forſake, he conſtant doth remain.
The hour will come, nor will it ask thy leave,
Which of this World and Life will thee bereave.
Hold then to Chriſt, by him the ſhoar is won,
And Life through him, when Death comes, but begun.

But

But such this friend, he must be lov'd alone
Must have thy mind, and King it in that Throne.
Wave then the fellowship of fond delight
And he'le reside with thee, 'tis vain to plight
Thy Faith unto another Spouse, for all
The race of Man, like grass or flowers, doth fall.
Trust not in them, nor ought else in this Earth,
Weak reeds, who bring Mortality with birth.
Seek Christ, or seek thy self, thy choice thou'lt gain:
But him to joy, thy self to endless pain.
Who seeks not him, draws on himself more woe,
Then armed worlds of enemies can doe.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Familiarity with Jesus.

Sweetness attends Christs presence, grief doth wait
Upon his absence, where he speaks, joys straight
Ensue, so if his silence barr content,
Mans cure will make but vain experiment.
When *Mary* heard the Lord was come, she rose
And to her weepings, put a quick percloſe.
Happy that hour, whereof thy Lord makes choice,
To bring thee from thy waillings to rejoyce.
Without thy God, thou art a wither'd plant,
Those fondlings that trust other hopes, shall want
More then the Earth can with its wealth repair:
His help once gon makes all our hope despair.
No harm annoys us, whilst our Saviour's by,
Life with him comes, and if he part we dye.
Blest he that finds thee Lord; who can assigne
Bounds to his wealth, that hath this golden mine,
Who can his blessings count? Oh too much he
Hath lost, that looseth Jesus; what said I?
What was't I spoke? said I he lost too much?
Alack! He lost the world and twenty such.

His grace is wealth enough, but misery
Surrounds the life that lacks him, who can be
With him is truly wise, yet is he more
That having found, knows how to keep this store.
If thou my Soul be covetous to find
This treasure out, adorn thy willing mind
With Goodness, Patience, and Humility;
Then gladly will thy Lord abide with thee.
But now be wary least exteriour gays,
With their false paint and chanting Rondelays,
Debauch thy facill humour, and so make
Him, thee on a just jealousie forsake.
If thus poor wretch, thou loose the only source
Of happiness, where wilt thou have recourse.
Lives like diseases pass that have no Friend:
And where Christ is not he, there Joys must end.
Sure then he's mad, who's love, but his, hath sought
Whose love is all, and all without his, nought.
Then love thy Jesus best, and if thy heart
Admit another Friend, do thou but part
With this affection, for thy makers sake,
And love him for his own, although thou make
The world led by the height of hate, to be
Thy foe, 'tis less then his sole enmity.
As he alone is truly kind, and good,
So should each other love, spring like a bud
Both from and in him, so again should we
Pray that all others, know and love this tree.
If thee Ambition tempt to the essays
Of gaining to thy self, all love and praise
Know that this wish is bad, which bids thee sue
For that, which solely to thy God is due.
Seek his love chiefly, chiefly give him thine,
And beg this Sacred flame in all may shine.
Train up thy Infant Soul, in holy state,
And let thy care her sight legitimate:

That

That mounting hence, ſhe may with piercing eye
Behold her God in his refulgency.
Yet by his help, to this thou muſt be brought;
Or earthly luſts will baſtardiſe thy thought.
Without his aid Small heat will melt thy wing,
And thy Icarian pride to ruin bring.
Yet if he his aſſiſtance doth delay,
Let not deſpair thy patience overſway;
He knows beſt, when; ſtern winter uſhers *May*,
The fierceſt Storms a calme, and night the day.

CHAP. IX.

Of the want of Comfort

WIth eaſe, that mind to which Heaven comfort grants
May ſlight earth's meaner joys, but his that wants
Both this and that, yet willingly can brook
The loſs of each contentment, nor doth look
For due reſpect unto his juſt deſerts,
But all his honour to his God imparts,
In this exceeds all Acts.
Well may a heart be good, which God doth bleſs,
And well may they proceed with cheerfulneſs,
Whom he protects; well may their load ſeem ſmall,
When he it bears, and leads them leaſt they fall.
Our fancy having through each pleaſure paſt,
Doth chuſe out one, and weds that choice at laſt:
From which ſcarce er'e doth our beſotted ſence
Divorce it ſelf to God's obedience.
When holy *Laurence*, he that Martyr'd dy'd,
By *Sixtus* death was in his Patience try'd:
Although the world did but a trifle ſeem
Unto that love, wherewith he did eſteem
This deareſt mate; yet did he freely quit
The loſs of him, ſince God ſo thought it fit.

Hence

Hence learn if death bereave thee of thy love,
Or that thy Confident a Traytor prove,
To greet both patiently, and chiefly plod;
How to forsake thy self, how to find God.
Nor can that man who on himself relies,
Finde strength enough to stand the Batteries
Of griefs and joys, which makes the Virtuous he
Who loves his Christ employ most Industry
To frustrate such allurements from effects
Of conquest, and to this intent erects
A Bulwark fram'd of fasts, and carefull pains,
Where their assaults he for his Lord Sustains.
If comfort chance to sejourne in thy brest,
Let not thy self conceipt claim interest
Of right in this, but since all good doth flow
From God, thy thanks for it, on him bestow.
With humbleness this holy guift embrace;
Let care attend thee in each act, each place;
Mind still how thy content must pass away;
And substitutes grief in it's place to stay.
Yet let thy Patience treat this Resident
With kindness, since thy Lord the message se
Soon can his will redouble, what thou lost;
Nor is't a novelty to be thus crost.
And pleas'd again; such fates did oft intrude
Themselves on Saints with like Vicissitude,
My happines, Great God, did once defi
Misfortunes stroak, but when immediatly.
Thou hid'st thy face, how was I then perplex
And cry'd to thee, O Lord my Soul is vext,
Thou gracious King did'st hear me then and sm
The tyrant grief, and gav'st me sweet delight.
If such then was the mutability
Of those that Sacred prophets were, shall we
Wee things compos'd of Sin, and wretchedn
Expect to pass our fickle days, with less

Of

Of alterations? No, expect it not
But say, with *Job*, Thou do'st my God allot
A vast proportion of thy love to man,
When born thou gaurd'st his childhood, till he can
First creep, next go, then nimbly leap, at length
Endue'st his supple limbs with manly strength;
Nor so content, but raisest by degrees
His Ignorance to learned faculties.
Then like a careful doctor dost apply
Each Morn and Eve'n a proper remedy
Unto his Souls disease, No trust O Lord
But thou that dost to all just votes accord.
Suppose my Kindred such as wish would make
My Friends the like, those words that *Tully* spake
And Strains *Orion* Sung, were now reviv'd
To please mine ears, what's all if then depriv'd
Of thee alone, here then my care must be
To quit my self, and wait (great God) for thee.
And truly my kind Reader, I ne're found
A Spirit so religious so profound;
But some times lack'd Gods hand his wounds to heal,
And felt by turns, the Ebbs and Flows of Zeal.
Nor did I meet that Soul, though wholly bent
On the divinest thoughts, so eminent
In every Virtue, no one Life wherein
The noblest acts were not assail'd by Sin.
Nor can he merrit to behold the height
Of Gods chief Essence, freed from all the weight
Of misery, Temptation still is sent
To be the Harbinger of our content.
With joys (saith God) I cause misfortunes Strife
That Conquerors may tast the tree of life.
So since he knows mans faintness needs his aid,
He first doth comfort send, least overweigh'd
We sink with too much load, and then doth poise
Content with grief, least pride the Scales destroys.

Damn'd

Damn'd Satan never sleeps, nor is our lust
O'recome as yet, we therefore always must
Prepare our selves to fight and guard the blow;
For mans poor Soul ne're wants an envious foe.

CHAP. X.

Of Thankfullness, to God for his Benefits.

FOnd man, why seek'st thou quietness, since thou
Art born a Slave, to serve the Scrip or plough:
To Sow vast Sorrows, and to reap small gains;
To measure length of Life, by yards of pains.
Then learn thy fruitless pleasures to despise;
To bear the Cross and Patience exercise.
The greatest Worldling did he perfectly
Know, that the Spirits comfort did outvye
Those of the World, would not he gladly slight
These meaner, to enjoy that chief delight?
He'd find them vile or vain or both, but this
Repleniſht with the only sweet of Bliss;
With honestjoys approv'd by Virtue, and
Infus'd in Godly minds, by Gods command.
Yet come they not at will, nor will they stay
At each request, for soon temptations sway
The heart they rul'd, so are they baniſh'd thence
By minds false freedom, and self confidence.
How well doth God, who gives the benefit?
How vile is man that thanks him not for it?
Why should'st thou mervail then that God doth spare
His bounty since we so ungrateful are?
Though favours thank't implore a second boon,
We take the gifts forget the Giver soon;
Whence God doth thankless Pride from such exclude,
And doubles joys on modest gratitude.
A sad exchange that takes my grief from me
And leaves sin in the stead on't, nor do I

Such

Such knowledge crave as ſhould make me forget
My ſelf, all great wits are not Saints, nor yet
Doth each deſire of ours with pureneſs meet,
Nor wholeſomneſs with every food that's ſweet.
Thoſe things that pleaſe mans fooliſh fancy beſt,
Our wiſe Almighty Lord doth moſt deteſt.
Thoſe gifts are beſt, and moſt ſhould pleaſing be,
That Honour ſlight, and priſe Humility.

He whom the Lord hath School'd in each eſtate
Of woe and happineſs, doth arrogate
No property unto himſelf, but ſees
His birth-right is, but want and miſeries.

Mark then (poor Worms) to God and you what's
Thanks for his gifts to him, and Sin to you. [due;
Aſcribe to each his own, and then lament,
To know your Sins deſerve their puniſhment.

In chooſing leaſt, thou gain'ſt the higheſt grace;
No higheſt is without the loweſt place.
Whom God eſteems the chief in Holyneſs,
Account themſelves the worſt, and each encreaſe
Of glory, makes ſuch godly Souls add more
Of humbleneſs to what they had before.
So true and heavenly honours make them be
The perfect haters of Earth's vanity.

Who truſt in God drive inſolence away
And if their goodneſs merrit ought, they pay
The glory on't to him, nor Court they praiſe
But his alone, ſo would they gladly raiſe
Above all other things, his only fame,
And draw each godly mortal to the ſame.

Let then his leaſt of Favours thanks obtain,
It makes thee fitter greater guifts to gain;
Yet value his leaſt mite, the greateſt grace,
Nor can'ſt thou think the favour mean or baſe,
If thou regard'ſt the givers Majeſty,
Can that reward be ſmall which the moſt high

And mighty God bestowes? No though he gives
Stripes and correction, they are relatives
To his affection, greet them kindly then:
We think that kills, which he for cure doth mean.
If thou his graces would'st retain, expres
His great Indulgence by thy thankfulnes.
If ta'ne away, yet patient be, and pray
Thy good and gracious Lord, to thee them may
Return again, and if this granted be;
Be wise; and keep them with humility.

CHAP. XI.

The small number that love Christ unfainedly

MAny the lovers of Christ's Kingdom are,
But few will bear his Cross, and most will share
With him in joys, few in adversity:
All keep his Table, none his Chastity;
Many to breaking bread him immitate,
But few his Challice drink, and most dare hate
His Crosses shame, though humbly they adore
His Miracles, love, praise, him whilst his store
Of wealth and comfort doth remain; if gone,
Then follows plaints and desperation.
But they who not self-ended, with true zeal
Affect their Lord; alike in woe and weale
Thank and commend him; and this their intent,
Although he never had them comfort sent.
Such is the force of the unfeigned love
Of Christ, that it no motive can remove. [still
Well may those Youths be hirelings term'd, who
Seek nought but pleasure: And who always fill
Their dropsied bags, undoubtedly prefer
Before their God, their own particular.
Where are those Warriors now, that without pay
Will Jesus serve? Who freely give away

Their

heir whole estate for his sole love? or where
Spirit that true poverty doth wear?
ong mayst thou search a Phœnix of this kind;
s soon the bird that owes this name thou'lt find.
He that relieves the poor with all his pelf,
ath yet done nothing; or if he himself
With grief chastiseth for his Sins, yet he
ath done too little; though each secrefy
And knowledge dwelt in him, yet is he far
From the true marke; were he most singular
a virtue, could for his Religion dye
et lacks he something still, what's that? to fly
himself, when he abandons all the rest,
And wholly quits his private Interest.
Though thou perform'st thy duty, yet should'st thou
Think nothing done, nor let thy lofty brow
Proclame thy fancied glory, but confess
Thy self an useless slave, as doth express
The truth it self, which says all that ye do
Are worthless Acts, and but your duty too.
Then shalt thou truly speak: How naked I
And poor in Spirit am, and verifie
The Prophets words herein, yet none can be
More rich in wealth, or power, or libertie,
Then thou that both thy self and all can quit,
And to the meanest worm, thy thought submit.

CHAP. XII.

Of Patient bearing the Cross of Christ.

HOw hard this sentence seems: Thy self forsake;
Me follow, and my Cross upon thee take.
But oh these words must want their parralell!
Hence ye damn'd Souls to endless flames of Hell.
Yet they that hear and gladly can obey
The sayings of the Cross, shall not then weigh

The

The heavy doom of doleful punishment;
But sing with joy, whilst these with grief lament.
The Cross will be the banner of that day,
When our Almighty musters all, to pay
Each Soul his due remat, such then as were
True Servants of the Cross, nor here did fear
Against the world to follow Jesus. shall
With boldness stand before this Generall.

Why fear'st thou then the Cross, since 'tis the road
To Heaven, life and Salvation doth abode
In it, Cælestial comfort in't thou'lt find,
Aid 'gainst thy Enemies, and strength of mind:
The height of virtue, perfect Sanctity,
And joy of Spirit in the Cross doth lye:
All health of Soul grows from this only tree;
No hopes without it, of Eternity.

Then boldly take it up, why should'st thou dread
To make thy passage where thy Saviour lead
The way to Bliss, where he bore his own Cross
And on it for thy sake did suffer loss
Of Life, that thou might'st learn by him thy guide,
To wellcome that whereon th'art Crucified.

Who with him dye, shall with him live; and they
Who suffer with him, with him too shall sway.

Loe in the Cross and Death all happiness
Consists, that is the war that gains us peace.
And this the way to Life, turn round thine eye,
Thou'lt see, the best way to felicity
Is by the Cross; nay all things order so,
Each act and word so well, yet still some woe
Thou suffer must against or with thy will.
Grief now thy mind, or sickness then will fill
Thy Body with diseases, God will now
Forsake thee, or man vex thee, or even thou
Wilt loath thy self, and that in such a sort
That though thy pain exceed, no cure be for't

No comfort found to bring allay, but it
Thou muſt endure, as long as God thinks fit.
And he (our kindeſt Parent) moſt reproves
With ſharpeſt ſtroks the Child he chiefly loves,
That hence we might ſubmit to him and be
More humble made through our adverſity.
None can ſo lively feel Chriſts Pangs, as he
That hath the like endur'd, ſo that for thee
And to this purpoſe, Croſſes are prepar'd
In ev'ry place, Fence ne're ſo well, no guard
Defends their Stroak, for thou thy ſelf art Foe
Unto thy ſelf, and giv'ſt thy ſelf the Blow.
Behold thy heart, or outſide, Earth or Sky
In each and ev'ry where, thou'lt ſtill Deſcry
Thy Croſs, ſo that thou Patience ſtill muſt have,
Or Earth will yield no Reſt but in the grave.
Bear thou the Croſs, and it will carry thee
To thy wiſht Harbour, where thy miſery
Shall end in Heaven, yet let all grudgings ceaſe;
Such make thee weaker, and thy load encreaſe.
Nor can'ſt thou Shun the Croſs; for this and Life
Are Twins; though one with all thy Care and Strife
Thou doſt avoid, an other meets thee ſtraight,
And falls perhaps with a more heavy weight.
Fond Soul! think'ſt thou thy age though but a Span?
Can paſs without misfortune, which no Man
Nor holyeſt Saint could ever do, yea our [hour
Great Lord and Saviour Chriſt could not one
Spend without grief on Earth, did not he then
Live here to dye, and dying reign'd in Heaven.
Wilt thou then ſeek a path to walk aſtray
Since here's thy road, thy only Kings high-way:
His Life a Sea toſt with tempeſtuoſneſs
Of troubles, and wilt thou ſeek quietneſs?
Thou err'ſt, indeed thou err'ſt, if thou doſt look,
For ſtore of reſt in this worlds troubled Brook.

Man is a weak built Fort, about which lyes
Beſiedging Armies of Calamities,
By whom Gods ſtouteſt Souls are firſt annoy'd,
And hath by ſuch their out works moſt deſtroy'd.
Yet comfort's found in all theſe Storms, for hence
Their toyls and hazards hope for recompence.
Who freely ſtoop, whileſt that their Croſſes mount
Their Heavenly Confidence, makes them accompt
Their bulk but light; when weak their fleſh thro' woes,
Thro' Joys of mind, their Spirit ſtronger grows;
Oft ſo much Strengthned by Adverſity,
That though they could, yet would they not be free.
A rare and powerful Flame, which men doth move
Their Lord and his examples thus to love.
Their true Faith, my good God! makes them to ſee
Thy Bounty in their Sufferings for thee.
Yet lies no power in frail Mortality,
Whoſe coward nature doth abhor and Fly
Such things as theſe, 'tis God, 'tis his ſole Grace
That ſtrikes mans Courage up to beard the face
Of want and danger; of himſelf, what's he
That can endure, the Croſs, and Miſery;
Shun Honour gladly, and his Fleſh Chaſtiſe,
Abide to be revil'd, himſelf Deſpiſe:
Nay love it too, and ſmile at fortunes Frown,
The World contemn and its Imperial Crown.
Alack my Child theſe things are far Above
Thy ſtrength to Cope with, wooe thy mighty Jove
For help, he'le grant it; by his only aid
The Gyant world and Fleſh are ſoon diſmay'd.
If with the Love of Jeſus Croſs once arm'd
And firm in Faith, think not thou can'ſt be harm'd
By all Hells malice, courage then and Strike;
Endure for Chriſt, he did for thee the Like.
Like his good Souldier then prepare thy Heart
To bear the Croſs, and brook the croſſeſt ſmart.

Such

Such is the fraight of Life, Sail where thou wilt;
Thou can'ſt not vent this ware, thy Grandſires guilt
Thee laded, and did all on thee intayl,
Which if thou ſeek'ſt to cut away, thou'lt fayl.
If thou with Chriſt would Friend or Sharer be,
Drink of his Cup both deep and heartily.
As for Content, refer that to his Will;
He knows beſt how to Grant, how to Fulfill.
But caſt thou ſtill how thou may'ſt kindly meet
Adverſities of times, and them to greet.
As Conſolations, for were all the Stings
Of all mens Griefs alone thy Sufferings,
Alas whats all? Meer light and ayery toys [Joys.
Weigh'd with the weight and worth of Heavens vaſt
When once thou mak'ſt thy ſelf ſo learned that
Thou find'ſt a pleaſure to participat
Of miſeries for Chriſt, then Bleſs that Birth
Of thine, that brought thee to find Heaven on Earth.
But if thou can'ſt not teach thy Ignorance,
To bear diſaſters well even as they chance,
How ſad a wretch art thou, each pigmy grief
Shall daunt thy heart, and thou Deſpair relief.
Do then thy Duty as thou ought'ſt, forecaſt
How beſt to bear theſe croſſes how to taſt
The ſeeming gaul of Death, ſo ſhalt thou gain
Aſſiſtance, and a Prince in quiet reign.
Admit thou wert'ſt with Holy *Paul* aſſum'd
Unto Heavens Third degree; yet i'ſt preſum'd
This makes thee proof 'gainſt all diſaſters? No,
For Chriſt himſelf in Scripture tells, I'le ſhew
To him how many things, He for my ſake
Muſt ſuffer, doubtles then thou muſt pertake
Of wrongs and want, if with a true deſire
To love and Serve thy God thou do'ſt aſpire.
Ah, would thou wer't thought worth the Suffering
For Chriſt, by this what glory might'ſt thou bring,

Unto thy worthles ſelf, what reall Pleaſure
Unto the Saints, and to the world what treaſure.
For all can patience praiſe though few inure
Themſelves to Practiſe it, that thou endure
A little for thy God, is ſhurely juſt;
Since much more for this thankles World thou do'ſt.
Can'ſt think tha'rt fit to know Heavens lofty ſphere
Since for i'ts Maker thou wilt nothing bear?
Learn, learn to dye whilſt living yet, for this
Makes Life by dying ſo, a Paradiſe.
In brief no act contents thy Sauiovr more,
Nor yields more profit to thy ſelf, then Store
Of croſſes wellcom'd for his ſake, ſo that
Might griefs o'rewhelm thee, or joys conſolat
Thy heart with all their Eſſences, to chuſe
Thou ſhould'ſt accept of them, and theſe refuſe:
For thus ſhalt thou become more like thy Lord,
And thus thy life with that of Saints accord.
Do'ſt think thy benefit or Merits do
Conſiſt in Multitudes of Pleaſures? No;
O no; but in an armed troop of woes
When met by thee, more like thy Freinds then foes.
Doubtleſs if God a better way had known
For man then miſeries, he would have ſhown
The ſame by words and deeds, but no; he ſays
To all thoſe that deſire to keep his ways:
Who ſeek my guiding, muſt themſelves forſake
And following me, their croſſes on them take.
If therefore thy uſurious Eye had view'd
Each tittle of each Volume, and purſu'd
This thy grand Reading to the practiſing [bring.
Of what thou learn'ſt, thy Knowledge then would
All thy grand ſearch to this one period,
That by afflictions men muſt come to God.

The End of the Second Book.

THE THIRD BOOK.

OF THE

Following of CHRIST.

CHAP. I.

Of the Spiritual Diſcourſe between Chriſt and the Faithfull Soul.

SERVANT.

PEace, Peace, no noiſe, be ſilent now I pray,
And let me liſten what the Lord doth ſay
Within my heart; ſweet, ſweet his Words [how bleſt
That happy Soul within whoſe honour'd breaſt
This King vouchſafes his Sacred words to lay
And make Joys force oppreſive Griefs away.
Bleſt are thoſe Ears that hear his whiſperings,
And when the Harlot world her Sonnets ſings
Regard them not, thrice Bleſſed is that Ear
Which inward truth not outward lies doth hear.
Bleſt Eye which ſets to blind the ſight from Sin,
And dawns to view what Secrets lye within,
Bleſſed are they who heavenly Joys diſcern,
And willingly employ themſelves to learn

By daily Meditations to descry
The knowledge of Gods sacred Mystery:
And truly blest who place all their contents
In him, and banish their impediments.
Mark this my Soul, and from thy mind command
All Sensuall love, whence thou shalt understand
Gods sayings, (LORD) very true I am thy Freind
Life peace and safety, see then thou attend
On me with Jealous care, and thou shalt gain
True rest. Seek Heaven, fly Earth, whose bests are
For if I once thy Lord forsake thee, they [vain.
Will yeeld thy wants no help, then duly weigh
Thy case, renounce all worldly things, and try
By pleasing me to reach felicity.

CHAP. II.

That the Truth speaketh inwardly.

SERVANT.

SPeak Lord I hear, thy Servant doth attend
To know what message thou wilt now commend
To my attentive Ears, but Lord direct
Thy Statutes may not top my Intellect,
And let my Soul unto those words of thine
Words sweet like dew attentively incline.
The *Israellits* to *Moyses* said of old
Speak thou and we will hear, do thou unfold
The word of God, but let him least we dye
Not speak to us; not so O Lord; say I,
But with the Prophet *Samuell* do I cry
Speak Lord thy Servant hears thee willingly.
Let *Moyses* and all Prophets silent be,
But thou O Lord, speak thou my God to me,
'Tis by thy guift that they with light are fraught,
Thou all without them, they without thee nought.

It's

It's true they ſound the words, but yet infuſe
No Spirit therewithall, and they can uſe
A ſmooth and pleaſing ſtrain, but if thou grant
No approbation to their Speech they'le want
A Power to enflame the mind, ſo may their reach
Attain to read the letter, or to preach
Of deeper things, but thou alone the ſence
Muſt open of each ſeal'd Intelligence.
They can pronounce the mandates of thy will,
Yet though thou bidd'ſt, thou only can'ſt fulfill,
They ſhew the way, but thou giv'ſt ſtrength to walk,
Interiour thine exteriour is their talk,
They water, and thou yield'ſt encreaſe, their crys
Are in the Voice, within thy wiſdom lies.
Let then thy Prophet *Moyſes* ſilent be,
But ſpeak thou Lord, ſpeak thou my God to me.
Speak thou that art th'eternal truth leaſt I
For want thereof unfruitfull prove and dye,
Leaſt Doctrins outward plants want thee the Sun
To nouriſh growth, the word, leaſt heard, not done,
Known, not belov'd, beleiv'd; and not obſerv'd,
May make my condemnation hence deſerv'd.
Speak then dear Lord, thy Servant doth attend,
Thy mouth the words of happyneſs can ſend,
Speak that which in my Soul may comfort raiſe,
My life amend, and thy name truly praiſe.

CHAP. III.

That the Words of God with all Reverence ſhould be heard, and that they are not weighed by many.

LORD.

MY Son lend here thine Ear and mark my words,
Each wealthy Syllable thereof affords
Unknown content, their Knowledge doth outvye
The greateſt wit, the worlds Philoſophy.

My words are Life and Spirit not to be
Weighed by the Sence of man, no Vanity
Of forced liſp or other modiſh crime
Makes them a Servant to each Apiſh time.
All Truth; high ſacred truth ſent from above
In ſilence to be heard, with ardent love,
And humbleneſs, (SERVANT) Bleſt is the man whom thou
In kindneſs Lord chaſtizeſt, teaching how
He ſhould performe thy Laws, and ſo be quit
From fear of Hell, whilſt Sinners fill the pit.

LORD.

The ancient Prophets I inſpir'd, nor leave
To ſpeak in theſe your days, but ye bereave
Your ſelves of hearing, and are wilfully
Deaf to my words, yet if the world annigh
And whiſper nothing in your Ear, ſtraight ye
Purſue it, and obey the Fleſh, not me.
And what's their Promiſes, things meerly ſlight
And temporal, and yet with all your might,
You ſeek to graſpe them, mine eternal are
And excellent, yet not deem'd worth your care.
Where's he whoſe juſt deſires ſerve me before
This puppet world, or rather will adore
Me, then the Prince thereof? Fye mortalls fye
Bluſh, bluſh for ſhame heark and I'le tell you why.
A petty hire ſhall buy your Six days toil,
And yet each threſhold ſerves to give the foil,
Unto the queſt of Heaven, baſe gain is ſought
Through ſhowrs of ſweat, ſometimes a penny bought
With purchaſe of your Blood, not want of ſleep
Nor ſcorching heat of day, no dangers keep
Ye from the gaining of a ſilly toy,
Yet not one Idle minute ye'le imploy
To win ne're fading wealth, rewards as high
And endles and Immortall Dignity.

Bluſh

Bluſh man for ſhame, and let thy Eyes thou ſlave
Lament to ſee theſe purblind worldlings have
More Zeal to Cheats, and to Hell ſwifter come
Then thou to truth, or my Elizium.
Again full oft their purpoſes they miſs,
I ſtill performe where once I promiſs bliſs.
Who truſt in me are ſafe, my words to thoſe
Are deeds, who only by their death percloſe
Their love to me, mens lives I read with care
Which Acted well, may well (when ended) fare.
Engrave theſe in thy heart and meditate
Their worth, their power will ſerve thee to abate
Temptations pride, what now thou can'ſt not ſee
Through weakneſs, time of curing will deſcry
Two Remedies I uſe to my Elect
Tentation, and content, two ways direct
Their benefit, firſt I their Vice reprove,
Then ſhew I Virtue, and the uſe on't move.
Who hear and yet deſpiſe my words ſhall know
They ſigne themſelves the ſentence of their woe.

A Prayer to implore the Grace of Devotion.

SERVANT.

MY Lord, my God, my onely wealth, my All,
Wretch that I am, how dare I thus to call
Upon thy Sacred Name: Alack dear King
Thine, though a Slave, a Worm, nay truth a thing
More poor, and much more vile then either I
Can tell, or if I could, durſt teſtify.
'Tis I, I nothing, that doth ſomething crave
Thou knoweſt my price is nought, I nothing have,
And thou alone art good, art only Juſt,
Alone art Holy, only canſt and doſt
Each thing, doſt all with fat of plenty Bleſs
But mak'ſt the Sinners portion emptineſs.

Re-

Remember then thy tender mercys Lord
And let thy favours part of them afford
Unto thy Servant, did'ſt not thou ordain
That nought of all thy works ſhould ſeem in vain.
Yet firm on Icye earth how can I ſtand
Unleſs thou doth vouthſafe thy ſteddy hand.
Turn turn not from me then thy Lovely Face,
Thou do'ſt defer thy help a tedious Space,
Delay no longer, leaſt my Soul too dry
(As plants in thirſty land,) want rain and dye.
Inſtruct me then how to perform thy Will,
Inſtruct my Ignorance how to fulfill
Thy Laws with humbleneſs, thou ſoly art
My wiſdom, thou doſt truly know my heart.
Thou know'ſt me e're Conceiv'd or born, and e're
Th' unpoliſh'd World was cag'd within a Sphear.

CHAP. IV.

That we muſt Walk Sincerely and Humbly before God.

LORD.

SOn walk uprightly ſtill, and ſeek to find
Me in the virgin pureneſs of thy mind,
Who walk upright are ſafe, the truth protects
Them from Deceipt, from Slander, and the ſects
Of wickedneſs, nor need'ſt thou fear being Stung
Truth kills the poyſon of a Vipers Tongue.

SERVANT.

True Lord, and therefore let thy truth Inſtruct,
Defend, and to a bleſſed end Conduct
Me thy unworthy vaſſall, let the ſame
My wicked Luſts my ſenſual Paſſions tame,
So ſhall my Soul enlarg'd from baſe deſire,
Forſake this ſlime, and to the Heavens aſpire.

LORD

LORD.

Well then my Son, I'le teach thee what is right
What is moſt good, moſt pleaſing in my Sight.
Summon thy Sins, let Sobbs and Sorrow ring
The Larum, and let not thy boaſtings bring
The memory of paſt good deeds to Sow
A mutiny amongſt thy thoughts, for know
Thou art a Sinner, and a feeble one,
Thy mind infirm, thy nature allways prone
To vanity, ſoon overcome by all,
And each, ſoon get'ſt a foyl, and ſoon a fall.
In brief thou maſters not the ſmaleſt mite
That can deſerve thy brag, yet may'ſt recite,
Full many reaſons for humility
For truth thou canſt not yet thy weakneſs ſpy
Let then none of thy acts themſelves preſent
As great, or ſtrange, or rich, or excellent,
Count nothing glorious rich, or great or rare,
But only thoſe which everlaſting are.
Still let thy love the Sacred truth accoſt
Let thy own baſeneſs ſtill diſpleaſe thee moſt.
Fear only wickedneſs, and let one Sin
More grieve thee then Earths loſs, and all therein.
Moſt want the perfect Zeal, although ſome ſtrive
With Zeal to know things moſt Superlative,
For they through curious Pride ſeek to deſcry
The Secrets of my Sacred miſtery.
And thus they labour for the worlds reſpect
Yet their Salvation and themſelves neglect,
Where then ſuch full ſails drive theſe Souls on Shelves
My Wrath abandons them unto themſelves.
Stand thou ſtill fearfull of my heavy Doom,
And batter not thy Brains to overcome
Such Commets, ſearch what Ill thou did'ſt commit,
What Good yet left undone that's requiſit.

Some

Some mens Religion in their Pictures lies
An old thumb'd Book, or ſuch formalities
Their tongues ſpeak Health and yet their hearts are ſick
This though a Heathen, that a Catholick.
But Heavenly Souls deſpiſe this ſordid cheat,
Their thoughts ſo high, that life ſuſtaining meat
Doth even intrude upon their nobler work,
For the deliciours Truth within doth lurk,
And undeceives their doubting taſt that they
Might relliſh Heaven, and loath this filthy Clay.

CHAP. V.

Of the wonderfull effect of Divine Grace.

SERVANT.

CEleſtiall Father of my Jeſus, I
Make bold to praiſe thy Sacred Majeſty,
That daineſt to remember me a wretch,
A poor and ſinfull worm, Loe here I ſtretch
My humble hands with thanks nnto my Lord
My good and gracious God, that did afford
Refreſhment to my Soul, my Lord that gave
More Comfort then I did, or durſt to crave.
My Lips and Voice ſhall praiſe thee with the Son
And Holy Ghoſt, my praiſes ten times done
Shall not ſuffice, in them my life ſhall end
And laviſh time ſhall not your praiſes ſpend.
Dear Lord that with ſo kind and holy love
Art pleas'd to viſit me, my heart ſhall move
With panting Joy, when thou vouchſaf'ſt to reſt
Within the Manſion of thy Servants breaſt.
Thou art my Glory Lord, my ſole Content,
My hope and refuge, if my Soul Lament
Thou wip'ſt away the grief, and ſince I am
As yet in Conſcience weak, in Faith yet lame

Thy

Thy helps and often viſits muſt apply
To each of theſe a proper remedy.
Allay the Criſis of my burning Sin
My Canker'd heart cure with thy Diſcipline,
That heal'd and purg'd, for Love I fit may be,
To ſuffer and endure with conſtancy.

Love doubtleſs is a Jewell rare and great,
It makes the heavy, light, the Dwarfe defeat
The Giant; bears vaſt loads, yet feels them leſs
Then attoms, and taſt ſweets in bitterneſs.

I mean the Sacred love of Chriſt, that ſcrewes
Man to the higheſt acts, that makes him uſe
Induſtrious toyle, his virtuous Sweets to get
As well from Thorns, as from the Violet.

Love ſtill doth like a tall ſtout Veſſell ride
Above the World, in ſpite of all her pride
Love free as Angels, ſoars above her miſts
Leaſt that her ſight be dimn'd, leaſt earth reſiſts
Her flight with tanglements of ſeeming Joy,
Or leaſt misfortunes might her hopes deſtroy.
Love boundleſs is, moſt ſweet, moſt ſtrong, moſt high,
Moſt Comfort, moſt Perfection in't doth lye;
It ſurely muſt be chief in Heaven and Earth
Which reſts with God, and from him hath its birth;
Love flyes, rejoyceth, runs, nought can it bind,
Gives all for all, and all in all doth find,
It dwells in One the potent Prince of all,
From whom all good receives Originall.
Love of the greateſt gift doth little make,
But meerly loves it for the Givers ſake.
Love knows no meaſure in its boundleſs flame,
No art or hazard hath the power to tame
Her Juſt ambition, nor doth ſhe regard
If to be done or not, for nought ſeems hard,
Nothing impoſſible to her, ſo that
She to her conqueſts doth all Subjugat.

He

He then that Loves and Loves not faintly ſhall
Become a Conquerour Celeſtiall.

Love walks in ſleep, no burthen can o're weigh her,
Not labour tire her, dangers not diſmay her.
She as the Palm or an Imperious fire
Doth by oppreſſion ſtill the more aſpire.
I need not teach true lovers where this Scene
Of Love doth lye, their hearts know what I mean.
An ardent Zeal within Gods ears doth cry
My God, my Dear, thou art all mine, and I
Am wholly thine, ſuch love to me impart,
That with the inward palate of my heart
I may the Sweets of thy affection taſt,
And Swim in them with thoughts (as they are) chaſt.

Grant that my Love burn with that rappid heat
My flames, may for their fuell be too great,
That following thee my wings may mount the Skies,
My Soul may make and Sing ſweet, Elegies,
And with ſuch Zeal compoſe them to thy praiſe
That ſhe may faint therewith, yet win the bays,
That I may love my ſelf much leſs then thee,
Nor love my ſelf or none, if falſly we
Affect, but in, and for thee may our loves
So place, as thy own Law thereof approves.
Love Godly is, ſwift, pleaſant, fruitfull, ſtrong,
Sincere, wiſe, faithfull, hardy 'gainſt a throng
Of miſeries, ſhe ſeeks no ſelf Content,
For thence ſhe flys where ſuch is the Intent.

Love carefull is, juſt, modeſt, not the Queen
Of vanity, not nice, or light in meen
Or art, but living in one conſtant ſtate,
Still ſober, quiet, chaſt, and temperate,
Obeys her betters, ſlights her ſelf, and fears
And truſts in God, though he diſpleas'd appears.

Who doth not with a ſetled mind intend
To brook the brunt of Croſſes for his Friend,

This

This title merrits not, true Friends must be
Glad sharers of their Friends adversity.

CHAP. VI.

Of the proof of a true Lover.

LORD.

MY Son thou art a Lover yet not stout,
Not wise enough, SER. why Lord? LO. a pet-
Or weak assault, can easily destroy [ty doubt
Thy flame, and make thee court some other joy.
A valiant Lover mildly can endure
Tentations cross, nor can the Foe allure
His heart with all his Subtill guile, for he
Through Seas of greif seeks true Prosperity.
And Lovers truly wise do not approve,
So much the Lovers guift as givers Love.
They look not what, but who; the Earths vast bale
Would be too Light to poyse this Freindships Scale,
Thus Noble Souls contemning Worldly bests,
In me alone place all their Interests.
Although thy thoughts oppugn their due respect
To me or mine, yet let not this deject
Thy courage presently, sometimes I give
Delightfull flames, as a Demonstrative,
Of Heaven, yet must thou not hereon depend
Soon I recall what I but now did lend.
When Sathan then or wicked motions strive
Thy Soul with their enticements to deprive
Of happines, if then thou combate these,
Thou shalt true Valour shew, me highly please.
So that 'tis Folly on each fond conceipt
(Which allways by the Fiends appointment wait
To robb thee of thy treasure,) to torment
Thy mind so much, for be thou confident

A purpoſe firm a love upright to me
Shall ſerve to vanquiſh each ſuch Enemy,
Rather are they Illuſions which ſometimes
Raiſe thee to Heaven, then on thy minds old Crimes,
Do caſt thee down, ſuch vain thoughts if they cloſe
With thee, againſt thy will, & thou oppoſe [ſtrength
Thy willing, though weak power againſt their
With little harm thou conquer ſhalt at length.
For 'tis the main drift of thy ancient foe
To hinder good deſires; to overthrow
Devotions exerciſe perſwading thee
From Duty to the Church, then not to be
Concerned for thy ſins, at other times
To uſe no guarde betwixt his horid crimes
And thy poor Heart, again he bids thee quit
The purpoſing of virtues Bennefit
At leingth the Traytor tempts thee to lay by
Thoſe thoughts that keep my Paſſions memory.
Then Sows be tares of wickedneſs to make
Thy mind abhor Devotion, and to take
A heathen pet againſt the Sacred word
To think confeſſion of thy Sins abſurd
And laſt to make thee wholy quit thy Chriſt
To ſlight the Eſſence of the Euchariſt.
When then he lays ſuch baits in hopes thou'lt bite
Be wiſe and touch them not but boldly ſmite
The Imp with his one Weapons, When he ſtrikes
Thy unprepared heart with ſuch diſlikes:
Say to him Curſed wretch be gon, Avoide
Thou Damned Spirit, art thou thus employ'd
To gain me from my God vain is thy toil.
Chriſt me aſſiſts and thou muſt bear the foil,
Avoide I ſay, thy hopes are Vain, for I
E're on thy ſummons yield, will chooſe to dye
Leave babling then upon this fruitleſs ſcore [more;
Death waits the Traytor thought that hears thee

Were

Were Earth with thy black Army in one field
Againſt my ſingle heart, and God my ſhield
What need I fool to Fear; alone could he
Both guard me and afford me Victory.
Son fight thou ſtoutly let who dare aſſail
Add thou but courage, if thy ſtrength do fail
My favour ſhall thee aid, yet now beware
Leaſt Pride with ſecret Ambuſhments enſnare
Thy mind to utter loſs, for ſhe attends
To break mens well fought days with fatall ends.
Let others ruin then diſarm this foe
By teaching thee to work her ouerthrow.

CHAP. VII.

Of Modeſt concealing the Benefits of God.

LORD.

TIs beſt my Son that zeal of Faith which I
Beſtow on thee, thou keep in ſecrecy,
Not to commend it with fond Inſolence
Or too much praiſe, for rather ſhould'ſt thou hence
Contemn thy ſelf by weighing my exceſs
Of bounty with thy own unworthyneſs.
Nor muſt thou too much on thy love rely
Hatred may come and make it quickly fly,
But when th'art Happy through thy Saviours Grace
Think then how Miſerable is his caſe
Who wants the ſame, neither muſt thou believe
That having Heavenly comforts, can atchieve
More goodneſs, then when thou doſt not omit
Thy Godly exerciſe for want of it.
Then let not thy mind's tempeſts cauſe neglect
Of that, which duty bids thee to perfect.
So weak mans power that the leaſt Acts deny
To pay him any certain fealty;

Yet ſome with Fortune croſt can not endure
Their croſſes ſting, nor yet will ſeek a cure.
'Tis God alone that doth with comfort fill
Both whom, and what, and when, & as he will, [they
Some through blind zeal diſtroy themſelves whilſt
Striving to mount above their ſtrength, ne're weigh
The weakneſs of frail Nature, but are led
By fancy, whil'ſt their reaſons baniſhed,
Wherein they (being oppoſit to God)
His favour looſe, & where their high thoughts plod
To build them neſts in Heaven, they tumble thence
To forlorn miſery and exigence;
This doth my poor Afflicted teach, and brings
Them to depend on mine not their own wings.
Youths that are not train'd up in fear of me
When untaught by the wiſe, may eaſily
Deceiv'd and ruin'd be, where their fond ſence
Preceed's their Elders grave Experience.
Wo wo to thoſe who where they once conceive
Such falſe opinions, ne're are brought to leave
Their tenents by ſound Doctrin; ſcarſe is't ſeen
That ſelf wiſe men have undeceived been;
Far worſe the deepeſt reach of Prides exceſs,
Then ſlender knowledge joyn'd with Humbleneſs.
Imprudence greedily to pleaſures flyes,
Forgetful of her paſt adverſities,
And proves diſloyall to her once chaſt fear
Of God, whoſe ſacred Laws command men bear
His benefits in mind, and them with care
Endeavour to retain, ſo her deſpair
In time of grief, her want of virtuous wit
Declares, how ſhe doth truſt (leſs then 'tis fit
She ſhould) in me, too much ſecurity
In Peace, ſhews ſuch in Wars will cowards be.
Could'ſt thou thy ſelf to humbleneſs inure
Thy perill would be leſs; thou more ſecure.

Whil'ſt then thy Soul burns with a Sacred fire
Conſider wiſely did thy Lord require
The ſame ſhould ſtraight depart, what to be done,
So ſhould'ſt thou hope it may return when gone.
By turns I quench, and kindle flames that thus
Thou tutor'd may'ſt become more glorious.
For uſually thou'lt find ſuch tryalls bring
More profit then a full continuing
Of Happineſs, no Virtue wholly lies
In having Viſions or Sublime degrees
Of Learning, if thou do'ſt not Modeſt prove,
And that the zeal of Faith, and Chriſtian love
Be alſo joyn'd. Then thou again muſt ſlight
Thy ſelf unfainedly, and more delight
To hear thy Name defam'd thy Acts deſpis'd
Then either of them honour'd, prais'd or priz'd.

CHAP. VIII.

That Man muſt debaſe himſelf in the ſight of God.

SERVANT.

ALthough I am but duſt and aſhes, yet
I dare ſpeak to my God, and did I ſet
A greater value on my ſelf, thou Lord
Doſt know it falſe, my Sins would bear Record
Againſt my words, ſuch Sins as no pretence
Or truth can falſify their evidence.
But if I do contemn my fleſh, and lay
Proud thoughts aſide, and as I am meer clay
So deem my ſelf, thou'lt then to me impart
Thy Grace, thy light will then ſhine on my heart.
So ſelf eſteem, though ne're ſo little takes
My little, and whole good away, and makes
Thee Lord to ſhew me to my ſelf and ſee
What firſt I was, what now, what I ſhall be

Alas 'tis nought, which then I did not know
And ſtill am nought, and come to nought but woe.
Yet do but thy leaſt beams of Joy diſplay
Thou ſtraight wilt force my darkeſt Clowds away.
O wonderful! thy light no ſooner ſhines
On me poor wretch, (that of my ſelf enclines
To Earthly and baſe things) but forthwith I
Encourag'd by this favour upwards fly.
Thus doth thy love prevent me ere I call
Relieve my ſundry wants Guard me from all
My Dangers, and in truth deliver me
From worldly ills, from Souls iniquity.
My ſelf-love whil'ſt it was inordinate
Deſtroy'd me quite, but when my better fate
Led me to Search thee out, and made me more
Affect thee, then I did my ſelf before
I found thee and my ſelf, and then I brought
My ſelf to know my ſelf a thing of nought.
For thou dear Saviour heap'ſt more guifts on me
Then I deſerve, hope, or dare beg from thee.
I Lowly therefore (Low as humbleneſs
Can make thy humble Servant) do addreſs
My hearty Thanks unto thy goodneſs, that
(Though I deſerve not to perticipate
Of thy leaſt favours) ceaſeth not to Bleſs
The greateſt Hatred and Ungratefulneſs.
Great God Great King of Heaven which only art
Our Strength, Salvation, and our Shield impart
Such Virtue to our minds, that we may be
Moſt humbly Thankfull, ſince thou art moſt free.

CHAP. IX.

That all things are to be refer'd to God as the laſt end.

LORD.

SON if thou Covet happineſs, thou muſt
Make me thy end, and in me chiefly truſt

So

So ſhall thy Nature (which doth always cling ——
Unto it ſelf, or ſome Created thing)
Be purifi'd, if thou thy Self obey
Thou wil't immediately faint and decay.
Since then to man ſo many Bleſſings flow
From me the Spring, who did alone beſtow
All that he hath or had, 'tis fit again
Theſe Rivelets ſhould return to me the Main.
The water of Eternal Life am I
That doth diſpence my drops of Charity
Unto the Poor as well as Rich, the Small
As Great, to Age as well as Youth, and All
Impartially, who ſerves me freely, have
My bounty doubled oft'ner then they crave.
So if a Fondling glories or delights
In ought but me, him ſoon my favour ſlights
And I his Prop his only help once gone
Soon muſt he Fall, ſoon muſt he be Undone.
Attribute then no goodneſs unto man
Give all to me without whoſe grace he can
Do nothing, I gave all, and as my due
Demand it all, and that all Praiſe accrue
Unto my ſelf, this is the Truth whereby
Mortals may learn to Conquer vanity.
Him who my favour or true love enjoys
Not Envy, Pride, or Cowardiſe deſtroys,
All their aſſaults are weak, his noble Soul
Doth with her Heavenly powers their force controle
Be wiſe therefore and place thy only truſt
And Joys in me, alone I'me Good and Juſt
And both in all and more then all muſt be
Prais'd and Affected for Eternity.

CHAP. X.

That it is a sweet thing to serve God and despise the World.

SERVANT.

MY Lord I must; truth I must speak again
I cannot silent be. Thus say I then:
Thou art my God, and King that rules above,
Great is thy goodness, and as great thy love,
That tender love which thou lay'st up in store
For those that only fear thee, and much more
For such whose hearts, do yield thee a true flame
And who unfainedly adore thy Name.

What pleasures Lord do'st thou on such create
Whose zealous thoughts on thee doth meditate,
And then — but here I stop, for how can I
Find words to Character this high degree
Of thy vast love; Dear Saviour didst thou not
Even make me ere my Parents were begot,
When after this I in the World did stray
Did'st not thou then vouchsafe to guide my way
And bring me home again, and bid'st me do
Thy Sacred Service, and to Love thee too.

O Fountain of Eternal Love, what is't
That I can say, my thoughts shall not desist
From paying hourly Sacrifice to thee
Who kindly thus dain'd to remember me,
Who when my wither'd Soul did quite decay
When I a worthless thing was cast away
And all my hopes were past, did'st then extend
Thy mercy unto me, and prov'd my friend.

But what requitall now shall I afford
For all thy Bounteousness? I'le be dear Lord
Thy Slave and Vassall, Ah woes me! what's this?
Thou'lt serve him wretch to whom all subject is

Thou'lt

Thou'lt thank him who doth thee a worm protect
Amongst the number of his own elect.
Loe God, all that thee Serves thou dost impart
Thy self to me, and yet methinks thou art
More mine, then I thy Servant, for behold
This Frame of Heaven and Earth, which thou did'st
For Mans use, doth thy will to him obey [mould
By a continual change of night and day,
And for him too ordain'd that blessed quire
Of Angells, yet why should I these admire?
(Although such boundless Favours in respect
Of him) when for his good thou did'st elect
Thy glorious Self to serve this wretched thing
This thankless creature Man, by promissing
Thy Life for him, and suffer'd death assail
That Sacred Life, and all for his avail.
What now for all thes guifts shall I present
Unto my Lord, O that my age were spent
In only serving thee, or that I could
But serve thee one day rightly as I should.
Thou dost indeed thou dost deserve all fame
All Service and respect, and truth I am
Thy Servant, though as poor as thou art rich
And mighty, but with that same weak power which
I have, I'le only spend and end my days
In thy sole service, and still Sing thy praise
Surely I will, at least I would, then grant
Thy Ocean goodness may supply my want.
What honour and preferment is't to be
Thy Servant, and contemn this World for thee?
How Free, how Happy they that do become
Thy willing Slaves, numbers shall want a sum
To count their vast rewards. So they that slight
This World for thee, shall tast the true delight
Of thy Divinest Spirit, and who baulk
The spacious Cares, and thoughts of Earth, and walk

Within the narrow limmits of thy way.
Shall ſafe and freely paſs, whilſt worldlings ſtray.
O Sweet and pleaſing ſlavery, whereby
We are enfranchiz'd for Eternity.
O Sacred Service that doth equall us
With holy Angels makes us gracious
With God, the terrour of us to confound
Hell's Prince, and 'mongſt the faithfull Souls renoun'd
O Noble ſervice ſtill to be deſir'd
Wherein are bleſt and endleſs Joys acquir'd.

CHAP. XI.

That the deſires of the Mind muſt be examined and Bridled.

LORD.

INdeed my Son thou haſt yet much to learn.

SERVANT.

What are they Lord? make me thoſe things diſ-

LORD. [cern.

Let thy deſires then my commands obey
Let them no more befriend thy ſelf, but ſway
Thy mind to an obſervance of my will,
And when thy flames entice thee to fulfill
Their head-ſtrong paſſions, then Judge whether theſe
Deſign more me to praiſe, or thee to pleaſe;
If to a love of me theſe longings tend
Thou'lt greet it kindly, whatſoe're I ſend
If Luſt or Covetouſneſs cauſe the ſame
Then is thy Journy ſtopt, then art thou lame.
Take heed therefore, leaſt that thy paſſions draw
Thee to an ill engagement, 'gainſt my Law.
And want me too for Council, leaſt thou buy
Thy preſent will with future miſery.
Each wiſh that ſeemeth good is not to be
Purſued, nor muſt thou ſtraight the contrary

Avoid

Avoid, Sometimes 'tis fit that thou ſuppreſs
Thy minds beſt motions, leaſt her eagerneſs
Exceeds the proper bounds, or leaſt ſhe chance
To Injure others through Intemperance:
Or leaſt thoſe Paſſions prove to ſtrong for thee
And by reſiſtance fell thee ſuddenly.
So to uſe Violence ſometimes is fit
Sometimes Reſiſtance to thy appetite,
Vallue not much to pleaſe or diſcontent
The Fleſh, but make it be Obedient
Unto thy Soul, ſtrive ſo to Maſter it
That ev'ry croſs may ſeem a Benefit
From God, and that no chance may overcloy
Thy heart with Surfeits of much grief or Joy.

CHAP. XII.

The way to Patience and to Fight againſt Fleſhly Deſires.

SERVANT

YET ſtill my Lord thou muſt more Patience grant
The more I ſearch the more I know my want.
For when I ſeriouſly peruſe mans life
And all i'ts paſſages, I find their ſtrife
Are like the Meetings of a flowing tide
And a Majeſtick River that doth glide
With an Imperious current, I'de fain run
My courſe in peace a thing not to be done.

LORD.

Moſt true my child, nor would I have thee wooe
That peace, that hath not want and troubles too
But when thy Woes, and Miſeries encreaſe
Think then thou happy art and haſt true peace.
Thou'lt ſay how can theſe griefs be undergone?
Nor can'ſt thou ſuffer much, alas my Son

Sure

Sure thou the leaſt of I'lls, would'ſt always chooſe,
How can they brook Hells torments and refuſe
Such petty nothings, ſhun thoſe then and take
Theſe eaſy pains with Patience for my ſake.
Think'ſt thou thoſe men of Earth which only ply
Their ſenſes with all ſorts of Luxury
Ne're taſt of grief? thou er'ſt truth if thou doſt
They did, and do, and for the future muſt.
Thou'lt tell me then again, that they poſſeſs
Their chiefeſt fancied Joys in ſuch excels
That all theſe Sorrows touch like ſtingleſs Bees
Not to be felt or weigh'd; admit all theſe
Were true, admit that all their Minnutes paſt
Were but a Kalender of Joys, wil't laſt
For ever; no, O no, all this perfume
Only allays not tames, and doth Conſume
And end like ſmoke, Speak truly can'ſt thou ſay
I ſee or taſte the Joys of Yeſterday.
I tell thee rich men ſhall their wealth forget
Nay truth their ſweeteſt Pleaſures ſtill are ſet
Amongſt the thorns of fears and woes, for that
Oft grievs them moſt, which they moſt aim'd at,
And that deſervedly, for ſince beyond
All reaſon they contend to gain their fond
And baſe delight, the ſelf ſame reaſon rates
The higheſt pains on their choice delicates.
And all's a cheat, diſhoneſt vile and ſhort,
Yet blindly Drunk they ſee it not, and for't
Like brute and ſenſles Beaſts, they cleerly ſell
Their Souls away, and all to purchaſs Hell.
Son let not then thy luſts the Conqueſt bear
Proclaim them Traytors, from thy boſome tear
Theſe fauning Paſſions of ſelf will, and part
With all thy love to me, I can thy heart
Sufficiently reward, if thou would'ſt fain
The Excellencies of my comfort gain,

Baniſh

Baniſh all vain delights, and I'le ſupply
Their vacant rooms with true felicity.
The more thou doſt contemn thoſe worldly toys
The more I'le add ſtill to thy Heavenly Joys.
But as I ſaid before the ſteps, of woe
And pains, are ſtairs to lead thee hereunto.
Firſt thy old cuſtom is thy Enemy,
But mend thy Life and that will quickly fly.
Then is thy fleſh thy next antagoniſt
Thy heat of Spirit ſoon can this reſiſt.
But if the Fiend aſſault thee, faſt and pray
Such Godly exercciſe drives him away.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Obedience to our Governours after the Example of Chriſt.

LORD.

SOn he that once forſakes obedience, quits
My favors too, and private benefits
Once ſought, the publick cleerly looſe, ſo they
Who willingly and gladly not Obey
Their betters, ſhew their minds are wholy bent
Againſt my true Eſtabliſh'd Government.
Then if thoud'ſt tame thy Fleſh this hereſy
Immediately forſake, for thou hereby
Being ſtrong and firm within, wilt overthrow
With little or no pains thy outward foe.
None is more Enemy unto thy Soul
Then thou, if that the ſpirit not controul
Thy Fleſhly Paſſions, thou muſt then contemn
Thy ſelf unfainedly, e're maſter them.
But too much ſelf Love in thy heart doth ly
Which makes thee kick thus at Supremacy.
Poor worm of Earth and aſhes, what Act can
Thy weakneſs do, that dares deny to man

Obedience

Obedience for my ſake, when I thy God
Who to the Chaos put a period
And then fram'd thee and all things els from nought,
To come on Earth was by thy ſole love wrought.
Nay wrought to make my ſelf moſt meek and baſe
To my own creatures, meerly that my caſe
Might teach thy Pride to fall, by ſeeing me
The Lord of Heaven uſe ſuch Humility.
Learn to obey thou thing of Duſt and ſlime,
Crouch under all mens feet, learn, learn in time
To break thy will, and teach her humbleneſs;
Rage onely 'gainſt thy ſelf, bar all acceſs
To Pride of entring In, ſo ſimple be
And mean, that all may undervalue thee.
Alas vain man what makes thee to complain;
How can'ſt thou wretch retort one word again
On thy diſpraiſers, ſince thou know'ſt full well,
Thy often ſinning often merrits Hell.
Yet ſtill my favour ſpares thee, and that through
The vallue I put on thy Soul, that thou
Perceiving this my love, might'ſt always ſend
Some real thanks for all theſe guifts I lend;
And tutor'd hence thy modeſty might prize
That language moſt, that moſt ſhould thee deſpiſe.

CHAP. XIV.

That we are to Conſider the Secret Judgments of God, leaſt we grow Proud in his Guifts.

SERVANT.

DRead Saviour when thy thund'ring Judgments
Againſt me wretch, how fear diſperſeth o're[rore
My heart, each member quakes, my tongue dares not
Relate the terrour of my trembling thought.
Thus all aſtoniſh't, I conſider then
How that the very Heavens appear unclean

To thee, how that thy glorious Angels ſtain'd
With Pride, no Pardon, no Reprive obtain'd.
How that the Stars did from their ſtations fall
How they whoſe Banquets were Angelicall,
Did after reliſh huſks; how they who ſeem'd
Through their good works to be of thee eſteem'd,
Were afterwards Condemn'd; and then think I
What ſhall I do worm of Iniquity?
If thou depart, thoſe hours that are beſt ſpent
are meerly vain, without thy Government:
No Wiſdom helps, no Chaſtity endures
If thou doſt not defend, no Strength ſecures
Where thou doſt not aſſiſt, no watch can do
Where thou art not both Guard and Centry too.
Men are like Ships, thy abſence is a ſtorm
That ſinks them, and thy love can ſoon reform
And make them Sail again, thou know'ſt that we
Are feeble of our ſelves, yet ſtrong through thee.
We of our ſelves are neither cold nor hot,
What Zeal we pay thee from thy ſelf is got.
And though we ſeem to have ſome goodneſs, yet
Muſt we not weigh the ſame, nor ſhould we ſet
Upon our ſelves more then the meaneſt rate,
For ſince of nothing thou did'ſt us create,
And ſtill are the ſame nothing, ſo 'tis fit
That to thy deepeſt Judgments we ſubmit.
Great Lord thou art a weight that hath no meaſure
Thou art a boundleſs Sea repleat with treaſure:
Wherein I am (I cannot Lord expreſs
How mean a thing) a Creature ſtrangely leſs
Then nothing, O how fond are our deſires
Of Glory! that ſcarce blazeth but expires.
Like pratling Streams the vanity of man;
Which ſoon is ſwallowed in the Ocean
Of thy devouring Judgments. All are Earth
That from thee as the Potter hath their Birth.

Praiſes are plots of Pride, but vainly laid
For minds, who once have truly God obey'd;
Thoſe that are Servants of the truth, do truſt
In him alone, and deem no Praiſes Juſt;
No though the World did vote their praiſe alone
Ten Worlds are nothing, and their praiſes none:
All are Abortive ſounds, produc'd they die
Where Gods word laſts for all Eternity.

CHAP. XV.

What Words and Method, are to be uſed in deſiring any thing from God

LORD

PRay thus my Son, Lord let it be even ſo;
Even as it moſt concerns thy glory do
With me, as thou think'ſt beſt, and in thy Name
Let all be done, Dear Saviour if my flame
Seem good, let it encreaſe, and let me be
A Sacrifice burnt to thy Deity.
If a deſire of an unjuſt delight,
Then quench it Lord ere it conſume me quite.
Deſires appearing Juſt to man may prove
Repugnant to the Spirits Sacred love;
For by our ſenſe 'tis hardly underſtood
Whether that Zeal we feel be bad or good.
Nay whether, it be our own Spirits motion;
For many who have us'd a ſtrict devotion
And judg'd its firſt Foundatiou to be Juſt,
Have been at length deciev'd in this their truſt.
Wheu then ſuch thoughts occur unto thy mind
And ſuit with thy deſires, let God ſtill find
That theſe though ſeeming good are ſought by thee
With fear of him, and true humility
Of Heart, and let thy wiſh his will obey
With reſignation of thy ſelf, and ſay

Lord

Lord, as thou know'ſt beſt what befits me, ſo
As much and when, and what thou wilt, beſtow
On me; deal with me even as thou think'ſt beſt;
And let thy Glory have chief Intereſt
In all my Actions, uſe me ev'ry way
And place me as thou wilt, thy hand can ſtay
And looſe me at command, Loe I ſubmit
To all things that thy wiſdom thinks moſt fit.
To thee I'le live, and to my ſelf I'le dy
O that I may perform it worthyly.

A Prayer.

MOſt bounteous Lord grant me thy grace, and let
It ſhine for Life, but with death only ſet.
Grant that I neither wiſh nor covet ought
But that alone which may be truely thought
Acceptable to thee, thy will be mine
And let mine follow, and accord, with thine.
Grant that my likings and miſlikings be
The ſame with thine, help me to Crucify
My ſelf to all Earths Vanities, and take
The Worlds contempt with gladneſs for thy ſake.
Grant chiefly that I peace and reſt may find
In thee, thou only art true peace of mind;
And in this peace I'le ſleep, alone in thee
I'le reſt, thou only art Felicity:
A happineſs ſo Far beyond compare
That without thee, all hard all grievous are.

CHAP. XVI.

That true Comfort is to be Sought for in God alone.

SERVANT.

WHat e're content my greedieſt wiſh or thought
Can fancy 'tis not here, it muſt be ſought

In

In tother World, had I the only Joys
And chief delights of Earth, an hour deſtroys
And brings them all to nought, no full content
My Soul, but what is by thy Saviour ſent:
Thy Saviour that aſſiſts the meek, and brings
True gladneſs to his Saints the underlings
Of this blind world, expect a while my Soul
Gods promiſes, and let ſuch thoughts controul
All other hopes, ſo ſhalt thou plenty gain
In Heaven, and be inliſted of his train.
But if thy will chance to be ſimply raſh
And draw thy whole deſires on earthly traſh
Thou muſt this Bleſſing looſe, be Prudent then
And uſe this world but always covet Heaven.
Things that are temporal ne're fully pleaſe
The mind of man, nor was he made for theſe.
Were all this world Subjected unto thee,
Yet th'art not bleſt; for thy Felicity
Conſiſts in God, yet not ſuch Bliſs as here
To Worldlings doth commendable appear,
But what Chriſts true diſciples hope to find,
Or what Sometimes a pure and holy mind
Whoſe converſation is in heaven, forecaſts
For worldly conſolations fly like blaſts
Of tempeſts, where the Souls Divine content
Which truth affords is bleſt and permanent.
The Godly man ſtill wears a Paradice,
He finds Chriſt in his Soul, and in this wiſe
Unto him ſpeaks: Lord Jeſu be with me
In ev'ry place and time, and let it be
My comfort to want gladly Earths delight;
Or if thy conſolation chance to ſlight
Me for a time, let this thy ſacred will
And theſe thy tryalls be my Joys, untill
Thou alter it, thou doſt not always chide
Nor doth thy wrath perpetually abide.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

That all our Cares muſt be caſt upon God.

LORD.

FReely my Son reſigne thy will to mine
I know what thee avails, thou doſt encline
To human thoughts and in moſt things ſubmit
To what thy fleſhly mind tells thee is fit.

SERVANT.

Truth deereſt Lord thou haſt more care of me
Then I my ſelf can have, for tottringly
He ſtands, that doth not on thee wholely truſt,
And therefore Lord deal with me as thou doſt
Conceive moſt fit, ſo that my will may reſt
In thee alone, what thou determineſt
Muſt needs be good, if thou confin'ſt mine eyes
To light, or darkneſs, mirth or miſeries
I greet them all with praiſe. (LORD) True Son 'tis right
So fares the mind that covets in my ſight
To walk uprightly, gladly ſuffering
Inflicted griefs as well as Joys, the ſting
Of want, as well as ſweet of wealth. (SER.) dread Lord
Loe I thy Vaſſall freely do accord
To all thy miſſions, grief, Joy, weal or woe;
The ſweet the ſour, what e're thou doſt beſtow,
I'le my poor thanks return, Lord let thy care
But guard thy Slave from Sin, and I will dare
the frights of Death and Hell, forſake me not
My only God, nor let thy hand me blot
Out of thy book of Life, ſo ſhall I ſlight
The worſt effects caus'd by misfortunes ſpight.

CHAP. XVIII.

That temporall Miseries by the Example of Christ are to be born Patiently.

LORD.

FOr thy Salvation Son, from Heaven I came
And took thy woes on me, urg'd to the same
Not through necessity; but my pure love
That this should teach thee patience and remove
Those grudgings from thy heart, which the distress
Of evil fortunes might thereon impress.
Even from my Birth to Death each day of life
Sum'd but so many Items of my grief:
Here do I suffer want of worldly things,
There malice her complaints against me brings,
My patience now meets slanders, and I pay
Ingratitude with benefits, and they
Who saw my Miracles did but upbraid
My acts, and reprehend what good I said.

SERVANT.

Since Lord thou patient wert, and did'st fulfill
The mandats of thy Sacred Fathers will
Tis fit that I a wretched Sinner should
Shape ev'ry sense as thou wouldst have me mould
The same, and mildly bear this load of clay
Till thou vouchsafe to bid Death take't away.
For life though burdensome through too long space
Of time, is meritorious through thy grace,
And by the voyage thou and thine have made,
The weak have learnt more easily to trade
Through the same Seas of Life, more comfort found
Then when the old Law raign'd, or when the sound
The Elsenore of Heaven was block'd, the way
Scarse known thereto, when few this wealthy Bay

Of

Of thine did ſtrive to find, when even the Juſt [duſt
Whoſe ſafety though ordain'd, whoſe Corps though
Had yet their Souls detain'd till thy death loos'd,
Thoſe chains that had their courſe to Heaven refus'd.

Ah me what thanks ſhall I return my King
My Gracious God, who by his ſuffering
Shew'd me and all his faithfull Souls the road
To his Eternall, and ſtill bleſt abode
His patience ſhew'd the way to true renown
It led us to himſelf our Heavenly Crown.

Lord did'ſt not thou march on and bravely ſcare
The foe, and teach our Coward hearts to dare
Earths ſeeming perils; who would follow thee?
How many Lord would flag, how many flie?

Although this thy Celeſtiall Document
And theſe thy wonders do themſelves preſent
Unto our view, wee freez, ſhin'd not thy light
Still ſhould we ſtray ſtill ſhould we want our ſight.

CHAP. XIX.

Of ſuffering Injuries and who is prov'd to be truly Patient.

LORD.

WHy mon'ſt thou thus? ceaſe child, ceaſe to [complain;
Mark but my life, mark theirs were of my train;
All but one Paſſion, haſt thou yet withſtood
The World thy Foe, to'th ſhedding of thy Blood?
What are thy Foes alas compar'd with theirs?
Whoſe Griefs whoſe frequent tryals made them Heirs
Of Heaven, weigh but their Lives one conſtant pain
With thine, and thine will ſeem a petty grain
And theirs a thouſand weight; and thus thou'lt ſee
How meerly nothing thy Adverſity.

And then beware leaſt ſome mean croſſes ſeem
Through thy Impatience great in thy eſteem.
For be they great or not what e're befall,
With Patience learn alike to greet them all.
The more thou doſt 'gainſt croſſes mildneſs chooſe
The wiſer thou, more merrit thence accrues,
The more thou art prepar'd the more inur'd
Thereto, the more thy Mind is hence ſecur'd
Againſt misfortunes ſpight. But ſay not now
I cannot brook his proud, his frowning brow:
Nor this man's word, nor tother man's affront;
They are all falſe, the Field muſt follow on't.
'Tis true I could diſgeſt it from another,
A Freind might make me ſuch abuſes ſmother;
But he, that he ſhould thus with me diſpute?
'Tis groſe, death only ſhall be umpier to't.
Vain fooliſh thoughts ſuch Folly never weighs
The worth of Patience, nor reflects who pays
The price thereof, but meerly looks upon
What Perſon did the Act, what act was done.
Think'ſt thou he's truly Patient that doth make
A bargain with his Wrongs, will only take
But ſuch Affronts; and thoſe from whom he liſts:
Can this be Patience? No, he that inſiſts
On gaining of this Virtue muſt not pet
At Saint, or Sinner, Prince, or Slave; but ſet
A ſpatious Reſolution 'gainſt all ſuch,
Let God inflict them e're ſo oft ſo much:
Hence ſhalt thou gain, the leaſt thing ſuffer'd thus
For thy good God is Meritorious.
If thou doſt then the Victory deſire
Be ſtill prepar'd to Fight, none can acquire
The Palm of Patience that will ſuffer nought,
The Crown thereof by ſuffering is bought.
So if thou aim hereat then boldly ſmite
That's patiently endure; without this fight

No conqueſt can be gain'd, no eaſe poſſeſt
By him whom labour uſhers not to reſt.

SERVANT.

When Nature then Impoſſibility
Doth frame in things, thy Grace my God grant me,
To make them eaſy, thou ſee'ſt me diſmay'd
With ſmall Adverſities, ſoon overweigh'd
With lighteſt trifles, O then grant my Lord
That all thy tribulations may accord
With my deſires, that I may welcome make
Each wrong, each Croſs, and all things for thy ſake.
Bleſt are thy miſſions though they troubles bring
Souls that meet winter here, in Heaven find Spring.

CHAP. XX.

Of the acknowledging of our own Infirmity and of the Miſeries of Life.

SERVANT.

NOW Lord will I againſt my ſelf confeſs
My own Infirmities my wickedneſs.
A fond occaſion grieves my fickle mind
I ſtrongly now reſolve, but ſtreight I find
A weak temptation foils my weaker ſtrength,
And ſmall beginnings prove great ſins at length;
When moſt I fail ſecure when leaſt I think
A blaſt deſtroys me, and ſo wrackt I ſink.
Loe therefore Lord my crimes are plain to thee
How weak I am, how meek I ought to be.
Then mercy Lord and from the mire of Sin
Deliver me leaſt that I ſtick therein,
Break Lord O break thoſe Negromantick chains
Of Hell, wherein my fetter'd Soul remains,
Theſe are my God thoſe damned Sorceries
That do, ſo oft confound me in thine eyes;

Theſe make me apt to fall, weak to withſtand
My Paſſions, though I yield not yet to band
Continually with their aſſualts is hard,
'Tis grievous truth to keep ſtill hourly guard:
Hence, hence I ſee my weakneſs, now 'tis known,
To me I always find my ſelf more prone
To yield, then ſtoutly make reſiſtance, Sin
Slowly departs but quickly enters In.
Great God of *Jacob* that doſt truly love
All faithfull Souls, let theſe my ſorrows move
Thy boundleſs bounty for thy mercy ſake
To grant me help in what I undertake.
Vouchſafe thy Heavenly force leaſt my old man
My wretched fleſh (which no endeavours can
As Yet make humble to my Soul) prevail,
Which ſtill I ought with fircneſs to aſſail.
Poor Life of man that finds no way to go
But ſtill muſt be attempted by ſome foe
Here ambuſhment of want and ſadneſs lies
There wrath and wrongs and other miſeries;
Their fury paſt freſh troops of griefs fall on:
And they reſerv'd too ere their charge half done
Thus do they ſtrike whil'ſt Death ſtands Generall
And man ſtill fears but knows not where to fall.
Blind World how can a life thus always tyr'd
With woes and Croſſes be ſo much deſir'd
By thee; a thing far worſe then death even nought
But plagues, yet ſeems it ſweet and ſtill 'tis ſought.
How oft forſooth blame we the World and ſay
'Tis vain, deceiptfull, yet we ne're can ſway
Our minds to part with it, the Fleſh commands
And ſtill our Souls divineſt thoughts withſtands.
One while our Luſts and Pride make us affect
The ſame, but when we then again reflect
Upon the pains which thereunto is due,
We ſtraight ways loath what we but now did woe.

Thus

Thus divers motives make us now to love it,
Now hate it, now condemn it, then approve it.
Mans vileſt pleaſures overcome the mind
And by deluſive ſweets make it inclin'd
Unto this Earth, nay even to relliſh gall,
For naſty pallats ought Celeſtiall
Ne're taſts, that muddy Soul that ſtill quafs vice
Can never Judge internall Virtues price.
Thoſe that are lofty and do truly hate
This World, and ſerve their God in Saint-like ſtate
Well know Heavens ſweetneſs which is promis'd to
Forſakers of this world, and clearly do
Perceive how fondly we poor worldlings are
Deluded by each toy, caught by each ſnare.

CHAP. XXI.

That we are to reſt in God above all his Guifts.

SERVANT.

IN God my Soul, above and in all things
Thou ſtill ſhalt dwell, for underneath his wings
The Saints make their Eternall reſt. Grant me
Moſt ſweet moſt loving Lord to reſt in thee
Above all creatures, prize thee more then health,
Then Beauty, Glory, Honour, Power, or Wealth,
Then Knowledge, Learning, Arts and Dignity,
Then Fame, praiſe, mirth, or all Joys that can be
Immagined; then preſents, hope, deſire,
Then merrits, guifts, or ought we can acquire
Or thou impart, then what the greedieſt mind
With recollected thoughts could wiſh to find,
Then Saint or Angell ſeen, or unſeen thing
Or ought which thou art not my Heavenly King.
For thou alone ſurpaſſeth all, alone
Thy power is ſtrongeſt higheſt is thy Throne;

Alone moſt full, and moſt ſufficient art,
Alone moſt ſweet, moſt comfort to mans heart,
In thee moſt Love, moſt Beauty only lye,
In the moſt Glory moſt Nobility.
Alone in thee all things moſt perfect be
And have been ſtill, and ſhall Eternally.
It is too little then, 'twill not ſuffize
Whate're thou giv'ſt, all thy diſcoveries
Even of thy ſelf, and all thy promiſes
Are meerly nothing if I want acceſs
To ſee thee and enjoy thee fully too;
For the poſſeſſing of thee doth endue
My Soul with all content, and makes it ſoar
O're all the world can yield, we're ten times more.
My deareſt Spouſe, my Lord, my God, my love
By whom all govern'd are, all live all move,
Give me my freedom, give me wings to fly
And reſt in thee, O when ſhal't granted be
That in a calm of mind, I may ſurvey
How ſweet each look of thine how bright each Ray.
O When ſhall I ſo fully recollect
My Senſes that I clearly may neglect
My ſelf, and in this rapture fixt alone
In thee, may taſt thoſe ſweets are ſeldom kuown.
But now alas oft I misfortunes meet
And them with moans, with ſighs and ſadneſs greet
This world a vale of woe, a road beſet
With multitudes of Miſeries, which let
No Life paſs through, that they do not diſtreſs
With troubles, griefs, and Spirits clowdineſs;
They ſtop confuſe and intricate Mans way
And if he forces it, then they delay
His Journey with allurements, that thereby
His free Acceſs unto felicity
Might thwarted be, and ſo may not poſſeſs
Thoſe ſweet embracings which thy Angels bleſs:

But let my Deſolations Lord, and theſe
My Sighs thy pitty move thy rage appeaſe.
O Jeſu Splendour of eternall fame
My Pilgrim Soul's content, my tongue is lame,
And yet my ſilence moves to thee dear Lord,
Whoſe hearing with my dumbneſs doth accord.
How long delays my dear? haſte haſte to me
Thy wretched Slave, and let me gladed be;
Stretch forth thy hand, deliver me from grief,
Haſte Lord O haſte without thee no relief;
No day, no hour, is Joyfull; without thee
The vaſteſt wealth is but meer poverty.
A wretch I am impriſon'd cloath'd with chains
Till thou doſt Joy me, till my Saviour dains
A viſit to his Servant, and encreaſe
Of favours, by a Royall Grant of peace.
Let others dig up monntains that entomb
A Monarchs wealth, or rip the Oceans womb,
And drain her ſeat into a ſandy field
That may a crop of ripe Carbuncles yield;
Or let thoſe Lechers that do only prize
An *Aprill* Virgin for their Paradiſe;
Or that ſame other Bacchanalian beaſt
That deems Heaven only circled in a feaſt,
Or they that throw whole worlds of Nations down
To Deify their own power and renown;
Purſue their wiſh; but thou alone to me
Art all my Heavens for all eternity.
I'le not be ſilent then, nor will I part
From prayer deareſt Lord till in my heart
I find thee once again. (LORD) why then my Son
Behold thy God, thy Prayers have us won
Thus to deſcend, thy Souls deſires and tears
Thy Humbleneſs and Sorrows in our ears
Have pleaded well thy cauſe, and purchaſs'd thus
The grant of that requeſt thou beg'ſt from us.

SER-

SERVANT.

When thou did'ſt firſt vouchſafe to rouſe my mind
From Dunghill Earth, I left that Slime behind,
And made my way unto thy Sacred Mount;
And ſtill I call'd thee, ſtill I did recount
My paſſions to my Lord, my will to wave
All others, that I might him only have;
Bleſt be thy Mercies therefore, that thought fit
To grant thy Servant ſuch a benefit.
What more then this dread Lord before thee can
I ſay, but humble as the Publican
Preſent my ſelf acknowledging to be
A wretch of baſeneſs and iniquity.
So far the Greateſt wonders from compare
With thee my God, that be they ne're ſo rare
Or have their being in the Sea or Earth
Fire, Air, or Heaven; from thee they take their birth.
Truth in thy Judgments, goodneſs in thy words;
And Government thy Providence affords
Unto all things, thy praiſe be therefore ſung
By ev'ry Creature ev'ry heart and tongue;
And grant my Soul may bleſs thee too dear Lord
Who art the wiſdom of the Eternall word.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Remembrance of Gods multiplied Benefits.

SERVANT.

LOrd open in thy Law my heart and teach
Me how to walk uprightly without breach
Of thy Commandements, grant that I know
Thy will and mind thoſe guifts thou doſt beſtow
On me, and all the world, with diligence
And fiting care, that I enabled thence

May

May worthy thanks return thee, but poor duſt
Poor filthred that I am, I know and muſt
Confeſs that in each twinkling of an Eye
Thy favours mount the whole ability
Of mans requital, 'las wee are even nought
Weigh'd with thy bennefits. When e're my thought
Ponders the greatneſs of thy Majeſty,
My trembling Soul doth faint even dying lye.
All that our Souls or bodies do poſſeſs:
Are but thy favours, and they both muſt bleſs,
Both muſt proclaim thee pious, bounteous, good,
Since ſtill they feed and ſtill thou yeeld'ſt them food.
Although he leſs enjoys, or tother more,
Yet both the leaſt and moſt comes from thy ſtore,
The richeſt muſt not boaſt their own deſerts
Or wealth, or skill, o're them of meaner parts,
Such is fond Ignorance, for he's moſt wiſe
Moſt good, moſt wealhty, that moſt vilifies
Himſelf, that is moſt great in Humbleneſs,
And to his God doth moſt of thanks expreſs.
Thoſe happy thoughts that are compos'd like this
Doth make a ſoul more capable of Bliſs.
If fewer favours thou impart to me,
Yet ſtill I ought to brook it patiently;
Nor grieve, nor envy, that an others ſtore
Surpaſſeth mine, but praiſe thee Lord the more,
Extoll thy goodneſs that can thus diſpence
Without diſtinction thy benevolence.
Since all from thee proceeds 'tis reaſon then
Thou ſhowld'ſt in all be prais'd, what's beſt for men
Thou know'ſt, why this hath more, he leſs 'tis fit
That thou alone not wee ſhould conſtrue it.
Thou ſee'ſt the cloſeſt thoughts of ours and thence
Can Judge us by thy Juſt Omniſcience.
My Lord let me it then a favour deem
To want thoſe flouriſhes whereby we ſeem

To merit worldly praiſe; For he that weighs
The many Croſſes of his flying days
Will ne're repine thereat, but gladly meet
Theſe ſeeming ſours, which prove a future Sweet.
Thy great Apoſtles once the world's refuſe
Both poor and meek, yet fitteſt for thy uſe
And thy familiar Freinds did'ſt Judge them; They
By thy Commiſſion did as Princes ſway
This Univerſe: But let us view their ſtate,
It was not Pride that ſeeks to ſubjugate
All to it ſelf, but poor Humility,
In being and appearing to each eye
Both mean and ſimple, free from fraud and hate,
They welcom'd ſcorns receiv'd for thee, and what
The world abhor'd they gladly did embrace
Yet ne're condemn'd it, nor bewail'd their caſe.
Nought therefore ſhould that perſon ſo much glad
That loveth thee, that own's his favours had
From thy moſt bountuous hands, as to fullfill
In each thing and himſelf thy ſacred will.
Wherein he ſhould propoſe ſo much content
That as ſome ſeek to be moſt Eminent,
And moſt rejoyce therein, ſo ſhould diſgrace
Mallice, contempt, ſlight, and the meaneſt place
More pleaſe him, then were he advanc'd above
All others in eſteem power wealth or love.
Thy will thy love thy glory therefore ought
To be eſteem'd beyond the reach of thought
More comfort ought they in our minds inſpire
Then what we have or had or can deſire.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of four Things greatly Importing Peace.

LORD.

ATtend my Son now will I ſhew to thee
The perfect way to peace and liberty.

SERVANT.

Behold thy Servant Lord doth gladly hear
Sound thy ſweet words to my attentive ear.

LORD.

Let thy endeavours then ſtrive to fulfill
Rather anothers then thy proper will,
Still covet leſs then more, the higheſt place
Avoid, the loweſt chooſe, thy ſelf abaſe
To ev'ry one, and always wiſh and pray
In thee the will of thy Creator may
Fulfilled be; Loe ſuch a man's at reſt
Peace finds her Sanctuary in his breſt.

SERVANT.

How ſhort, yet pithy? Vaſt the Senſe, though few
The Words, that fructify like *April* dew,
For could I faithfully this keep that's ſaid
Then Lord I ſhould not be diſquieted
As now I am with trifles, for I find
As oft as I afflicted am in mind
This doctrin is neglected, but my God
Whoſe boundleſs power can meet no period
Whoſe love to Souls no end, grant me ſuch grace
As perfect may my health, thy words embrace.

A Prayer againſt evil Thoughts.

Not ſo far off, ſtand nearer Lord, and aid
A trembling wretch, whom terrours have diſmay'd.

Yet

Yet nearer ſtill my God; look Lord, behold
Thoſe gaſtly thoughts, how gape they to lay hold
Upon my Soul? unwounded how ſhall I
Paſs through and rout them, and gain victory?

LORD.

Why I'le march foremoſt on, and lead the way
To thee, I'le mow and tread like rotten hay
The glorious of this world, tear Priſon gates
And thee the ſecrets ſhew of Kings and States.

SERVANT.

Lord as thou ſay'ſt ſo do, for with the ſight
Of thy dread Countenance, thou'lt put to flight
The hoſte of evil thoughts, to thee (when e're
My dangers or vexations cauſe my fear)
I fly. In thee I truſt, on thee I cry
And wait thy conſolations patiently.
Thus Lord in my diſtreſs thou always art
The only hope and comfort of my heart.

A Prayer for the Enlightning of the Mind.

Lord with the brightneſs of Interiour light
Enlighten me, and force this duskiſh night
Out of my heart, ſuppreſs each wandring ſenſe
And theſe temptations that uſe violence.
Fight for me ſtoutly, quell this greedy beaſt
My Savage luſt, that Peace may in my breaſt
Be ſettled by thy fortitude, that I
May in a holy Court the Purity
Of Conſcience ring thy praiſe, do thou but will
'Tis done, for thy ſole thought can all fulfill.
Check but the fury of the Seas, and they
Straight ſmooth their wrinkled brows and thee obey.
Check but the ſcoulding winds, and they are dumb,
Thus by thy word are Tyrants overcome.
Thou then that rul'ſt the Sun command one Ray
Of thy ſweet truth and light may glimmer day

Upon

Upon this barren Earth this ſtony heart
Of mine, do thou from Heaven thy Grace impart
To it, do thou but rain on it a few
Of Pious drops, drop on it heavenly dew
And then in glory, 'twill the Sun out do
And bring forth fruit both good and Godly too.
Raiſe up my ſordid mind oppreſs'd with weight
Of Sin, Screw my deſires up to the height
Of Heavenly ſweets, that ſo they may ſuppreſs
All taſte of Earth with Heavens deliciouſneſs.
Draw me O Lord nay force me from the love
Of creatures, they both ſlight and uſeleſs prove,
For no created thing hath power to be
An Agent here Plenipotentiary
To grant Content and Peace, but if Chriſt dains
To link me with inſeperable chains
Of kindneſs to himſelf, I need no more
In him alone his Lover finds all ſtore.
And without Chriſt poor mankind nought enjoys,
But meerly Childiſh rattles brittle toys.

CHAP. XXIV.

To avoid frivilous Inquiry after other mens Lives and Actions.

LORD.

TOil not my Son in curioſity
And Idle cares, what's this or that to thee;
Do thou me follow, what doſt thee concern
To know him fool or knave, or thus to learn
What t'other did or ſpoke, God ne're exacts
Thou ſhowld'ſt accoumpt for theirs but thy own facts.
Why buſi'ſt then thy ſelf? There,s nothing Done.
There's not the cloſeſt heart beneath the Sun
Which I not ſee, I know the certain ſize
Of each man's thought and will, at what he flies

And

And what are his intentions, therefore be.
Still ready to refer all things to me:
Let fools then if they will hunt after flies,
In peace of mind true Satisfaction lies.
Their words and deeds each Soul ſhall one day own
The Cunning'ſt Maſter Cheat to me is none.
Court not the ſhaddow of a Glorious name,
Nor private love of mankind, neither aim
At much acquaintance, ſuch as theſe create
Diſtractions, leaving minds in diſmall ſtate.
Did'ſt thou with diligence my comming wait
When I knockt at thy heart to open ſtraight,
Then could I freely daign my words to thee
And in thy boſom place my ſecreſy;
With watchfull care to God thy prayers ſend
And let Humility each Act attend.

CHAP. XXV.

In what Things conſiſt the Firm Peace of Heart, and true Advancement.

LORD.

SOn I have ſaid, peace I do leave to you
My peace to you I give, I give it too
Not as the world doth give; Each man deſires
This peace tis true, but what true peace requires
All labour not to gain. Humility
And meekneſs find my peace, thy peace will be,
By patience won, hear and obey my Voice
And then thou mayſt in plentious peace Rejoyce.

SERVANT.

Therefore my Lord ſay what is to be done

LORD.

In every thing thou ſay'ſt, or doſt my Son
Still eye thy ſelf and always let the bent
Of thy deſigns, aim at my ſole content.

Let

Let thy Ambition and desires agree
To covet nought but what proceeds from me
Let not thy censure rashly Judge the chat
Or act of other men, nor Intricat
Thy self in things not trusted to thy care,
Which done, of grief thou'lt bear a lighter share.
But never, to meet trouble, never be
With bodies or with minds anxity
Afflicted, is not humane life such is
The happiness of Heavens eternall bliss.
Think not therefore thou dost enjoy true peace
Because thy mind feels nought of heaviness,
Nor that each busines then succeeds with thee
Because thy life knows none her enemy;
Nor that all things are perfect, when they suit
Thy fancy, nor should'st thou thy self repute
To be more great or more belov'd by me,
Because thy heart tastes sweets of piety;
Lovers of virtue are not known by such
Their progress not in these consists so much.

SON.

Wherein then Lord? (LORD) in offring all thy heart
To God, not seeking that wherein thou art
Concern'd by interest, and this to do
Without a stint or limit put thereto,
Without provisos of too smal, or great,
Time or eternity, and so to treat
Both good and bad succes, weighing each thing
In equal scales, and still continnuing
Thy thanks and thy Devotions unto me
With one and the same minds alacrity.
If once thy yet weak courage can attain
Unto such height, thy hope such Patience gain,
That when Interiour comforts are from thee
Withdrawn, thy heart for greater Misery

Thou ſtill prepar'ſt, and tam'ſt thy Rebel Pride
From the temptation of being Juſtifi'd
Againſt theſe Ill's, as if too great too much
Thou did'ſt endure, but ſtill in theſe, and ſuch
That of my Miſſion are my name did'ſt praiſe,
And vindicate my Act, then the true ways
Of peace thou ha'ſt found out, and doubtleſsly
Might'ſt hope again my face with Joy to ſee
When man's perfection is of ſuch a ſize
As makes him franckly, fully to deſpiſe
Himſelf; As far then has he all content
Of peace, as can be in this banniſhment.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of the Excellency of a free Mind, which humble Prayer better deſerveth then Reading.

SERVANT.

ALwaies to ſoar at ſuch a pitch of Mind
As ſtill to fix it's Eyes on Heaven, inclin'd
To nothing e'ls, and careleſly to mount
O're Seas of troubles paſſing no Accoumpt
On their enraged billows, nor to be
Allur'd with ought of Senſuallity
To Stoop on any creature, but to fly
With Angell wings at ſole Eternity,
So much the Acts of perfect Saints are they,
And my ill deeds ſo much my hopes diſmay
That Juſtly hopeleſs only I preſent
This my requeſt To the Omnipotent
And bounteous Lord; Voutchſafe my God to ſhield
Me from the cares of life, leaſt preſt I yield
To their too great entanglements; and from
The worlds ſuperfluous ſtore, leaſt overcome
I be enthral'd with pleaſure; from the Souls
Impediments, leaſt much diſtreſs controuls

Her

Her nobler thoughts; but yet in this I wave
What men through Vanity deſire to have,
I only beg exemption from thoſe woes
Which our mortality as curſes throws
On all in Generall, and likely may
With too much load thy Servants mind o're weigh
Or, ſtop her freedom whenſoe're ſhe ſtrove
In ſpirit to behold th' unfeigned *Jove*.
Deer *Jove* who the tranſcendent ſweetneſs art,
Make carnall Joys ſo bitter to my heart,
That all the cheats of their delightſome taſte
Whoſe Eſſence like curl'd ſnow with touching waſte
May not allure me to prefer their food
Before ſuch cates as ſtill continnue good.
Lord let not Fleſh and Blood in triumph chaine
Me to their Charriots nor Earth with her vain
And ſhort liv'd Glory me deceive, nor let
The guile of Sathan coy me to his net.
Afford my Patience power thy load to bare
Sin to reſiſt, and then (to perſevere
In all a conſtancy; in lieu of toys
Which mortals call delights, thoſe perfect Joys
Of thy ſweet ſpirit; for a carnal flame
Infuſe a true love thy glorious name.
Meat, drink, and cloathing and ſuch things as theſe
That for our Bodies are requir'd diſpleaſe
A fervent Soul, then let not overmuch
Of greedineſs enthrall my mind to ſuch.
But ſince it is unlawfull to refuſe
Them wholly where mans nature needs muſt uſe
The like, ſo temper my deſires herein
That what they covet may not reach to ſin
Againſt thy ſacred Laws, which bid us fly
That wiſh that aims at Superfluity
And pleaſure more then food, for otherwiſe
Rebellious Fleſh the Spirit would deſpiſe;

Then let O Lord thy hand ſo ſteer in this
Thy Servant that he may not ſail amiſs.

CHAP. XXVII.

That private Love doth moſt hinder us from our chief Good.

LORD.

THou muſt my child give all for all, and cleave
To no ſelf love, for this doth more bereave
Thy Soul of bliſs, then worlds can do beſide
Each thing doth follow as the heart doth guide.
If that thy Love be purely Innocent
And well reſolv'd, then no entanglement
Of Earth can it diſtreſs, why ſhould'ſt thou be
Greedy to taſte of a forbidden tree,
Or covet that which when obtain'd muſt prove
But obſtacles to thy interiour Love.
O ſtrange, that when even reaſon makes man ſee
How light this world weigh'd with eternity
That what he hath in't, or he hopes from it
He doth not with himſelf to me commit.
Why pin'ſt thou thus away in grief or why
Doſt tire thy thoughts with ſuperfluity
Of Idle cares, once freely but conſent
To yield thy ſelf up to my government
Thy guift though mine already, yet being free
Shall yield thee gain, my ſelf will ſurety be.
But if thou long'ſt for this or that, and then
To be with women here or there with men,
One while the Country, then the Town muſt take
Thy humour moſt, and ſtill for profit ſake
Or pleaſure fancy all, thou ne're ſhalt be
One hour at reſt or want anxiety:
Unknown that dwelling, that is happy ſtill
Unknown that beſt that doth not wear it's ill.

Each

Each ſeverall bliſs that ſeemeth to accrue
Or multiplies to the exteriour view
As numrous debts, and mountain heaps of Gold
Honour and praiſe ſuch as ambition could
Propoſe it ſelf, availeth not ſo much,
As utter Banniſhment proclaim'd to ſuch:
Death ends thy world, were worlds not limited;
And Beggars are as Rich as Kings once dead.

No place, wherein the ſpirits flame doth ceaſe
Availeth much, nor long ſubſiſts that peace
Which only built well on the outward part
Lacks ſtill a true foundation in the heart,
Who makes me not his corner ſtone may move
From place to place, but ne're his ſtate improve,
And time will ſerve thee to poſſeſs ſuch ſtore
As ſhall return thee what thou quit'ſt and more.

A Prayer for cleanſing of the heart and for Heavenly Wiſdom.

LOrd let thy ſacred Spirit with its grace
Confirm my Soul, and fix a dwelling place
For virtue there, that free from Idle cares
From griefs and dangers of the ſundry ſnares
Of Sathans wealth or worthleſs toys, it may
See that its fleſh and all things paſs away, [know
For even thoſe thoughts that ſearch the world muſt
All is but vain, wiſe they that deem them ſo.

Let thy celeſtiall wiſdom Lord abound
In me, that thou being chiefly ſought and found
I both may like and love my Saviour beſt
And by him tutor'd know and uſe the reſt.

Afford me prudence to avoid the tongue
Of Flattery, and 'gainſt their Syren Song
To ſtop mine ears, and Patience then beſtow
To brook both malice, and misfortune too.
Wiſe he whom blaſts of breath move not to wrath
He travels ſafe that keeps within this path.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Againſt the Tongue of Slanderers.

LORD.

MY Child though thy officious ears ſhould bring
Thee tydings how that thy diſpraiſes ring
In this mans mouth or t'others thought, yet fly
From all impatience, tell thine ears they lye;
If ſuch ſpoke ill, they ſpoke but what was true,
There's no diſpraiſe, where none but ſuch is due,
Say I am worſe then all their Callumny
Can make me, none ſo baſe a worm as I. [ſuch
Wert thou that inward man thou ought'ſt, then
Would paſs like wind which leſs then wind can
'Tis wiſe my Son in time of diſcontent [touch
To make thy tongue endure impriſonment;
And turning inwardly to me, diſpiſe
What humane ſpite againſt thee can deviſe.
Place not thy quiet in the mouth of man
Neither his good or bad opinion can
Transform thy mind or body, ſay where be
True peace and glory? dwell they not in me.
That Perſon who doth little vallue, which
He meets the frowns or ſmiles of men, is rich
In Peace, from much vain love or fear commence
The grief of heart, diſtraction of the ſenſe.

CHAP. XXIX.

How we ought to call upon God and bleſs him when tribulation draweth near.

SERVANT.

YEt endleſs time praiſe Great *Jehova's* name
By whoſe appointment this temptation came

To

To combat with his ſervant in ſuch wiſe
As tender Parents kindly do chaſtize
Their Childrens faults, when he like them from me
Bars other helps to make neceſſity
Of flying to thoſe arms from which was ſent
For my advantage ſuch kind punniſhment.
But Oh thy ſtrok's too fierce my heart grows weak
My pangs encreaſe Deer Father ſhall I ſpeak?
I'de ſpeak yet know not what, Lord ſhall I live?
Say Lord wilt cloſe the wound thy ſelf did give?
Do Lord, and do it at this inſtant hour,
That I now weak being freed by thee, thy power
May ſhine more glorious, will it pleaſe my God
To end now punniſhing, and break his rod.
Thou ſee'ſt how weak how trembling do I ſtand
Nor that I go or creep without thy hand.
Yet let me patience or thy help obtain,
Thou'lt ſee I'le boldly meet the greateſt pain.
Fond I that ſeeks to end what's but begun
And ſtill would beg, but Lord thy will be done.
My folly made me thus from reaſon ſwerve,
Thou doſt not punniſh more then I deſerve.
'Tis plain my eyes now open are, I ſee
'Tis fit I bear what thon inflict'ſt on me.
The skillful pilot when with winds oppreſt
Lets fall his ſails, untill the ſtorm be ceaſt
So when thy anger rageth moſt, will I
Couch humbly down expecting patiently
To ſee the Sun ſhine of thy mercy bid
Ceſſation to thy tempeſts wrath, and rid
Thy Slave from ruin, and aſſault no more
His ſhip, as oft my God thou did'ſt before.
When man thinks leaſt then ſooneſt can'ſt thou
Each can thy *Jonas* be, each *Lazars* grave. [ſave

CHAP. XXX.

Of craving the Divine aid and Confidence of recovering Grace.

LORD

MY Child when grief or ſickneſs thee diſtreſs
In mind or body, ſtraight make thy addreſs
To me, I am that only Lord that can
In time of need, yield comfort unto man.
But ſluggiſh thou haſtes like the ſnail to pray,
Nor ſo it ſelf, till firſt each other way
Thou try'ſt what Earth may thee afford, and this
Is that which robs thee moſt of Heavenly bliſs.
All things but God which man confide in fail,
And hence my power doth only ſuch avail
As truſt in me, for know it once again
All other Councels, cures and helps are vain.
But Courage Son thou now art ſafe at laſt,
My mercy ſhines, my tempeſt now is paſt,
I now am come, ſoon will I all reſtore
Nay yet I'le add to thy Abundance more.
What haſt no faith? Doſt think I am like ſuch,
Who nothing do perform, and promiſs much,
Fye Child caſt of vain fears and ſtoutly ſtand
And ſhew thy foes thy ſoul is Nobly man'd.
When time requires, I that command in chief
Will come my ſelf and bring thee in relief.
Let not temptations then and Idle care
Of future things diſtract thee, all ſuch are
Uncertainties that ne're perhaps will be,
And only ſerve thy griefs to multiply;
Each hour i'ts malice hath, and Croſſes brings
Enough to ruin thee without theſe things.
But vain my words, man ſtill will cheated be
With fond Chymera's, and his Enemy

Needs

Needs uſe but ſlender lines to hall him in
Whil'ſt he ſo heedleſs ſwallows baits of ſin.
And know that Sathan weighs not whether toys
Or gemms he gives; ſo either but deſtroys
He has his end, and then ſets ev,ry where
The ſnares of preſent love or future fear.
But let not bubbles vex or fright thy mind,
Put faith in me thy faith ſhall Mercy find;
When thou think'ſt me remoteſt of, then I
Am cloſe at hand; when paſt recovery
Thou yeeld'ſt all loſt, then happineſs attends
For oft a croſs ſucceſs retards not ends.
When *Abrahm* in obedience to my will
Unſheath'd his ſword his darling child to kill,
Even when his ready hand was drawn did I
Give *Iſaac* life whom he reſolv'd ſhould dye.
So that to cenſure things as they appear
To outward view, admitting grief or fear
To make thee Captive, thou concluding thence
All loſt, declares thee void of heavenly ſence.
Though for a time I ſome afflictions lay
Upon thee, or thy pleaſures take away;
Think not that thou art quite abandon'd then
Such are the path's by which I guide to Heaven.
And without doubt perpetuall pleaſures be
Leſs advantageous then adverſity
For thee and all the reſt of mine, I find
To what thy inmoſt thoughts are moſt inclin'd,
And thence concludes ſuch remedies as theſe
Are fitteſt to apply to thy diſeaſe
For otherwiſe each ſmal ſucceſs would make
Thee proud, and ſome conceited pleaſure take
In that th'art not, I give and take away
That guift, and when I will reſtore it may.
Surely what e're I do beſtow is mine,
And when I reaſſume it take not thine,

Each

Each good receav'd each perfect quality
Have their origin all alone from me.
Again if I send griefs to thee, or try
Thy spirit with some Contrariety,
Be not dejected hence, nor yet disdain
Such visitants as these to entertain,
I soon can place Joys in their sted, yet still
I'm just, and to be prais'd what e're my will.
Had'st thou true wit or could'st the truth perceive
Theres nothing of adversity could leave
These sad impressions in thy heart, for then
Thou would'st rejoyce, and say to such Amen.
Nay so rejoyce, that thou would'st only like
That scourge wherewith I should voutchsafe to strike.
Said I not to my dear Disciples? know
That as my Heavenly Father lov'd me, so
I you affect, and yet these I not sent
To pass their days in temporall content,
No ease nor rest, nor honours to possess
But to fierce Conflicts and Laboriousness,
To be the subject of mens scorn, to grow
By Patience rich in fruit, which toils did sow;
Such are the guists which most my love affords
Be mindfull then my Son of these my words.

CHAP. XXXI.

Of the neglect of all Creatures that the Creator may be possest.

SERVANT.

YEt Lord I want still Lord I want more Grace,
For one that ought to reach unto that place
Where neither man nor ought else can molest
My Soul. Whilst any worldly Interest
My fluttering thoughts entangle, how can I
With freedom to my dear beloved fly?

O how

O how enfranchiz'd was that noble mind
That only wish'd for wings her bliss to find.
The harmless eye that never longs is blest
With reall peace, the man that can detest
All wishes that encline to Earth, doth fly
Above it with unbounded liberty.
Come then my Soul we must reject each thing
That dwells below, our selves besides, o'rewing
The mounting Lark, and in an extasy
We'le enter Heaven, and there Gods Glory see;
See how that mighty builder which did make
Each Creature, yet made nought that doth partake
The least of him, there shall we see and know
That till our fancy slights all here below,
He rowls *Ixions* wheele that hopes to eye
The great Creators Heavenly Majesty:
But few men clearly quit this world for Heaven
And hence few are to contemplation given.
'Tis true to raise Souls to this pitch, and fit
Them for this scene much grace is requisit;
For if man be not Elevated in
The Spirit, free from creatures flying Sin
And wholly linckt to God, though wast his wit
His wealth and power, they'le yield no bennefit,
Soon shall he fall, and long neglected lye
That deems ought great but that immensity
Of sole and endless goodness, for what e're
Is not our God should (as it is) appear
Just nothing, far more (then the thoughts of men
Can reach) he made and can unmake again.
Those arts and knowledge won by piety
And light infus'd by God, far diffrent be
From what's acquir'd by humane Litt'rature
And long laborious study, whose obscure
And abject of-springs must not dare to be
Competitors with Heavens divinity.

Though

Though many wiſh to be Contemplative
Yet what the ſame requires they little ſtrive
To purchaſe, whilſt they ſluggiſhly omit
To mortify their glutton Appetit
To Sin, and place the full of their content
In what affords them preſent Nouriſhment,
Or els they feed (more fondly much then this)
Their fancies with imaginary Bliſs.

I often muſe yet cannot comprehend
By what we're led or what 'tis wee pretend?
When we forſooth that gladly would appear
Men of the Spirit, buſsle here and there,
Both watch the night, and ſpend the day in pain,
And all this ſtir to reape ſome trivial gain;
Whil'ſt our neglected Souls, like things of nought
Are ne're admitted to one ſerious thought.

Few recollections ſerve our turn, and that
We end when ſcarcely 'tis begun, and what
We did or do examin not, and thus
The world is Heaven, and Heaven a toy to us.
So have I ſeen a Childiſh crew forſake
The ſchool, and to a Neighbour ſtream betake
Themſelves, whereon they buſily eſſay
To build a bank to ſtop the rivlets way
Some hours in this ſame hopefull work being ſpun,
With as much fierceneſs as they firſt begun
They paſh their bulwark down, not knowing why
They built or ruin'd, and ſo home they fly.

We heed not what our Inclinations are,
And greateſt ſins meet but with ſlender care
Of our amendment. Fleſh in one and all
At firſt did err, and from the of-ſprings fall
Each ſever'd branch i'ts channall held, till in
The common floud they run to Seas of ſin.

When once our hearts are ill, undoubtedly
The following actions muſt corrupted be,

For

For theſe like Indexes ſerve to declare
That thoſe in want of inward virtues are;
And virtues outwardly appearing ſhew
They from the goodneſs of a pure Soul grow.
What acts are done? How great they are? this we
Enquire, but with what zeal, what charity?
O that's forgot; if rich, if fair, if ſtout,
Well meen'd or ſo? Then to the meaner rowt,
If able workman, Clerck, or Quiriſter?
Theſe are the things we men of Earth prefer
But if he's poor in mind, in patience rich;
If humble, Spirituall, devout; (all which
Like fair inſcriptions tell where virtues lye)
We count ſuch worms, and ſcornfull paſs them by.
Nature regards man outwardly, but Grace
Doth ſearch the heart and there her vallue place:
She oft muſt faile that builds on ſandy grounds,
This ne're, who on her God, her Judgment founds.

CHAP. XXXII.

Of the Quitting our Selves, and Renouncing of Luſts.

THou can'ſt not Child enjoy true Liberty
Unleſs thy ſelf thou wholy doſt deny,
For thoſe that are on their ſelf Int'reſt bent
On profit, ranging, curiouſneſs, content,
And all things of ſelf love, regarding not
The guifts of Jeſus, are but ſlaves, and plot
Some trivial ſtratagem, that only tends
To build a Babel which confuſion ends.
All things ſhall quickly find a period
That place not the foundation on their God.
Do then theſe ſhort and pithy words retain,
Depart from all and thou ſhalt all obtain;
Thou Peace ſhalt have do but thy Luſts forego
Theſe Mark and Do, and thou ſhalt all things know.

Alas

SERVANT.

Alas my God this is not one days work
No Childrens play, in this ſhort ſpeech doth lurk
All the perfections that ſerve to compleat
Religious Lives. (LORD) Child let not this defeat
Or cauſe thee to decline thy hopes, but when
Thou hear'ſt the actions of theſe perfect men,
Strive with a virtuous pride to paſs the beſt
Or in thy wiſhes Conquer them at leaſt.
Would thou wert once but come to that, that thou
Did'ſt cleerly quit ſelf love, and freely bow
To my Commands, with purpoſe to fulfill
In future time mine and my Fathers will.
Then ſhould'ſt thou pleaſe me well, then ſhould thy glaſs
Run Smoothly out, in peace and pleaſure paſs.
But Child thou ha'ſt ſo much ſtill to decline
That till thou quit'ſt them, and thy ſelf reſign
In all to me, expect not thy deſire
Shall granted be, Son buy the Gold of fire,
I'le ſell it thee, t'will make thee rich, for know
This Gold is Heavenly wiſdom; all below
Her Sphere contemning, worldly craft it ſlights
All humane Complaiſance, all Earths delights.
I tell thee Son thou purchaſs muſt ſuch ware
As is both bad and baſe, with that that's rare
And precious in the eyes of men; That wit ſit
Which comes from Heaven ſeems vile and mean and
To be neglected; for this harmleſs thing
Conceipts her ſelf no wit, nor ſtrives to bring
Her virtues on the publick Stage, 'tis She
That men with Impudence can glorify
In talk, yet never imitate, 'tis ſhe
That Precious Pearl that from moſt hid doth lye

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of Inconſtancy of heart and of directing our finall Intentions to God.

LORD.

CHild Credit not thy fancy now 'tis here,
Now in th' Antipodes, ſcearch every where
This Vniverſe, thou'lt find poor mortals be
Meer weather-cocks of mutability.
Nor vex thy ſelf for ſpite of thee thy life
Will thus be ſpent in mirth and grief, in ſtrife
And peace, ſometimes in Heaven with piety,
Then wallowing in Sin, ſometimes thou'lt be,
As negligent, as ſtudious in one hour; [lour
Now art thou cranck, and ſtraight ways doſt thou
But he thats wiſe and well reſolv'd doth move
With more then *Peters* confidence above
Theſe rowling changes, nor weighs he ſuch winds
Rais'd in himſelf or others by the Fiends
Procurement, but with Courage doth advance
To conquer Heaven as his Inheritance.
If therefore men come on undauntedly
Regarding all theſe chances with an eye
Of heedleſsneſs and valour, ſuch are brought
By my commands within that Fort they ſought,
The more the intentions pure, more doth it ſlight
Such tempeſts rais'd by mens or devils ſpight;
But moſt men of the cleareſt Spirit crowch
Not more through fear, then dally'd with a touch
Of paſt delights, for rare that man whoſe breſt
Retains no tincture of ſelf Intereſt.
The *Jews* that once unto *Bethavia* went
To viſit *Martha* and her Siſter, meant
As much their Journey *Lazarus* to ſee,
As Jeſus, ſo that thy intent muſt be

Not

Not half way good like to theſe *Jews*, that would
Their curiouſneſs in vails of zeal infold,
Away then Child with ſecundary ends
He's ſafe paſt hope whoe're on me depends.

CHAP. XXXIV.

That God is ſweet above all things and in all things to that Perſon that loveth him

SERVANT.

BEhold my God and all; what I'ſt that I
Would more'then this, what more felicity
Can I deſire; O ſweet O pithy word,
Yet doth it only ſweet and pith afford
To thoſe that love the Word, not world, nor what
The world ſeem's on her Children to eſtate
Then once again my God, my All, no more.
Enough this to the wiſe, this oft ſaid o're
Doth pleaſe enough the lovers heart, Our Lord
Being preſent all things ſweetly do accord,
But abſent, oh how harſhly all things Jar?
Even plenty's dearth, health plague, and peace a war.
Thou Lord giv'ſt calm unto the ſtormed heart
Giv'ſt peace and Joy, mak'ſt war and grief depart
Thou placeſt love where envy now did lye
And bring'ſt even vice thy ſelf to Glorify
In all, without thy preſence nought can laſt
A minnutes ſpace, who ſeeks his Spirits taſte
To pleaſe, ſhould always have thy grace, and it
Muſt ſweetly ſeaſon with thy ſacred wit.
To whom thou yeeld'ſt a relliſh, ſuch conceive
All relliſh well, but thoſe thou doſt bereave
Of this, finds honey gaul, they that are wiſe
In worldly things, and carnal pleaſures prize
Thy wiſedom want, for vanity attends
The firſt, and death the later always ends.

Thoſe

Thoſe men are truly prudent that can fly
The worlds ill thriving trade, and mortify
Their luſts to follow thee, vain falſhood they
Make yield to truth, and fleſh the Soul obey,
Such love their God, and if in Creatures ought
That's good is found to him the praiſe is brought.
But ſtill in Creatures even the pureſt ſenſe
Of things from the Creators Excellence
Doth differ much, nay ſtrangly much, as life
And death, or as an hour ſhould fall in ſtrife
With all Eternity, or that as bright
The Moon ſhould ſeem as uncreated light.
Then o thou light to whom all mankinds ſight
But darkneſs is, dart forth into that night
(Which harbours in my Soul) thy ray's, that they
May give her pureneſs, Joy, and life, and day.
And by their powers infuſe that high content
That ſtrong through love, ſhe may Heavens high aſcent
O'retop to find thee? When will that hour come
That happy long'd for hour? wherein the ſum
Of all Content I may at once poſſeſs
In ſeeing thee the height of happineſs.
And till this Grant unto my Soul be given
There is no perfect Joy no reall Heaven.
But ſtill woe's me my Grandſires Sin doth reign
Within me, ſtill it Lives nor can I gain
The Conqueſt on't, nay ſtill with hopes it fights
Againſt the Spirit and attaques her rights.
And thus with conſtant war doth it attempt
To baniſh peace from my Souls Government.
But thou O Lord who rul'ſt th'unruly Seas
And tam'ſt their billows pride, wil't now thee pleaſe
To riſe and Succour me, wil't ſcatter thoſe
That covet war, and with thy ſtrength oppoſe
And Conquer them; diſplay O Lord the Rays
Of thy Magnificence that we may praiſe

Thy power, for other helps men vainly plod
No Help no hope to me but thou my God.

CHAP. XXXV.

That there is no ſecurity from Temptation in this Life.

LORD.

IN this life Son no ſafety is, thou muſt
As long as here thou liv'ſt impoſe thy truſt
In Spiritual arms, thou art amongſt thoſe foes
Who on the right and left lay on ſuch blows
That if thou uſe not on each ſide the ſheild
Of Patience, they'le both wound and force thee yield.
Moreover if thou doſt not fix on me
Thy heart, and with a free will ready be
To undergo all chances for my ſake,
Be ſure thou'lt want ability to make
Reſiſtance 'gainſt their fury, nor ſhall't gain
That Conqueſt which the Saints did once obtain.
Thou muſt then ſtoutly through thy foes, and fight
Againſt them both with courage and with might.
The Conquerours do manna eat, but they
That daunted Slack, with miſery decay.
If thou ſeek'ſt quiet in this world, can'ſt thou
Expect it in the next? no; therefore now
Seek Patience not much Peace, Heaven only can
This give, not Earth; God only and not man.
Thy love ſhould fix on God, and for his ſake
All changes of misfortunes gladly take,
As labours, troubles, griefs, temptations, pains
Want, Sickneſs, checks, detractions, and diſdains,
Confuſions, ſhame, all ſorts of Injuries.
Theſe are the things which teach man how to prize
The worth of virtue, Chriſt with ſuch renowns
His Souldiers, ſuch the gemm's of Heavenly Crowns.

Small

Small pains with infinit rewards I pay.
The worlds fond ſhame Heav'ns glory takes away.
Doſt think thou always can'ſt at will poſſeſs
The Joys of Spirit, that which ne're did bleſs
My greateſt Saints on Earth, their Lives were much
Of grief, temptations, want, diſtreſs, and ſuch,
And theſe and more they ſtill bore patiently,
Relying not upon themſelves, but me,
And well they knew ſuch ſuffering as this
Was nothing to obtain Eternall bliſs.
Would'ſt thou immediately to that attain
Which others Tears and Labours could not gain,
No Child, expect thy Lords Commands, and fight
With courage hope and comfort, do not ſlight
Thy holy purpoſe, valiantly expoſe
Thy Soul and Body to the fierceſt blows
Of Fortune for thy Saviours ſake, I do
Both pay ſuch pains and help the actors too.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Againſt the vain Judgments of men.

LORD.

FIX firmly Son thy hopes on God, and fear
No humane cenſure whilſt thy Soul is clear,
Such unto her are glorious Scars, that can
Ne're daunt his heart, that truſts more God, then man.
Moſt babble much we ſee, and we ſhould theſe
As lightly credit; ev'ry one to pleaſe
We find impoſſible, Though holy *Paul*
By virtuous ways did ſtrive to humour all,
He ſaw 'twas vain, and he as little car'd
How his repute in mens opinions far'd.
'Tis true all juſt endeavours he did try
His Neighbour both to ſave and edify:

Himſelf from ſting of ev'ry ſland'rous Sect
He could not, nor he ſtrove not, to protect.
Hence he left all to Gods all ſeeing eye;
And he with patience and humility
Encounter'd envious tongues, and each falſe thought
That vainly though at will againſt him fought:
Sometimes indeed he did in anſwear ſpeak
Leaſt ſilence might have Scandaliz'd the weak.
Poor creature what art thou whom man can fright?
He Lives to day and Dead he is at night:
Be only fearfull of thy God and then
Thou'lt never heed ſuch Pigmy worms as men
What can the wind of words, or Injuries
Annoy thee? They that make ſuch falſifies
More harm themſelves then thee for God doth ſee
Each thought, none being from his Juſtice free
Keep him before thine Eyes, and ne're diſpute
In wrangling words: Though one ſhould thee con-
At firſt in mens opinions, and thou ſeem [fute
To merrit ſlander in the worlds eſteem
Although th'art Innocent, wilt thou diſdain
Theſe thornes that muſt thy crown of glory gain?
Or ſhall impatience leſſen this thy prize?
Or blind thy ſight from ſeeing paradice?
Where I can give thee for thy ſhame a Crown
Of Honour: I pay ev'ry Soul her own.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Of the pure and full Reſignation of ones ſelf, to obtain Liberty of Heart.

LORD.

SON quit thy ſelf, and me thou'lt find, ſtand free
From any choice, or ſelf propriety,
And thou ſhalt profit ſtill: For when reſign'd
Without retract, Grace ſhall enrich thy mind.

SER.

SERVANT.

How often ſhall thy Servant Lord reſigne
Himſelf? How many things ſhall he decline?

LORD.

Always my Son, as well in great as Small
I nought exempt, thy thoughts muſt be from all
Exempt, or otherways how can we be
Each others by a league of amity?
The ſooner too thou quencheſt the deſires
Of worldly pelf, or luſts interiour fires,
The ſooner thou'lt find reſt; the more exact
And freely done, more do I like the fact.
Some though reſign'd yet ſtill ſome clauſes bydes,
But none truſts fully God, that thus provides
The hopes of other helps; ſome will beſtow
At firſt their whole Eſtate, but one poor blow
Of ſome temptation makes their courage ceaſe
And thus their Virtue ſlowly doth encreaſe.
Such to their Souls true liberty ne're come,
Nor my Societies Elizium;
Such reſignation and ſelf Sacrafice
Are ne're compleated in this niggard wiſe:
All muſt be full a free will Offering
Or elſe t'will ne're a laſting Union bring.
As oft I ſaid, ſo I again repeat;
To leave thy ſelf the beſt way is to ſeat
Peace in thy Soul, give all for all ſeek nought
Place ſtill in me thy pure and ſtedfaſt thought,
And thou ſhalt me enjoy be clear within
And fear no darknings from the clouds of Sin
Endeavour, pray, deſire that thou may'ſt be
Clearly diſroab'd of all propriety;
And naked follow naked Chriſt, and be
Dead to the World but ſtill alive to me.

Then ſhalt thou break thy Idle fancy's ſnares
All Ill temptations and ſuperfluous cares;
Then fond and pannick fear thou'lt drive away
And all diſorder'd paſſions will decay.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Of good Government in Exteriour things and recourſe to God in Dangers.

LORD.

AT all times (Son) thou muſt uſe dilligence
That in each bus'neſs which thou doſt commence
Thou ſtill command thy ſelf, thy mind ſtill free,
Not under all but all things under thee:
As Lord and Maſter of thy Acts behave
Thy ſelf; not as a Servant or a ſlave,
But like the true and free born Hebrew be,
That ſhares his Portion and his Liberty
Amongſt the Sons of God: Who ſcorn this ſlime
But ſtrive the top of endleſs bliſs to climb;
Whoſe left Eye ſcarce dains to behold the toys
Of Earth, but with the right fix on the Joys
Of Heaven; who uſe no temporary good
As wed thereto, but as 'tis underſtood
A mean which God ordain'd to ſerve him, and
To that end built by his all powerfull hand;

SERVANT.

That beſſed hand which nothing did create
In any creatures frame inordinate.

LORD.

Stand firmly then againſt all accidents,
And not in ſhew; nor Judge by carnall ſenſe
As Eye or Ear doth them preſent, but when
A doubtfull matter needs advice, thou then

With

With *Moyſes* to the Tabernacle go
And pray thy Lord thou mayſt his Judgment know:
Gods Oracles will hence to thee declare
Both things to come and thoſe that preſent are.
And as that Holy Prophet always went,
To know what doubts or obſcure queſtions meant,
Into that holy cloſet and there pray'd
That God would dangers ſtop mens weakneſs aid.
So muſt thou to thy hearts cloſe temple fly
And Sacrifice there to the Deity
Thy humble Soul, imploring that his will
May help thee all thy Actions to fulfill,
Of *Joſue* and *Jacobs* Tribes 'tis writ
How they were cheated by the Gieboniť,
Falſe zeal and ſweetned words did them entice
To make a League without the Lords advice.

CHAP. XXXIX.

That man ſhould not be too Importunate and Sollicitous in Buſines.

LORD.

SOn leave thy cauſe to me, I'le manage it
As time beſt ſerves to thy moſt benifit:
Nay let me Judge as well as Councell be,
And thou ſhalt profit reap by my decree.

SERVANT.

How ſmal a guift our gracious God contents
He all commands, yet ſeeks but our conſents?
Take mine (Deer Lord) take freely all I have
My uſeles thoughts ſerve only to enſlave
My mind to ſome vain future hopes, would I
Could leave them all and freely to thee fly.

LORD.

Moſt oft my Child man doth purſue that thing
With vehemence whereto his wiſh doth cling;

But when perchance he to the end is brought
Of his desires, then doth his fickle thought
Change to some other point; mens fancies ne're
Are constant, but like fans turn here and there.
Even then that little may be sometimes best
Which thou forsak'st although it seems the least;
Such profit most as most themselves deny
They are most free most in security.
But mans old foe the constant foe of good,
By whose temptations he is still withstood
From gaining Heaven, both night and day Prepares
For heedles Souls his undescerned snares:
Hence God to watch and pray gives man a call
Fearing he may in these Temptations fall.

CHAP. XL.

That man of Himself has no good and can Glory of Nothing.

SERVANT.

LOrd what is man that thou so mindfull art
Of him? what is mans Child? what his desert?
That thou should'st visit him or thus bestow
So many favours on a thing so low?
Lord though thou quit'st us how can we complain?
Can we reply, although thou should'st not dain
To grant what we request? no Lord we may
With an undoubted truth both think and say:
Wee nothing are, can nothing do, have nought
Of good in us, in all defective, brought
To nought at Length, and if not helpt bythee
In soul and body both would ruin'd be.
But thou O Lord art still the same, and dost
Continue for Eternity, good, Just,
And holy; goodness, Justice, Sanctity,
To all thy Wisdoms acts companions be.

But

But we (that are far ſubjecter to ſtray
Then walk the beatten road) ne're keep one way.
Each thought's a diff'rent way, and new ways ſtill,
Preſent themſelves for choice unto our will.
But when thou wilt, ſoon Lord thou canſt direct
Our wandring ſteps, and with thy hand protect
Thy Servant; for without mans help thou mayſt
Aſſiſt; my minds confirm'd when e're thou ſay'ſt
The word, & without change can'ſt make my heart
Unto thy only ſelf, it ſelf impart.
Whence could I human conſolations fly
Or for devotion, or neceſſity,
(For truth I am compel'd to ſeek thee Lord,
Earths Joys like Idols falſly are ador'd)
Then might I hope that I thy grace might merrit
And thy new comforts guifts at full inherit.
Thanks Lord: 'tis only thee I ſtill muſt Bleſs
As oft as I encounter good ſucceſs.
For me what am I but meer vanity?
A nothing, a light feather that doth fly
With every puff; what do my boaſts then gain,
Or courted glory? nothing: Oh how vain.
Truth worldly Honour is a plague, a toy
Of toys, that cheats us of true glorys Joys,
And robs us of Celeſtiall Grace; for he
That makes himſelf his God, undoubtedly
Muſt thee diſpleaſe, his prides fond Luſt courts praiſe
Of men, and ſtrength of Virtue thence decays.
True Glory, and true exaltations be
Not Joy nor Glory in our ſelves, but thee;
Not in our worth, but in thy name to take
Such Joys, to love none elſe but for thy ſake.
Thy Name not mine be prais'd, thy work, not mine
Be magnifi'd, bleſt be that Name of thine
Thy holy Name; but nothing let there be
Of mans applauſe attributed to me.

Thou

Thou art my glory Lord, my only pride
Of heart, all day thou ſhalt be gloryfi'd
In joyfull Hymns by me; for nought I ſee,
Comes to my ſhare but my Infirmity.
Let blinded Jews to borrow honour go:
For me I'le none but what thou doſt beſtow.
All humane Fame all temporall Renown
All worldly pomp, weigh'd with the wealthy Crown
Of thy Eternal Glory; is a grain
As fondly put i'th Scales, as light and vain.
To thee, my truth, my mercy, do I fly
To thee one God, and bleſſed Trinity
I humbly Fame, Praiſe, Glory, Virtue ſend,
To laſt for Million worlds, time without end.

CHAP. XLI.

Of the contempt of all Temporall Honours.

LORD.

MY Son though other men thou chance to ſee
Applauded, and ador'd with Cap and Knee,
And thou mean while deſpis'd, thy Rags declin'd
By ev'ry he, let not this daunt thy mind
Rouſe up thy Heart, fly unto me and then
Thou'lt walk contemning the Contempts of men.

SERVANT.

Lord we in blindneſs live, and ſoon are blown
With Vanity; who er'e is truly known
Unto himſelf thinks nothing Injury,
Nor juſtly can in ought complain of thee.
If then my Sins, were Lord, thy conſtant foes?
What wonder is't, if every Creature throws
His ſpight at me? with Scorn, and ſlight me pays,
And yields thee conſtant Glory, fame and praiſe.

But

But till I can reſolvedly expoſe
My mind in all things to the ſpightfull blows
Of ev'ry Hand and Tongue, even like a thing
That's quite forlorn, there's no eſtabliſhing
Of true Interiour Peace, no light can be
In Soul, no Union 'twixt my God and me.

CHAP. XLII.

That Peace is not to be plac'd in Men.

LORD.

IF men on any creature fix their reſt
To ſuit their fancy or ſelf Intereſt;
Be ſure their thoughts will ſtill be wavering,
Still troubled be; but if the living Spring
Of flowing truth, they ſeek, though friends depart
Or dye, 'tis nought, no grief can ſtrike their heart.
All love of friends ſhould have its riſe from me;
And any that ſeems good, or fit to be
Belov'd, muſt for my ſake be lov'd, no love
Continues which proceeds not from above;
No kind of love or friendſhip can be pure,
Where I do not the heart and hand aſſure.
Mans love to mankind ſhould ſo far be dead
(As it by nature can be warranted)
That he ſhould be content to be without
All humane company, for without doubt,
He moſt annears to me that moſt doth fly
All comfort of the worlds Society.
The more he ſtoops into himſelf; the more
He ſlights himſelf, the higher doth he ſoar:
For where a man doth any thing of good
Attribute to himſelf, the more's withſtood
The entry of my Grace: The holy Ghoſt
Doth with the humbleſt Soul inhabit moſt.

Could'ſt

Could'ſt thou ſo far thy ſelf annihilate,
As all thy love from Creatures to tranſlate
To the Creator, then would I beſtow,
That Fountain on thee, which with grace ſhould flow.
Their eyes are blind to God, who look on man,
But they who all for their Creator can
Forego, ſhall quickly gain the knowledge thence
To reach at my Divine intelligence
Leaſt things when ſought with love inordinate,
Do ſlacken and corrupt this Heavenly ſtate.

CHAP. XLIII.

Againſt Vain and Worldly Knowledge.

LORD.

SOn let not ſmooth and ſubtill language gain
Thy heart, Gods Kingdom doth in virtue reign
Not words of men; give ear to what I ſay:
The harden'd heart and mind receive their day
From me; 'tis from my grace that men repent,
'Tis I beſtow each meaſure of content.
What? doſt thou only read that thou mayſt ſeem
More Learned and more Wiſe in mens eſteem?
Not ſo my Child, but rather mortify
Thy Sinfull members, for herein doth lye,
More profit to thy Soul, then had'ſt thou known
The deepeſt things that are by Learning ſhown,
When much thou haſt both underſtood and read,
All things muſt be reduced to one head.
'Tis I thy God that teacheth men their Skill;
'Tis I that into little Babes diſtill
That learning which tranſcends the deepeſt reach
Of greateſt Doctors, if I once but teach
With half a word, my Schollar wants no wit
He hath enough his Soul to benefit.

Woe

Woe unto him whose Critticque itch enquires
For all that Curious is, but ne're desires
To be instructed so that he may be
Conversant in the way of serving me.
Can ye forget how at the day of doom
The Prince of Masters, Angels King doth come?
And to each lesson Audience doth afford
And parceth ev'ry Conscience to a word:
Then shall mens Tongues their arguments refuse,
Then tapers shall *Jerusalem* peruse;
Then closest sins done in each Cabinet,
Shall on the top of ev'ry hill be set.
'Tis I that in a trice the humble mind
Exalts; that more may hence the meaning find
Of Heavenly truth, then had they studied o're
The Sciences of Schools ten years and more.
No din of words is where I teach, no fire
Of opposite opinions, no desire
Of selling Learning for applause, no Jars
Of diff'rent Arguments to raise Tongue-wars
My Doctrine teacheth earthly things to slight
The present loath; to seek and take delight
In what Eternall is, to fly the blast
Of Honour, to endure Affronts, to cast
All hopes on me, to covet nought but me,
And more then all to love me ardently;
For some by loving me with a true heart
Learnt that Divinity, spoke with that art
As wonder bred; they gain'd a greater prize
By loving me then Studying Subtilities.
'Tis true, to some I give but common meat,
And choicest fare to others, some I treat
With sweetest signes, and figures, and some try
My Mysteries even to saciety:
My words like Feasts to all the same but yet,
Between my Guests I some distinction set;

I am

I am that Doctor that perceives within
How Hearts and thoughts infected are with sin,
Imans good acts advance, and guerdon those
With Justice who my tallents well dispose.

CHAP. XLIV.

Of not attracting to ones self Exteriour Things.

LORD.

IN sundry ways (my Son) thou must appear,
And be unknowing, and esteem thee here
As one that's dead, the world the same to thee
For many things must over pasted be,
(As usually 'tis said) with a deaf Ear
And rather to thy inward peace adhere.
Or if thine Eyes see what doth not content
Divert this sense for so thou shalt prevent
Contentious words, which hence do oft ensue,
Let busy worldlings their own sense pursue.
Be just to God his Judgments view, and then
Thou'lt slight to be thus overcome by Men.

SERVANT.

Lord whether are we led? each worldly loss
We presently bewail, no pains no cross
Can check the quest of gain, but though our Soul
Turns Bankrupt, one sweet word serves to controul
The grief hereof, nay scarcely is it brought
One poor short minute to our wretched thought.
And thus whilst trifles eagerly are sought
Our *Summum bonum* slighted is as nought:
Man Swims with the exteriour tide of Sin
And if not rescued Perisheth therein.

CHAP. XLV.

That Faith is not to be given to all; and of the eaſie failing of words.

SERVANT.

LOrd aid me from the anguiſh of my mind,
Mans help is vain; for often do I find
Leaſt Succour where expected moſt, and moſt
Where leaſt was hop'd, then let fond worldlings boaſt
This Prince, or Peer their Sole, yet rotten truſt,
Thou only Lord art ſafety to the Juſt.
Bleſt be thy Name in each event; we all
Are weak unſteddy things, ſoon trip, ſoon fall:
Where breaths that Man whoſe care and wariness
So guarded ſtill his Steps with good Succeſs
That ſometimes ſtumbl'd not into deceipt,
And troubles? but who leans with all his weight
On thee my God, and fearleſs never calls
For other Prop, he neither trips nor falls.
And though ſome troubles ſhould arife whereby,
He may Intangl'd be, thou preſently
Doſt free him thence, or grant him comfort there,
They ne're quit hopes that unto thee adhere.
How prudent was that heavenly mind which ſaid
My Soul is Fixt, and its Foundation laid
In Chriſt; O were but mine in that ſame ſtate
What threats of Tyrants could it ſubjugate,
To fear; what Cup of terrour it not drink?
What thundring words could make her tall heart ſink?
Who's He that all foreſees? who can prevent
With all his wit each future accident?
If things foreſeen prove oft to our diſlike?
No wonder unforeſeen ſhould deeply ſtrike:
Wretch that I am why better did not I
Forecaſt my work? or why ſo ſuddenly

Give

Give Credit unto others? but alas
We are but Men, and meerly Men of glaſs.
Though many oft by their miſtake incline
To think and ſpeak of us as if divine.
To whom, Lord ſhall I creddit give? to whom:
Poor wretched fool from whom ſuch queſtions come?
Whom truſt but God? all truth all certainty;
Who nor deceives nor can deceived be.
For men oth tother ſide are nought but lyes,
Cheats, Sickneſs, weakneſs, and uncertainties.
Eſpecially in words; that ſcarſly we
Can creddit give to what we hear, and ſee.
How wiſely Lord did'ſt thou us caution give
To ſhun the wiles of men? even they that live
Within our walls, are foes; nor muſt we heed
What ſome aver, although they ſwear the deed.
Thus doth my loſs me teach, would it could bleſs
Me from my folly with more cautiouſneſs.
Now comes a grave Sir *Poll* and he inſpires
A Secret in mine ear, and then deſires;
I lock it in the Cloſet of my heart
And tells this ten times ore, ere he can part.
Mean while, whilſt I with care am tutoring
Both tongue and thought to Secreſy, the thing
By his own follie's told and thus betrays
Us both, with ſeeming wiſe but ſcenceleſs ways.
From ſuch fond fables and from ſuch a ſect
Of bubble babling men, me Lord protect;
And that I never fall within their power
Nor acts of mine may ever meet like hour,
Thy Servants mouth with words of truth ſtill bleſs
And from all fallacy and Craftineſs
Defend my tongue O Lord that I may do
To others, as I would be done unto.
What good, what quiet doth it bring, to hold
Our peace of others? not each ſtory told

To hear and Judge alike? nor ſtreight ways deal
The words to each we meet, nor yet reveal
Our Secrets but to few; but ſeek thee ſtill
My God, to be the Searcher of our will.
Man ſhould not turn with every puff, but leave
His all to what thy will doth beſt percieve.
To ſhun aſſemblies is the fafeſt way
To gain Celeſtiall Grace; not ſtrut in gay
And rich Apparell to attract the gaze
Of People on us, or ſome fools amaze.
The gnomon of our Cares ſhould thither tend
Where Zeal is got, where we our lives may mend
Mens actions prais'd raiſe ſometimes like a charm
Their ſelf conceipt unto the owners harm,
But grace conceal'd with ſilence, in this life
Of our mortality; one conſtant ſtrife
Of Croſſes and Temptations, oft doth find
An unknown treaſure in her humble mind.

CHAP. XLVI.

Of Confidence to be put in God when ill words are ſpoken againſt us.

LORD.

WOrds are but words, then prithee Son be woo'd
To truſt in me, and leave this froward mood;
Look up, on God, and let weak words paſs by
Meer airy puffs that ne're can hurt a fly.
If thou doſt hear whereof thou guilty art,
Conſider how to Cure thy Lep'rous heart;
But if thy Conſcience thee not guilty find,
A free-will Offring give thy patient mind
To God: 'tis fit ſometimes thou undergo
A word, ſince yet thou canſt not brook a blow.
And would'ſt thou know why trifles comes ſo near
Thy heart? thou Carnall art, and ſet'ſt to dear

A rate on mens opinions, thy exceſs
Hates Councell though it glut on every meſs.
Hence doſt thou fear that thou ſhould'ſt be deſpis'd
And to the ſhelter of excuſes fly'ſt.
Do but my Son a little better view
Thy Inſide, and thou'lt then confeſs it true
That yet the world doth raign o're thee, and thou
Doſt to it's Idol of complaiſance bow.
For whilſt thou ſtill doſt grudge to be abas'd
Or Check'd for Crimes which thou committed haſt,
Tis plain, thou want'ſt a true humility;
Nor to the world art dead, nor it to thee.
Obſerve then what I ſpeak and thou'lt not weigh
Ten thouſand words: Suppoſe now men ſhould ſay
All that the height of malice could invent
Againſt thee? prithee tell what detriment
Were this to thee; if thou did'ſt careleſly
Neglect them all and ſcornfull paſs them by
As Puppets tattlings? could their pot-gun ſhot
Deſtroy one hair, or Injure thee one jot?
But whoſe fond heart from his ſafe harbour flies
Not making God the object of his eyes,
Each Slanderous word doth raiſe within his mind
A Storm. Where he whoſe hopes in me's confin'd
And doth not to his own weak skill adhere;
Shall boldly ſail free from all humane fear.
I am that perfect Index that points out
Each Secret, ſtrangeſt acts ne're breed a doubt
In me; I am that Judge that cannot err
I know the Injur'd and the Injurer:
Such words by my permiſſion paſs, that hence
Mens hearts might be reveal'd. Though Innocence
And Guilt I ſhall hereafter Judge, yet I
Do both before with ſecret Judgments try.
Mans ſenſe doth often err though never mine,
It keeps (nay cannot change) its certain line,

To

To ſome it ſhines, but clowds of folly run
Betwixt the moſt of mankind and this Sun.
When miſty doubts then riſe, to me ſtill fly,
Man never ſhould on his own will rely,
What ever accidents by God are ſent,
The truly good do ne're their minds torment.
If friends the Juſtice of their cauſe maintain
Their ſatisfaction is not ill nor vain:
And if ſome crimes may be untruly laid
Unto their charge, they weigh not what is ſaid,
They well conſider how that I deſcry
The ſecrets of mens hearts, nor e're rely
On Face or Shape, or e're ſo ſmooth pretence
Of ſeeming truth, to form my Judgment thence.
Oft do mine eyes that party guilty find,
To whoſe acquittall men are moſt enclin'd.

SERVANT.

Great God, juſt Judge, who powerfull patient art,
Who know'ſt the filth, and failings of mans heart
Be Lord my ſtrength and truſt, oft I as bright
Do judge my ſelf as day, when dark as night.
Thou know'ſt what ſeems a Miſtery to me
And hence I ought with true humility
To greet thy Checks, and patiently ſubmit
To what my Saviour thinks moſt requiſit.
And Lord as oft as this I did not do
I beg for pardon, let thy favours too
Enlarge my will to greater Sufferings,
Thy copious Mercy more forgiveneſs brings,
And gards each Skulking Conſcience, more then can
The ſelf conceipted Juſtice of weak man.
Though to my ſelf I Conſcious am of nought,
Shall this me juſtify in my own thought,
O no, thy mercy once remov'd what's he
That in thy ſight himſelf can juſtifie.

CHAP. XLVII.

That all grievous things are to be endured for Eternall Life.

LORD

SOn let no labours tire thee out, which thou
doſt take for me, nor weight of Croſſes bow
Thee down, reſt on my promiſe it hath ſtrength
To comfort, and to bear thee out at length.
I am that mighty Monarch, whoſe vaſt treaſure
Rewards my Servants without weight or meaſure,
Thou ſhalt not toil here long, nor ſtill with grief
Be vext, expect a little while, releif
Shall finiſh ſoon thy Ills, one hour will come
And give thy Toyls and Troubles all their doom.
What poor, what ſhort, what trivial things are they?
Whoſe Lives are meaſur'd by an hour or day.
Ply thy work faithfully, and labour hard
In this my Vineyard, I'le be thy reward.
Write, Read, or Sing, weep, Pray, or ſilent be,
And wellcome all (but Sin) though contrary
Unto thy mind, how happy is that ſtrife,
Though ne're ſo great, that gains Eternall Life.
The time will come, a time well known to God
Wherein true peace ſhall meet no period
Of nights, or days, but ſhall be always bleſt
With pure and endleſs light and conſtant reſt.
Nor ſhalt thou then have cauſe to ſay where's he
That from this Bodies priſon will me free?
Nor ſhalt thou then with grief and plaints lament
The prolongation of thy baniſhment.
For loe thy wiſht for Death haſtes on his pace
And indefective Life takes up his place.
Whom troubles fly, and bleſt mirth ſtill attends,
Joyn'd ſtill with Heaven's ſweet quire of lovely friends.

O had'ſt thou ſeen the everlaſting Crown
Of Saints in Heaven, how glorious that Renown
Wherein they now rejoyce (thoſe Saints which here
Did to the world contemptible appear ;
Even thought unworthy by each naſty elf
To breath the air) thou would'ſt ſubject thy ſelf
As low as Earth, nay truth more gladly be
The Slave of all, then all men Slaves to thee,
Thoſe hours that to the world moſt ſweetned ſeem
Thou moſt would'ſt hate, and for Gods love eſteem
The days of Sorrow moſt, and think moſt gain
In words and acts that moſt did thee diſdain.
That thou once could'ſt cleerly reliſh theſe,
And theſe could once thy Pallat truly pleaſe,
How would'ſt thou tremble once, to ſpeak of wrong,
Or croſs ? though armies of Misfortune throng
In ere ſo great a bulk, ſhould not all be
With courage met for Heavens Felicity ?
Doſt think it nothing or ſome fooliſh prize
Of Boys, to looſe or conquer Paridiſe ?
O Son look up to Heaven, behold me here
With all my happy Saints, whoſe earthly cheer
Was want of ev'ry thing, but only woe,
Now are our Joys ſecure, free from the blow
Of ſadneſs, ſtill in comfort, ſtill in peace
Co-heirs of Heaven, whoſe reign ſhall never ceaſe.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Of the day of Eternity, and neceſſities of this Life.

SERVANT.

HOW Bleſt O happy City is thy ſeat
Thy day for time and glory how compleat ?
Where Night ne're comes, where brighteſt truth doth
With conſtant light in it's Meridian line. [ſhine

O Joyfull day which dangers ne're come nigh
Bleſt ſtate where is no contrariety.
O would this day did once appear, and all
Were finiſht now that is but temporall.
'Tis true unto the Saints it's now thus bright
With perpetuity of glorious light.
But we (whoſe mortall Eyes are yet alive)
Diſcern it only through a Perſpective.
The happy Citizens of Heaven perceive
The joy hereof, the baniſht Sons of Eve
Complain, how long and craggie is the way
Thereto, In truth mans life is but a day
Both ſhort and bad, environ'd with the cares
Of ſundry griefs and troubles, and the ſnares
Of Death, where man with black of ſin is dy'd,
With multitudes of paſſions crucifi'd,
With fears agaſht, rackt with anxiety,
With curious toys beguil'd, in vanity
Involv'd, confus'd with Errors numberleſs,
O'recome and tir'd with pains and toyls exceſs,
Rent with temptations, preſt with daily fights
Of num'rous wants and wearied with delights.
O when, O when ſhall all theſe ills conclude,
When from this miſerable ſervitude
Of Sin ſhall I be free? When ſhall I mind
None but my Lord, when ſhall I fully find
Content in thee alone? when ſhall I be
Without all check, at perfect Liberty
Free from all minds and bodies greif? when ſhall
My ſtable quiet be ſo generall?
That undiſturbed peace may reign within
My glorious Soul without controul of ſin?
Dear Jeſu when ſhall I in ſtedfaſt wiſe
Behold thee? when ſhall I preſent mine eyes
The glory of thy Kingdom? Or when ſhall
My Lord be to his Vaſſall, all in all?

O ſay

O ſay when ſhall I to thy Kingdom fly,
Made for thy Servants from Eternity?
Poor baniſht wretch, an hoſtile ground's my Fort,
Beſeig'd with wars, and croſſes of each ſort,
My greif, thy comfort; my exile requires
Thy aid, thou art the mark of my deſires.
All that this world preſents for gold's a toy
Of Glaſs, or load of Lead; I would enjoy
My God alone, but oh I cannot gain
My wiſh, Cæleſtiall treaſures I would fain
Poſſeſs, but earth and untam'd paſſions ſtrive
To cheat me of this wealth, my Soul doth drive
At Heaven, but coward fleſh regards the ſteep
Of this aſcent, and drowns me in the Deep.
Thus with my ſelf unhappy man I jar,
Thus ruin'd by uncivil civil War,
Whilſt each part ſtrives to gain their place of birth,
My Soul at Heaven, my Body aims at Earth.
In truth, my words cannot expreſſion find
To paint the Skirmiſh, of my praying mind,
For whilſt at Heavenly things ſhe frames her Eyes,
Straight Ambuſhes of carnall thoughts ariſe.
Releif then Lord, ſtand not too far away
Leaſt quit by thee in wrath, I looſe the day,
Deſtroy them with thy flames, or one dart ſhoot,
And all the foes deſignes will nothing boot;
Rally but once my Senſes unto thee,
I'le make this world unto oblivion flie
Thy ſuccour Lord ſhall make me in a trice
Both ſlight and conquer all the cheats of vice.
Help then eternal truth, leaſt vanity
O'recome me; whilſt my only Sun is by.
Darkneſs departs. Lo then I here preſent
A worms requeſt. To the Ommipotent,
And merciful. When ought I do revolve
At prayer time, but thee, my God abſolve

The crime, for I muſt truly now confeſs
I ſeldom pray without diſtractedneſs;
Oft when my tongue ſome Boon from thee implores,
My heathen thought falſe Deities adores.
Thus by my ſelf am I from my ſelf brought,
There moſt I am where moſt I fix my thought.
And thoughts dwell moſt with love, So that I find
What moſt I uſe or fancy, Moſt I mind.
Hence did thy truth apparently declare,
That there our hearts be, where our Treaſures are.
If Heaven I love, Heaven only is my theame,
Or if the world, then do I only dream
Of it's contents, whoſe contrary effect
My Sadneſs is; if I the fleſh affect
My thoughts are fleſhly, if the Soul I love,
Then onely in her lofty ſpheare I move,
Love with magnetick power attracts the ear,
And eye, a charm which man doth always wear.
The premiſes conſider'd, dain a Grant,
To make me happy in a willing want
Of every thing for thy ſake Lord to ſlight
The ſmooth requeſts of nature, and to fight
With fervor of the Soul againſt the luſt
Of fleſh, with prayer pure, with Conſcience juſt,
With wealths refuſall nobly to aſpire
To gain a Seat amongſt thy Heavenly quire.

CHAP. XLIX.

Of the day of Eternall Life, and how many Bleſſings are Promiſed to thoſe that fight for it.

LORD.

SON If thou ſeeſt a ſpark of Sacred fire
Deſcend from Heaven, and that thou doſt deſire
To quit thy body, that thy Spirits eye
May fully view my bright Divinity;

Enlarge

Enlarge thy heart, and greet this noble Gueſt
With gladneſs, and provide an ample feaſt
Of thanks for his eternall goodneſs, that
So frankly doth with thee participat
His grace, with ſo much mercy viſit thee
With ſo much zeal thee rouze, ſo powerfully
Advance thy Soul, or elſe thy proper weight
Would pull thee down to Earth from all this height.
For think not that thy thoughts or earneſt pains
Do purchaſe this, 'tis meerly I that dains.
To grant ſuch guifts from ſome one gratious glance
Of my ſole goodneſs, that thou mai'ſt advance
In vertue, and more humbleneſs, and fit
Thy heart for future wars, and throughly knit
Thy will ſo unto mine, that thine may ſtill
Be ready girt my orders to fulfill
As fire flames up and ſmoke doth with it mix:
So oft mens zeal although on Heaven it fix
Yet ſtill retains it mixture of ſome ſoil
Of fleſhly luſt, which doth it's pureneſs foil,
Oft prayers ſwiftly fly, yet oft are maim'd,
For my ſole honour's not the thing they aym'd
And ſuch the work of thy deſires my Son,
Which thou ſo ſeriouſly would'ſt oft have done.
But know that this is neither pure nor true
Where thou doſt for thy own advantage ſue.
Then ſeek not child thy own gain nor content
Still let my pleaſure and renown be ment
In ev'ry thing, Judge wiſely and thou'lt deem
My will above ought that thy thoughts eſteem.
Thy wiſhes, and thy conſtant weepings I
Did hear, now would'ſt thou taſte that liberty
Of glory which Gods Sons enjoy, now this
My ſumptuous Court, my endles Kingdoms bliſs
Do moſt enjoy thy heart, yet ſtay my Son,
Thy hours not come thy work is yet undone,

Thy

Thy ſcores not fully pay'd, the time of pains,
And ſundry wars, and trialls ſtill remains.
Thou'ſt fain be fill'd with that, that's truly good,
But know as yet thou canſt not taſt this food.
'Tis I am he, expect me ſaith thy Lord,
My Kingdom only comes by my accord:
Then muſt thou Child be try'd on Earth a while
In many things, Sometimes thou ſhalt a ſmile
Of comfort from me have, but not poſſeſs
As yet my kindneſs, in all ampleneſs.
With courage then my Son prepared be
To ſuffer and to act what's contrary
To nature, leave *Saul's* arms, take thoſe that can
A Shepheard change into a warlike man,
And then reſolve to fight againſt thy will,
And that forſake which moſt ſhe would fulfill.
Reſolve to ſee that others wiſhes plot
And thrive, and that thou plot and proſper not.
That other Silly Sots ſhall ſpeak and have
Reſpect and audience, but thy words though grave
And wiſe, ſhall but be hiſt, they ſeek and gain
Thou ſeek and beg, but ſeek and beg in vain.
Others repute ſhall larded be with fat
Of praiſes, thine forgot, this Charge or that
To others truſt comitted, thou caſt by
As uſeleſs for the leaſt neceſſity.
'Tis true thy nature oft at ſuch will pet,
Yet in thy ſilence thou'lt much profit get.
In theſe and ſuch God trys his loyall freinds
Still as they venture ſtill he courage ſends.
Scarce is there ought wherein thou ſhould'ſt ſo much
O'recome thy ſelf, as in performing ſuch
Which nature moſt abhors, and chiefly thoſe
Obey, whoſe fond though ſtrict commands propoſe
Such trivial undertakings moſt to thee
As bring leaſt eaſe and leaſt commodity.

Where

Where thou art under higher powers 'tis fear
That cheifly cauſeth thy obedience there,
But to obey thy equals beck or ſlight
Thy own opinion, oh how hard that fight?
Yet now conſider Son the copious fruit
Hereof, how quick an end is put unto't.
What great rewards enſue, and then no greif
Thou'lt find, but in thy patience vaſt releif.
For in the place of this ſame ſmall deſire
Which thou ſo freely quit'ſt, thou ſhalt acquire
Thy endleſs will in Heaven, for there thou'lt meet
All that a bleſſed Soul can fancy ſweet.
There ſhalt thou all the Magazin of good
Command, nor fear thy power may be withſtood:
There ſhall thy will be one with mine, no thought
Of trade at home, or wealth from *India* brought
Shall wrack thy mind, no contradictions fear,
No Plaints, no Obſtacles, no Croſſes, there,
What Heart or Eye can wiſh to find, or ſee,
Shall there be preſent, and both ſatisfie
Unto the full, with Glory I will pay
Endur'd affronts, for robes of mourning lay
A glorious crown upon the Victors head,
And have the meek in bliſs eſtabliſh'd,
Earths ſow'n obedience meets that Autumn there
Which yields a full crop to an endleſs year;
True Pennance and Obedience are two Gems
Wherewith I deck Saints heavenly Diadems.
Then humble Son thy ſelf to ev'ry hand,
And value not this word, or that command,
If Prelate, Novice, or thy equall Sue,
Or bid, be ſure my Child thou freely do
This act with all the ſtudious care thou may,
And take it kindly what ſoe're they ſay.
Though other men ſhould boaſt in that or this
Call this their glory that their Paradiſe.

And

And theſe be prais'd ten thouſand million ways
Do thou in neither Joy, but thy diſpraiſe
Moſt gladly wellcome, placing ſtill that love
(Which ſeeks to pleaſe and honour me) above
All other things, and wiſh that (live or dye)
Thou God in all may'ſt always glorify.

CHAP. L.

How a forlorne and misfortunate man ought to offer himſelf to the hands of God.

SERVANT.

MY Lord, my God, my holy Father, I
Now bleſs thee who art bleſt eternally.
All that thou will'ſt is done, and what thou doſt
Is good, Lord let an humble worm of duſt
Not in himſelf or in the world rejoyce,
But only in his God, the only choice
Of choice delights, his only hope his Crown
The cheif of all his joys, his ſole renown.
Great Lord what e're thy Vaſſall doth inherit
Is all thy guiſt, and all without his merrit.
Fond world why then doſt thou thy nothing brave,
Thy all is his, he all both made and gave:
Mans Life is but one conſtant trade of wo,
Bound Prentice to it, e're he learnt to go.
His mind full oft a mournfull Sea of tears
Toſt oft with paſſions of his greif and fears.
Lord then unto thoſe Joys of peace I fly
Where in the pleaſing ſight of thy bright Eye
Thy Flock by thee is fed, if thou grant'ſt peace,
Or tun'ſt my Soul with Joy, She'le never ceaſe
From warbling thy ſweet praiſe in notes that ſhall
Out vye the trebles of the Nightingall.
But if (as oft) thou doſt) withdraw thy hand
Straight are the leſſons of her Lords command
Forgot,

Forgot, her hands assault her Breast, and rent
Her useless hair, and kneeling doth lament.
For now 'tis not as last or t'other day
When that her head was guilded with thy ray,
O're vayled with the shade of thy fair wings
And by thee guarded from temptations stings.
The hour just Father now is come wherein
Thy Servant must be led to fight with Sin.
'Tis just, just Father justly most belov'd
That for thee now thy Servant should be prov'd
With sufferings, my Father still to be
Ador'd by all, who from Eternity
Foresaw'st this hour, wherein for some short space
Thy Servant should lye under the disgrace
Of men, but that he should interiourly
Still (Gracious Lord) live and rejoyce in thee:
Thou didst it, that the world should him despise
A while, he humbled be, lost in the Eyes
Of man, be fill'd with pains and Pestilence,
Or tortur'd with distractions of the Sense,
That from the night of pangs and greifs, he may
At the Aurora of a new fair day
Remount with thee and to thy Kingdom come
Shine glorious in that true Elizium.
All this my holy Father was fulfill'd
As thou commanded preordain'd and will'd.
These pond'rous greifs and crosses most are thrown
On such as most thou for thy Freinds dost own,
And all such darts as any time them hit,
Thy Councell and thy wisdom do permit.
Nought's done on Earth without a cause, 'tis good
Thou oft dost feed me with such bitter food;
That hence I may thy Justice learn, and part
From all the proud presumptions of my heart.
Lord it is more of benefit that thou
Ordainest shame, then bays to crown my brow,

That

That tutor'd hence I better may discry
How weak mans comfort, and on thee relye.
Hence thou to fear thy Judgments dost men teach,
Rather then strive to learn what mounts the reach
Of wit, both good and bad Afflicted be,
But never any without equitie.
What thanks then shall I pay my gratious God,
Who whips my Sins with his Chastising rod.
Who ulcers o're my meagre *Job* like Skin
Whil'st greifs are my sole visiters within,
Nor comforts found beneath the canopy
Of Heaven, that rob'd of creatures, I may fly
To thee, thou Lord the Souls Physitian art
The onely he, that strikes and cures mans heart,
That leads him unto Hell, and brings him thence,
That art both Whip and Tutor of our sense.
Behold I am (dear Father) in thy hands
Behold I stoop unto thy strict commands,
Strike Lord both back and Neck make them incline
Their crooked stifness to that will of thine,
A pious meek Disciple make me Lord,
That all my actions justly may accord
With ev'ry nod of thine, 'tis thou that gave
Me all, and I my self, and all I have
Return the giver, spare not then my crimes
Stroaks now are better then in future times.
Lord thou know'st all and ev'ry thing, and nought
Skulks, in the darkest Conscience, but is brought
Before thine eyes, each art thou see'st ere done
What boots a taper then to light the Sun?
What need State secrets of the Earth be sent
As news to him, who is the President
Of ev'ry Councell, Lord thou know'st what's fit
For my advantage, what most requisit
To cross me in, how much of spots remains
Within my Soul, what best to scowr these stains.

Dear

Dear Lord make my desires in love with thine,
Nor yet dispise this Sinfull life of mine,
A life though ill, thou God did'st it bestow,
Which none more cleerly then thy self doth know.
Lord make me know what should be known that
Which ought to be belov'd, that most approve [love
Which precious seems to thee, that praise and prise
Which pleaseth most my Saviour, that despise
Loath, or dispraise, which seemeth most to be
An action of displeasure unto thee.
Lord let me not by an exteriour glance
Give censure, nor with ears of Ignorance
Hear and decree, and let no ends controul
My Justice, in true Judgment of the Soul
Or Bodies cause, but let me always be
Obedient to the words of thy decree.

LORD.

Mans Sense in Judging often is deceiv'd,
For worldlings only Judge what is perceiv'd,
And thence are cheated, dost thou better find
Thy self? that men do judge thee good or kind,
For whil'st such failers——failers do maintain
With praise, or blind the blind, or vain the vain,
Or weak the weak, they cheat themselves, and more
Confound those whom so fondly they adore.
Well did my holy *Francis* once declare
With humbleness: that as men only are
Priz'd in my sight, for guilt or ritghteousness,
So are they just, and nothing more or less

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

That a man ought to employ himſelf in works of Humility when ability is wanting for higher things.

LORD.

THou art not able Son with conſtant eyes
Of Virtue to behold my Face, nor riſe
Unto the height of Contemplation, and
At ſuch a pitch ſoar freely at command,
For thy originall corruption oft
Will make thy Earthly mind ſtoop from aloft,
On filtherd, thy decaying life will be
A burden pack't with grief in ſpite of thee.
Mortality is like a mourning dreſs
That inward griefs doth by its blacks expreſs;
So whilſt thy Soul with weeds of fleſh is clod
'Tis requiſit that thou this fleſhly load
Doſt often in thy fleſh bewail, ſince that
Thou art not able ſtill to elevate
Thy mind to the Souls Studies, nor ſtill be
In contemplation of Divinity.
'Tis uſefull then ſometimes with cloſed wings
To point at humble and exteriour things
And works whoſe goodneſs beſt may pleaſe, and ſtay
With confidence attending on the day
Or hour wherein I ſhall vouchſafe to come
And viſit thee, and brook this preſent doom
Of thy exile, and drineſs of thy mind
With patience, till thy Soul be throughly fin'd
From all anxiety; and till again
I (as I told thee) a new viſit dain.
Then ſhall my preſence cauſe forgetfulneſs
Of all thy toyls, Interiour peace then bleſs
Thy Joyfull Soul, I'le to thy ſenſe afford
The Fragrant Garden of my Sacred word.

Where

Where with their full dilated hearts men may
Pace the ſweet walks of my Commands, and ſay
Our preſent Suffrings have not worth to be
Weigh'd with that future glory we ſhall ſee.

CHAP. LII.

That man muſt not Judge himſelf worthy of Conſolation, but rather guilty of puniſhment.

SERVANT.

THy viſits to my Soul, thy vaſt contents
I merrit not O Lord, the puniſhments
Of want, and deſolation, then (though ſtrict)
Thou juſtly on me Sinner doſt Inflict,
Truth could mine eyes a Sea of tears power forth
Still thy leaſt comforts are above my worth.
Whereof then am I worthy? even of nought
But tortures, ſtripes and death; word, deed & thought
Are thankleſs Traytors that do ſtill rebell
Againſt thee, ſiding with the Prince of Hell.
Judge juſtly then my Soul, and do not ſwerve
From reaſon, what content doſt thou deſerve?
Sure none: But thou my God, (whoſe copious ſtore
Of Mercy and Compaſſion, is much more
Then all mans Bulk of Sin) wilt not permit
The work to periſh, which thy hand thought fit
To frame and ſhape, that hence thou may'ſt make
Thy wealth of goodneſs in thy mercy ſhown. [known
To me poor wretch my God doth grant this plea-
Without my merrit, and above all meaſure, [ſure
His words ſpeak perfect Comfort, and are not
Like quibbles dreſt to pleaſe ſome crittique Sot.
What have I done Lord that thou ſhouldſt beſtow
On me thy Comfort, for I nothing know
Of any good that ever I have done,
I creep to Virtue and to Vice I run.

All this is true. I cannot it deny,
What boots an Argument whoſe ground's a ly ?
Thy ſelf againſt me Lord art evidence,
And thou my Foe what can be my defence ?
Now for my Sin what merrit I but Hell
And its eternal flames ? nay I muſt tell
The reall truth, that I am worthy of
The worſt of each Contempt, of every ſcof.
Ill fits it me a Portion then to claim
Amongſt thy Saints, or at their Honour aim,
And though theſe words are Irkſome, yet will I
Plead truth againſt my Sins, more eaſily
To win my gracious Saviour to forgive
My treaſon thus Confeſs'd, and bid me live.
And yet I ask if I ſhall guilty plead?
I, a meer maſs of Crimes when juſtly weigh'd :
Confeſs ? What dare I plead, but this one word
I Sin'd, I Sin'd, thy mercy then afford,
Thy pardon grant O Lord, permit a while
(Before I paſs into my dark exile
A Land o'recaſt with clouds of death) that theſe
My griefs by plaints may find ſome little eaſe.
A wretched guilty Sinner moſt thee wins
With Humbleneſs and Sorrow for his Sins.
True Meekneſs and Contrition of the heart
Produceth pardons hope ? alays the ſmart
Of Conſcience, thy loſt grace again obtains,
And man defends from fear of future pains.
Thus thou and a repentant Soul do meet
And with a holy kiſs each other greet.
For Sinners true Contrition in thine eyes
Is (Lord a more accepted Sacrifice
Then multitudes of Victims, and thy ſence [cenſe
More pleas'd therewith then ſweet burnt Frankin-
This is that richeſt oyntment thou did'ſt prize
So much, my Lord that heart did ne're deſpiſe

That

That was Contrite, and Meek, tears are the Tower
Of Strength againſt the rage of hoſtile Power,
Where Souls (who wounded in ſome dreadfull day
Of Sin) are cur'd, their Spots clean waſh'd away.

CHAP. LIII.

That the Grace of God is not mixed with the love of Worldly things.

LORD.

THat Maſter workman which doth Idolize
His skill, & views that watch he moſt doth prize
Built rich and rarely up he ne're will place
This wealthy Jewell in a Copper caſe.
So doth my precious Grace more rich then all
This world contains, or ſhee can riches call
Diſdain her precious wealth ſhould find a tomb
I'th ſordid entrails, of an earthly womb,
If in thy Soul thou'ſt place this Jem thou muſt
Refine her firſt, file of her droſs and ruſt,
And like the widdow'd Turtle live, (and love,
To be) alone, nor other courtſhips prove
Of feigned lovers, yeilding God thy votes,
Thy life, thy Soul, theſe are Sins antidotes.
Judge the world juſtly at her price, that's nought,
Force from thy mind her toys, let me thy thought
Alone poſſeſs, theſe triviall bubbles be
Rebells, contending with my Monarchy.
Hoyſe thy wing'd Sayls mounting the willing ſeas,
And fly unto thy homes Antipodes.
Force pleaſures from thy thoughts that thy life may
By practick rule, ſo far the words obey
Of Holy *Peter*, that thou may'ſt appear
Like Chriſt a Traveller and Stranger here.
How freely dares that perſon meet the ſtroak
Of Death, whoſe mind ne're felt the ſlaviſh yoak

Of Earthly thoughts, but as I taught before
Above them with a free born Soul doth Soar.
The ſick mind never taſtes this health, nor can
Earth know the freedom, of an Inward man.
For who a life that's Spirituall would try
Muſt both from Kindred, Friends and Strangers fly.
And carefully be ſure to guard that blow
Which cometh from himſelf his greateſt Foe.
A foe which perfectly o'recome the reſt
Will yield, that Triumph is the perfecteſt
Which Captive leads himſelf, this Enemy
Thus chain'd, makes brutiſh ſenſuality
Submit to reaſon, this give all his Soul
To me, and thus the world doth he controul.
If then a virtuous Pride ſpurs thee to ſcale
And fix thy Standard on this lofty wall,
Firſt learn to play the cunning Souldier, and
By mining the Foundation, gain command
Of this great Fort deſtroying all that ſtood
For hidden pleaſure or thy private good:
Man loves himſelf too much, ſo that herein
His task doth lye, to root away this Sin,
Which done, his days grow without care or ſtrife,
His age is youth, my Grace the tree of Life.
But cauſe that few makes Death of Life, and ne're
Self Int'reſt wholly quit, 'tis hence they bear
Themſelves thoſe Nets that do Entangle ſo
Their minds, that they above themſelves ne're go.
He that doth ſeek with me at liberty
To mount, muſt naſty Earths affections fly:
And fixing all his Souls deſires above,
Stoop not to ſeize on any Creatures love.

CHAP. LIV.

Of the different motions of Nature and Grace.

LORD.

THE motions (Son) of grace and nature heed
With wary dilligence, for theſe proceed
With as much skill as contrariety,
So that their diffrence few men will diſcry,
But ſuch whoſe art being taught them from above
Diſcern how their Souls inmoſt wheels do move.
All covet good 'tis true, and all pretend
To drive each art, and word to ſome good end,
But many find Sins ſting within that eye
Where ſweets of Virtue only ſeem'd to ly.
Nature with cunning many draws, deceives,
And tangles: But for private gain ſtill weaves
The web, where Grace walks like a Lamb, declines
The very outſide of an ill, deſigns
No cheat, but always for her God intends
Each act, and in him ſtill confines her ends.
Nature is loath to dye, and hates to be
Or'ecome with power, or preſt with Slavery:
But Grace deſigns how to be mortifi'd
To tame the fleſh, Subjection to abide.
Deſires to be o'recome, flies Freedom, loves
The check of Rule, and Rules wiſh diſapproves,
She covets ſtill to be, to ſtand, to live,
The ſubject of her God, and for him give
To every Creature (though they her deſpiſe)
Her humbleneſs a ready Sacrifice.
Nature trades for her private Profit, and
Seeks gain from labour of anothers hand.
But Grace diſdains ſuch ſelfiſh intereſt,
She Buys, and Cooks, but ſtill makes others Feaſt;

That gladly takes Reſpect and Fame; This pays
All to her God, She but Receiver plays.
Nature doth fear to meet Contempt and Shame,
But Grace both wellcomes for her Saviours name;
She Idleneſs and Reſt affects; but Grace
Hates truly both, and always doth embrace
Some Labour, Nature covets to poſſeſs
Roabs deckt with Beauty, made with Curiouſneſs.
Hates what is mean, and groſs, where Grace delights
In ſimple humble things, no gaul affrights
Her taſte, not ſham'd to ſee her old rags fall
To tatters. Nature ſeeks what's temporall,
Makes wealth her Heaven, and Death ſome petty loſs,
Her mind a Sea, which lighteſt words can toſs
Into a ſtorm, Grace at Eternity
Doth fly, and doth not ſtick in Earth, nor lie
A languiſhing for worldly loſs, no word
Can cauſe of Greif or Anger her afford,
There both her Treaſury, and joys are plac'd
Where theſe and all things do for ever laſt.
Nature is Covetous, more willingly
Receaves then gives, and loves propriety.
But pious Grace all to the Publick brings,
Hate's ſingularity, pleas'd with few things,
And thinks it far more happy to beſtow
Then take. She bends her wiſh on what's below,
On creatures, on her fleſh, on vanity,
And idle tales. Through Virtues this doth fly
To God, but ſhuns fond creatures and the toys
Of Earth, and all Concupiſcentiall joys.
Doth hate thoſe thoughts that fancy moſt to range,
Or publick meetings, of a town Exchange.
Contents in outward things doth Nature place,
To pleaſe her Senſuality. But Grace
Seeks all her comfort in her God alone,
And ſleights what's ſeen, to ſhare in his bleſt Throne.

Still

Still private benefit is Natures ſcope
Acts nothing gratis, but doth always hope
As good or better; favour or ſome praiſe
For what ſhe deems good deeds, expects the bays
For ev'ry act, or guift; But Grace ſeeks nought
That's temporall, no Crown by her is ſought,
But only God for her reward, nor cares
No more for any temporary wares
Then as they may ſerve to redeem paſt ſin,
Or by their vent bring heavenly treaſures in;
The former glories in the num'rous preſs
Of Freinds, or Kindred, ſumptuous Pallaces,
Or height of Birth, fawns on the man of State,
Flatters the rich, extols none but her mate;
The later loves her foes, and takes no pride
In troops of gawdy Freinds, not Principi'd
In thought for guilt Seraglios, nor deſcents
From Kings, unleſs to Virtue nouriſhments.
She favours poor, not rich, compaſſions more
The Innocent, then Powerfull, doth adore
The Truth, not Lies, incites each good deſire
To ſtrain its ſtrength and mount a peg ſtill higher.
Encouraging ſtill goodneſs to encreaſe
Till like the Sons of God in Hollineſs.
That quickly moans for loſs or greif; but this
Brooks want like him whoſe wealth finds nought a-
Nature takes all things as her proper rent, [miſs.
For her ſole ſelf her ſword, and argument;
But Grace pays all to God, from whom all ſpring,
Nothing unto her ſelf appropriating;
Preſumes no arrogance, from quarrells free,
Gives not her ſayings the precedency
Of others, but in ev'ry difference
That is to be reſolv'd by wit or ſence
She yeilds her ſelf to be directed by
Th' Eternall Lector of Divinity.

Nature would Secrets know, and hear what's new,
Make outward ſhews, and by her ſenſes ſcrew
The pith of things, loves to be known in deeds
Whence admiration, or applauſe proceeds.
Grace heeds not news, nor to what's curious flies,
Knowing all ſuch are but antiquities
Corrupt productions, that the Earth brings forth
Nothing that's new, of durance or of worth;
And therefore teacheth mankind to confine
The Senſe, and vain complaiſance, to decline
All words of boaſting, acts that might appeal
For praiſe, or wonder, humbly to conceal;
In ev'ry thing or Science, to ſeek fruit
Of profit, paying ſtill the attribute
Of praiſe and honour unto God, not ſtrive
To win eſteem by ſome large Narrative
Of what ſhe is, or what is hers, or ſo,
But by her own example doth men ſhew
In ev'ry guift, God ſtill muſt thanked be,
Whoſe large eſſays flow from meer Charity.
Grace is a Supernaturall bright ſpark
Of ſacred light, Gods ſpeciall guift, the mark
Appropriated to his elect, the gage
Of their Salvation, which man from the Stage
Of Earth doth raiſe to the Cæleſtiall Spheare,
And makes dull fleſh, wings of the Spirit wear.
So as the more thou Nature canſt ſubdue,
The more of grace will thence to thee accrue.
Thy inward man with daily viſits be
Made ſtill more like unto the Deity.

CHAP. LV.

Of the Corruption of Nature and the Efficacy of Divine Grace.

SERVANT.

MY only Lord and God, who did'ſt create
Me to thy likeneſs, Grant this happy State
Of Grace to me, which thou haſt ſhew'd ſo great
And uſefull here for mankind. To compleat
Salvation that I may baſe Nature quell
Which draws to ſin, and ſinning leads to Hell.
For in my Fleſh (woes me) I find the Law
Of Sin to wreſtle with my Soul, and draw
Me captive chain'd to ſenſuality,
Where Paſſions force cannot reſiſted be,
Unleſs thy holy Grace infuſed in
My heart, aſſiſts my Soul to conquer ſin.
Thy grace Lord, thy abundant grace is it
That to this conqueſt is moſt requiſit:
Such are mens Natures that they wallowing ly
In filth of Crimes even from their Infancy:
For fal'n through our firſt Father, vitiated
By Sin, this Spurious puniſhment was bred
In all his off-ſpring, ſo as Nature, which
With goodneſs and with truth thou did'ſt enrich
At firſt, is now judg'd vitious, and to be
A thing of meer corruptibility;
Where now abandon'd to its propper will
It falls to what inferiour is, and ill;
Her little ſtrength remaining, is a Spark
Rak'd up in embers, skulking in the dark.
Mans nat'rall Reaſon is ſurrounded ſo
With an obſcurity of clouds, that though
His judgment doth diſcern, 'twixt good and ill,
'Twixt truth and falſhood, yet ſo weak his will

That

That what he clearly doth approve for beſt
He cannot act, not being yet poſſeſt
Of the full radiant Splendor of truths wealth,
Nor of his own affections perfect health.
Hence (Lord) I with the inward man do love
Thy Laws, and thy Commandements approve
As holy, juſt, and good, as that whereby
Sin is condemn'd and man bid it to fly.
But ſtill the Law of ſin my fleſh doth ſway,
Whil'ſt I more ſenſuality obey
Then reaſon, ſo as hence I find a will
To good, but yet my ſtrength is wanting ſtill;
Hence 'tis that good is oft propos'd by me,
But whil'ſt thy grace my weak infirmity
Declines, a ſmall reſiſtance makes me ſlack
My reſolution, and ſoon drives me back,
Hence 'tis that I do know Perfections way,
And what I ought to do, as clear as day
Perceive; but clog'd with my corruptions weight
I cannot mount to this perfections height.
How uſefull then to good thy grace my God?
Both to commence, proceed, and period,
Without it all's impoſſible to me,
And with it all runs with facility.
O true and Heavenly grace, without which man
Can merrit nought, nor guift of nature can
Have any thing of worth, No riches, art,
Strenght, Beauty, wit, or eloquence impart
The leaſt of ſatisfaction to my Lord
Without this guift, for natures guifts afford
Things common both to good and Ill, but this
The proper bleſſing of the choſen is,
This Grace, this love, is the true privy Seal
Voted for thy Monarchique common weal.
So eminent, that without this there be
No acts for Miracle or Prophecy

Allowed

Allowed of, no ſpeculation deem'd
Of worth without it, vertue's not eſteem'd,
Not faith nor hope, nor any ſuch by thee
If that they want this grace, and charity.
Come then, O come, thou Sacred bleſſing, which
The poor in mind with vertues doſt enrich,
And rich in wealth doſt humble make in heart,
O come, deſcend, and with the morn impart
Thy conſolation to my Soul, leaſt ſhe
With thirſt and wearineſs ſhould faint and dy.
O Lord let me find favour in thine Eyes
Thy grace (though nature begs) will me ſuffice,
And then let all tempt, vex, and greive that dare,
Thy only grace with me, let ill's ne're ſpare
To ſtrike, ſhe is that bulwark that confines
Both Succour and advice within her lines,
Her wit more vaſt then is the wiſeſt he,
Her ſtrength out braves the ſtrongeſt enemy:
She Miſtreſs is of truth, and rule, the light
Of hearts, ſhe preſſures ayds puts grief to flight.
'Tis ſhe that nurſeth Piety, ſhe fears
From us Exiles, 'tis ſhe produceth tears:
Man is a with'ring branch, without her ray,
A rotten ſtalk fit to be thrown away.
My Soul then Lord unto this grace prefer
Let her my Leader be, my Follower
To act what's good, ſhe courage can beſtow,
For thy ſake grant it then, Lord be it ſo.

CHAP. LVI.

That we ought to deny our ſelves & Imitate Chriſt by the Croſs.

LORD.

The more thou doſt Son from thy ſelf depart
The more ſhalt thou inhabit in my heart,
For as that Soul that gets a true releaſe
From outward toys, obtains interiour peace,

So

So ſhall that will, that inward peace can fly
Conjoyn it ſelf to the Divinity.
Truth Child I fain would teach thee to reſign
Thy will with a true quittall unto mine.
Without complaint or clauſe; Son follow me,
I only am, way, life, and verity;
Then tell me, who without a way can go?
Who without life can live, or who can know
Without the truth? I am that way which thou ſhould'ſt al-low
And Life thou ſhould'ſt hope in, the perfect way,
Undoubted truth, Life without ending day;
A way moſt ſtraight, a Truth that higheſt is,
A Life of Increation, Truth, and Bliſs;
Walk in my way, thou'lt find the Truth and ſhe
Will free thee, and thou gain Eternity.
Keep my Commands, if thou to Heaven would'ſt go,
Beleive in me if thou the Truth would'ſt know;
Would'ſt thou be perfect? part with all thy ſelf,
Would'ſt my Diſciple be? renounce thy ſelf,
Be humble here, if thou ſeek'ſt Paradiſe,
If happy Life, this preſent Life deſpiſe. [they
Would'ſt raign with me? then take my Croſs, for
That ſerve this Banner find the glorious way.

SERVANT.

Lord Jeſus ſince thy life is narrow, and
Deſpiſed by the world, lend me thy hand,
That help'd by it, I thee may Imitate
In the Contempt of Earths contemning hate.
The Servant is not greater then his Lord,
The Schollar then his Maſter, one ſole word
Of thine's a full inſtruction for thy ſlave
To follow this thy Life, where I have have
True health and Holyneſs, what e're but this
I read or hear, nor Sweet, nor Pleaſing is.

LORD.

LORD.

Son ſince thou know'ſt and read'ſt all this, th'art
If done by thee, who cloſet's in his breſt [bleſt
And well preſerves my Laws, 'tis he whoſe heart
Is mine, I'le Love him too, to him impart
My ſelf, ſo far with me ſhall he be one,
As with him I will ſhare my Fathers Throne.

SERVANT.

Lord what thy promiſe ſpeaks may I Inherit,
And let thy grant impower me it to merrit,
I took thy Croſs, Lord from thy hand I took it,
And ſince thou laid'ſt it on to death I'le brook it,
The Life of Clergy men (if Saint like) is
Thy Croſs, that Captain which leads men to bliſs.
The fight is now begun, there's no retreat
To Slack it were no leſs then a defeat.
Then courage hearts: Let's on and fear no harms
Chriſt with us is, for him we took theſe arms,
For him we'le wage the war, he'le be our aid
And leader, who this fight before eſſay'd.
See how our King advanceth; let us do
The ſame, ſince he fights firſt, and for us too,
Let's follow boldly then, let no man fly,
In ſuch a War who's unprepar'd to dye?
Let not our glory Brethren meet this loſs
That we ſhou'd quit our Banner of the Croſs.

CHAP. LVII.

That Man ſhould not be too much dejected when he falls into any misfortunes.

LORD.

SON if I greet the with adverſity
Thy Patience then, and humbleneſs ſhall me

More

More pleaſe, then had'ſt thou holy joys exceſs
And piety, in times of happineſs.
Shall one poor petty act, or word that's done
Or ſaid againſt thee, boaſt that they have won
The conqueſt? What though greater Croſſes were
Inflicted, would'ſt thou ſtrait ways crouch not bear
Their brunt, but fall to paſſion ſtraight, no, let
This paſs, 'tis neither new, nor firſt, nor yet
The laſt, If longer laſts thy life. Whilſt thou
Meet'ſt no oppoſall, what a *Sampſon*'s brow
Doſt thou put on, nay others canſt adviſe
With words as well encouraging as wiſe;
But when grief knocks at thy own gate, then all
Thy ſage advice and ſtrength to nothing fall.
Since then thou try'dſt, judge well how weak thou [art
Where trifles thus thy reſolution thwart.
Yet comfort Child, when theſe or ſuch like chance,
They are intended for thy Soul's advance.
Though in thy heart they ſtrive to build their ſeat
Expell them thence, let neither threats defeat
Thy courage, nor their noiſe thy ſence deſtroy,
Meet them at leaſt with patience, if not joy.
Although thou hear'ſt ſuch language as may flame
Thy wrath, let reaſon this thy paſſion tame,
And let no flaſhing words by thee be ſpoke,
Such as the weakers Scandall may provoke;
Soon this rais'd ſtorm, this inward greif ſhall ceaſe
And ſweetned be with gracious calms of peace.
Fear not my Son I live, I always live
Prepar'd to help thee ſtill, nay I will give
More comfort yet, do thou but truſt in me
And offer up thy votes with pietie.
Smooth then thy mind, prepare it to attack
More troubles yet, nor do thou poorly ſlack
The work begun, though oft thou art yet croſt
Or tempted highly, fear not, all's not loſt:

Th'art

Th'art man; not God, a fleshly body, and
Not heavenly Spirit, how can'st thou then stand
Still in one State of vertue? since this grace
Angells in Heaven, and man whom I did place
In Paradise did want; but I will bring
Joys by my visits to the Languishing;
I'le bring those Souls (that humbly do confess
There weakness) to my Sacred happiness.

SERVANT.

Blest be thy words, and let them sweeter be
Then hony, or the hony-combe to me,
In such a Sea of greifs, and streights what is't
That I could do? Did not thy words assist;
What matter then how ill my Vessell thrives
With storms of sufferings? So it arrives
At length at my Salvations Port; then Lord
A happy passage, a blest end accord,
O eye me still, steer straight my course, and then
Let Heaven my God my Haven be, Amen.

CHAP. LVIII.

That we must beware not to Dispute of Lofty things, and of the hidden Judgments of God.

LORD.

MY Son) be carefull how thou dost dispute
Of matters that are lofty, and acute,
Or Gods hid Judgments; why one sleighted is,
Or that advanc'd, or why so happy this,
That cross'd so much, Son these are things that sit
Above the pitch of human reach, or wit.
Mens reasons and their disputations be
Too weak to peirce the Sence of my Decree.
When then thy hellish foe suggests such things,
Or man out of his curious fancy brings

Such

Such riddles down, ſpeak thou the Prophets words
Juſt art thou Lord, thy Judgment ſtill affords
All equity; and theſe Gods Judgments be
Moſt Juſt, for they, themſelves do juſtifie:
My Laws are to be fear'd, not ſcand, for they
The height of higheſt wits do not obey.
And then diſpute not, or enquire what are
The merrits of my Saints, nor this compare
With t'other for his Sanctity, or who
Of them in Heaven is cheif, ſuch only do
Create contentions, and mens hearts devide,
And nouriſh much of vanity and pride.
Hence hate and diſcord grow, whil'ſt each doth
To make this Saint or that Superlative; [ſtrive
And thy deſires to ſearch, and know ſuch things
No profit reaps, and much diſpleaſure brings
Unto theſe Souls: For know their God am I,
God not of diſcord, but of Unity;
And perfect humbleneſs doth ſooner find
This Union, then ambition of the mind.
Some with affections zeal, do more incline
To theſe then t'other Saints; but leſs devine
Then human are theſe loves; 'tis I that built
Each Saint, their ſouls with grace and glory gilt,
I know their merrits, and before they ſought
I viſited their minds, and to them brought
The bleſſings of my ſweetneſs, I did ſee
My own belov'd from all Eternity;
I them and not they me did chooſe, with grace
I call'd, with mercy drew them, made them trace
The ſteps of vaſt Temptations whilſt I led
Them ſafe, I plenteous conſolations fed
Them with, I gave them ſtrength to perſevere,
And made their patience Crowns of glory wear.
I own the firſt, and laſt, I all approve
With marks of an ineſtimable love.

In

In all my Saints I muſt be prais'd, more bleſt
Then all, in each the honour ſtill adreſt
To me, I them thus highly magnifi'd
And deſtined; their merrits not my guide
Herein, who then contemns the leaſt, or not
Reſpects the cheif, ſince I beſtow'd the lot
On both, ſhall by this derogation know
They do't to me and all my Angells too.
All here are one link't in one chain of love
In one affection, thought, and will all move
Nay which may yet appear more ſtrange to thee
More then their hearts or merrits all love me.
For rapt above themſelves, and drawn beyond
Their private love, they joyn all in a bond
Of loving me, thus they their Joys advance
Setling on me their whole Inheritance.
Nor ought can them ſuppreſs, or draw from this
They being ſo repleniſhed with bliſs,
And endleſs truth, that with that love they flame
Which Oceans of Eternity ne're tame.
Then let theſe carnall creatures ceaſe to prate
Of Saints or Angells, or their heavenly ſtate,
Their Earth bred knowledge mounts no higher then
Their private joys, and cenſuring as men
They by their fancy raiſe, or leſſen theſe,
Wherein th'eternall truth they no ways pleaſe.
Strange truly is their thick groſs ignorance
In moſt, who rarely ſeeing one ſmall glance
Of Heavenly light, do ne're or ſeldom find
The Spirituall affection of the mind;
It's humane friendſhip, natures love which they
In this or that attractive do obey,
And as their wits dull Spectacles perceive
The works of Earth, ſo fondly they conceive
Things go in heaven; But O what diſtance lies
'Twixt mortall and enlightned faculties;

Their imperfection Squint them ſtill aſtray
Whilſt theſe by revelation Heaven Survey.
Son let not then theſe curious things bewitch
Thy Judgment to attempt above her pitch,
But rather let thy flight ſtrive to attain
The loweſt place in heaven; though one ſhould gain
The knowledge of who holieſt is, or who
The cheif in Heaven, what would it boot to know
The ſame, unleſs he were more humble thence
And pay'd the praiſe to my Omnipotence.
More gratefull he to God whoſe thoughts do ſtrive
His Giant ſins, and his diminitive
Good deeds, to know, or what a diſtance parts
His imperfections, and the Saints deſerts,
Then he whoſe arguing reaſons would deny
Their ſubſtitution or precedency,
Far better 'twere with humbleneſs addreſs
Thy tears and prayers for the Suffrages
Of theſe my glorious Saints, then ſeek to pry
Into their Secrets with fond Scrutiny.
They live in perfect peace, in full contents
Their only grief to ſee mans erring ſenſe,
And babling tongue, they glory not to bear
Their crown of Merrits, knowing all they wear
Are not their goods, but my meer charity,
Which they with gladneſs ſtill repay to me;
With ſo much love of God repleniſhed
Are they, with ſuch a plenteous Banquet fed
Of Joys, that them no glorious beam can dreſs
More fair, or ought encreaſe their happineſs.
Each Saint as he is more in glory, he
More humble is, more near, more dear to me.
Hence is it writ that each did lay their crown
Before their God, and falling proſtrate down
Before the Lamb, ador'd the living he,
Who did, and will raign for eternity.

What impudence have many that enquire
Which of my Saints is in my Kingdom higher,
When moſt of them more ſenſeleſs then a Beaſt
Knows not if he ſhall equall even the leaſt.
Oh to be leaſt in Heaven how great? Where all
Are great indeed, and where I them will call
My Sons, nay ſhall be ſo: The Sinner's he
That's leaſt of thouſands; though his age ſhould be
Of hundreds, he muſt dye, when motioned
To Chriſt what Saint was cheif in Heaven, 'twas ſed
Unleſs you be converted, and become
Juſt'like theſe Babes, you my Elizium
Shall ne're poſſeſs; but their Humility
Who imitates, in Heaven ſhall greateſt be.
Woe, woe to thoſe, whoſe lofty thoughts diſdain
To vail their pride vnto the humble ſwain;
Poor fools, they mind not that Heaven's Gate is low
And ne're admits ſuch top-ſails in. Woe, woe,
Unto the rich, they here have their content;
The poor get in, whilſt they without lament;
Rejoyce ye meek, and poor; bleſt is your caſe,
For Heaven is yours, ſo you the truth embrace.

CHAP. LIX.

That all hope and confidence is to to be fix'd in God alone.

SERVANT.

LOrd what's my truſt? what is my comfort here
In all the things that under Heaven appear?
But thou my God, whoſe vaſt franck mercies be
Without all number. What felicity
(Thou abſent did I e're poſſeſs? or what
Whilſt thou wert preſent could annoy my ſtate?
Truth for thy ſake I'le chuſe a beggers coat
Before the purple, Pace the world by roat

With thee, far ſooner then without thee dwell [Hell
In Heaven; where thou, there Heaven, there Death and
Where thou art not; dear Lord thou doſt poſſeſs
My whole deſires, I therefore muſt addreſs
My heart to thee, my words unto thy ears
And woo my Love, with prayers, plaints, and tears.
In whom can man with confidence rely?
But on thy ſelf, who his neceſſity
In time relieves, my hope my truſt thou art,
And conſtant friend, who doſt all Joy impart.
All others at their private profit drive,
Thou only Lord deſign'ſt how I may thrive
In my Salvation, how my Intereſt
Advance in Heaven, turn'ſt all things to my beſt,
Ev'n Croſſes and Temptations are thought fit
To explicate ſometimes my Benefit;
Thou uſeſt Lord a thouſand ways to prove
Thoſe Souls on whom thou did'ſt beſtow thy love.
Which proofs, though Croſſes I muſt love and praiſe
As much as Comforts dect with Heavenly rays,
In thee therefore (my God) I place the Sum
Of all my hopes, and helps, to thee I come
For Succour 'gainſt each grief and want, for I
See all are failing but the Deity,
For nought avails our multitude of friends
Each Earthly thing as little Succour ſends;
The wiſeſt *Cato* not a dram contains
Of wit or councell, in his goggle brains;
All Doctors books are but diſpleaſing lines
Of nonſenſe, nor can Continents of Mines
Afford man Wealth, or Freedom, no place be
Compleat for Pleaſure, or Security.
Thou only art O Lord that powerfull cheif;
From whom we find aſſiſtance and relief
Swords without thee help not, nor books allure
Our Sence, no place is Sweet, no Fort ſecure.

For

For Earths Illuſions which preſent our eye
With Chimick peace, and it's felicity,
Truth neither peace, nor happineſs are they
To man, if that his maker be away.

Thou then art Lord the end of all that's good
Lif's Height, and Depth of all that's underſtood
By thought, or word; thy Servants Joys muſt be
To fix their only hopes alone in thee.

On thee I fix all mine, on thee I place
My Truſt, thou are the Treaſury of grace
And mercy; Bleſs and Sanctify my Soul,
That nothing in thy Temple may ſeem foul.

Or an offence Lord to thy Sacred eyes
But by thy bounty in ſuch Heavenly wiſe
Adorn'd, that I therein may ſtill thee treat
And make it thy eternall Glories Seat.

Then let the vaſtneſs of thy goodneſs, and
Thy multitude of mercies always ſtand
Between my Sins and me, Lord let theſe two
Still my Petition hear, when e're I ſue.

Poor I whoſe weeping Pilgrimage is ſpent
In regions, which do nought but death preſent.

Guard Lord my Soul then from the furious ſtrife
Of Sins, that Juſtle ſo my brittle life.

And let thy Grace guide her the peacefull way
Unto the Manſion of eternall day.

The End of the Third Book.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

OF THE

The Following of CHRIST.

CHAP. I.

An Exhortation to the Holy Communion.

LORD

COme all that Labour, and that Loaden are
To me, and I will you with Heavenly fare
Refreſh. The bread my Fleſh is, which I'le give,
I give it that the world thereby may live.
Take, eat, this is my Body, which for you
Is given; this in my Remembrance do.
Who Eats my Fleſh, and drinks my Blood, in me
Remains, and I in him will alſo be;
The words which I have ſpoken unto you
Contain (and are) both life and Spirit too.

SERVANT.

O Chriſt eternall truth theſe are thy words
Though words not of one time, although records
Not of one place, but ſince th'are thine th'are true
And therefore let thy Slave pay them what's due
My Loyall hearty welcome; they are thine
Thou did'ſt pronounce them, they are alſo mine,

For my Salvation's ſake by thee they were
Declar'd; and I will with a Lovers ear
Receave theſe Joys which now thy Lips inpart
And thence Conveying lock them in my heart;
'Tis true, thy words ſo pious are and kind
So full of Sweetneſs too, that they my mind
Enflame, but me my Sins ſtill fright, the black
Of Conſcience ſtops and beats me back
From hopes of ever gaining ſuch a prize
As are thy rich and Lofty Miſteries.
Thy words encourage, but alas poor I
By weight of Crimes grow faint and Cowardly:
With Confidence, to thee thou bid'ſt me come,
If I with thee in thy Elizium
Would ſharer be, thou bid'ſt me to that I
The nouriſhment of Immortality
Should take, if that my hopes do make me aim
At Joys of Everlaſting life or fame.
Come all (ſay'ſt thou) that toil and Loaden are
To me, and I will you with Heavenly fare
Refreſh; O Heavens, how freindly ſweet a word
I'th ears of wretched Sinners? That thou Lord
That thou great God ſhould'ſt me a needy wight
Unto the Grand Communion thus invite
Of thy moſt ſacred body, but poor I
What am I? That I dare approach ſo nigh
To God, the Heaven of Heavens contain not thee,
And yet O Lord thou ſay'ſt come all to me.
What bounteous friendly invitation this
What do's it mean? My Conſcience Conſcious is
Of nothing good, whereby it might preſume
On this approach, and ſhall it dare to come?
Shall it attempt to uſher thee within
I'ts roof; that hath ſo often thee by Sin
Affronted, whom Adores each glorious quire
Of Angells and Arch-Angells too, whoſe Ire

Is fear'd by Juſtice, and by Sanctity,
And yet my God thou ſay'ſt come all to me.
Who Is't that this could for a truth O Lord
Believe? but that 'tis thou that ſpeaks the word.
Who to approach durſt be ſo Confident?
But that thy ſelf doſt give encouragment.
Whil'ſt *Noe* built his floating Tower the Sun
A hundred times his Annuall courſe did run,
Yet this Juſt man took all this pains that he
Might only ſave his own ſmall Family.
How then ſhall I poor wretch I'th narrow ſpace
Of one ſhort hour provide a fitting place
Within my Soul, to entertain a Gueſt
Whoſe handy work in all Claims Intereſt.
Moyſes thy Freind and Servant great and good
The Ark without of undecaying wood
Did make, the inſide lin'd with pureſt gold
The tables of the ſacred Law to hold.
And I, ſhall I a putri'd creature dare
With ſo much freedom make his fleſh my fare.
Whoſe power and skill did build the Law, & give
That breath to men, by which they only live.
Seaven years ſpent *Soloman* that wiſe'ſt Prince
To raiſe a Structure of Magnificence,
Unto the praiſe of thy great name, eight days
The dedication feaſt did laſt, then pays
A thouſand peacefull offerings, which done
Triumph concludes what piety begun
For (as the Father did preordinate)
Himſelf and Nobles in their Robes of State
Attended with a decent train and Crowd
Of skillfull Queriſters as ſweet as lowd,
proceeds unto the place wherein did lye
The ſacred Ark and thence with Harmony
And joyfull pomp, conveys it to that ſeat
Which wealth made rich, & thou thy ſelf mad'ſt great

And I, unhappy I the pooreſt thing
Amongſt the ſons of men, ſhall I dare bring
My Lord into my houſe? Who cannot ſay
I e're did ſpend the half hour of a day
In true devotion, nay would I could tell
But one ſhort minnute I ſpent truely well.
My God how much ſtrove theſe to pleaſure thee?
What trifles all that er're was done by me?
Wretch that I am how ſhort a Moment that
Which me diſpoſes to Communicate?
Ne're recolected wholly, ſeldom free
From all diſtractions, yet no thought ſhould be
Unſeemly in thy ſight, what each could do
Not able to allure me thereunto.
In this I do not Angells treat, but I
Receave their Lord, their dreaded Deity:
Though holy *Moyſes*, and wiſe *Solomon*
Such grand reſpect ſuch wealth beſtowed upon
The Ark of Covenant, alas what is
That Ark and all that's in't compar'd with this?
With this thy pureſt body? In which lye
More virtues then thoughts reach by ſcrutiny.
Or what Compariſon can be between
Their Sacrifices (types of things foreſeen)
And this thy bodies Hoaſt, the Complement
Of all that all old Sacrifices meant.
Why therefore, oh why therefore am not I
Enflamed more whil'ſt thou my God ſtand'ſt by?
Why better do not I my ſelf prepare
To take that Holy, where all Holies are,
Seeing the Holieſt Patriarchs of thoſe days
Kings, Prophets, Princes, People, paid ſuch praiſe
Unto thy Sacred name nay bow'd their Knee
With ſo much Zeal to thy Divinity.
Twas this Tranſported *David* once to dance
Before the Ark of God in Cognizance

Of

Of all thoſe benefits which thou of old
Unto his Fathers promis'd and foretold;
He Organs fram'd of diffrent kinds, and made
The Mellow harpe, and whil'ſt he ſweetly plai'd,
Thoſe Pſalms he pen'd (that pen which thou did'ſt [bleſs)
He caus'd the Queriſters with Joyfullneſs
To Sing their parts, and after this did ſhew
His people how to bleſs and praiſe thee too,
If they ſuch piety ſuch mindfullneſs
Of God, did then before the Ark expreſs,
What piety what reverence ſhould I
Poor wretch, and every Chriſtian teſtify
In preſence of thy Sacrament, and moſt
When wee our Chriſt receave In's Sacred Hoaſt:
What multitudes of people flock to ſee
The reliques of ſome Saints? The Hiſtory
Of their great Actions; and the Antique ſtate
Of their rich glorious Churches do create
Our wonder, and with rev'rence we behold
And Kiſs their bones Coffin'd in Tombs of Gold.

And yet each day upon thy Alter wee
Without the pains of Pilgrimage can ſee
Our God, the Saint of Saints the Lord made all
That's either earthly or Angelicall.

In ſeeing thoſe oft Noveltie contents
Mens Curiouſity, ſo that from thence
They oft return with fruitleſneſs when ſuch
Repentleſs gad to ſee, and prate too much.

But in this Sacrament thou art O Lord
Chriſt Jeſus, God, and man, and ſo ador'd,
In this the Copious fruits received be
Of endleſs life as oft as worthily
'Tis with devotion taken, here in this
No Levity the vain attractive is,
No curious Senſuality doth move
But pious hope, firm faith, and reall Love.

O unſeen Rayſer of man's grand aboade
How wonderfully doſt thou deal my God
With us, how graciouſly diſpos'd doſt come
To treat with ſweetneſs thine elect? to whom
No leſs then even thy ſelf thou doſt preſent
To be receaved in this Sacrament.
An act O Lord of ſo much grace as can
By thee the giver only, and not man
Be underſtood, this is that Sun which thaws
The Ice of pious hearts, and to it draws
Their tears of Love, for thoſe who truly are
Thy faithfull Servants, and their Lives prepare
For an amendment, from this Heavenly feaſt
Do find the relliſh of their Conſcience bleſt
With frequent ſweets, of Sacred Grace, and this
Of Virtue and Devotion Parent is.
O Admirable grace O hidden good
Of thy divine and Sacramentall food
A grace, a good, a Sweet, a food, wherein
Chriſt's faithfull only, and not Slaves of Sin
Are skill'd, they have thoſe bleſſing, theſe in vain
Expect, Souls virtue loſt by this regain.
By this the Soul that's patch't and black with Sin
Become both ros'd and Lilly'd ore again.
Such is the ſtrength ſometimes of this thy grace
That where it doth devotions favour place
Not only doth it elevate on high
The mind, but makes weak bodies ſtrong thereby.
And yet alaſs how miſerable we
How negligent how nnconcernedly
By what a ſlender Love attracted to
This Sacrament of Chriſt; form whom do flow
Thoſe Streams of Hope and Merrit by which men
Expecting ſafety ſteer their courſe to Heaven.
'Tis he Redeems that is our Sacrifice,
In him our Travels comfort, in him lies

The end of all Saints happineſs, ſo that
To ſee how little we perticipate
Of that meer neceſſary ſenſe which we
Should have of; this Soul healing Miſtery [much
Which glads the Heavens and ſaves the earth how
Should we be griev'd to ſee our dulneſs ſuch?
Ah blind hard hearted men, how little they
This Gift (that ſuch a giver gives) doe weigh?
Nay worſe; the daily uſe on't makes them be
Even guilty of inſenſibility.
Had there been only one ſole place, wherein
This Sacrament this Antidote of Sin
Were celebrated, and the ſame were done
By one ſole Prieſt on Earth; how men would run
Unto this place, to Satisfie their eyes
With ſight of this great Prieſt, this Sacrifice?
But God, our God of goodneſs to expreſs
His Grace and Bounty more, his Loves exceſs
To man, ordains th'oblation of his Son
Should in the world by many Prieſts be done.
Thou Chriſt that good eternall Shepherd art
That doſt to poor and baniſh't men Impart
This nouriſhment even from thy pureſt blood
And Body, and to this Miſterious food
With all Indulgency inviteth us,
From thy own mouth, thy ſelf expreſſing thus
Come all to me that Toil and Laden are
And I will you refreſh with Heavenly fare.

CHAP. II.

That the great goodneſs and charity of God is beſtowed on man, in this Sacrament.

SERVANT.

A Sickly wretch I to my Saviour come
For Cure; from him I beg one drop one crum
To ſatisfy my Thirſt and hunger. I
A beggar to the King of Kings do fly.

A Creature to his great Creator creeps
A Servant to his Lord. A Slave that weeps
That wails that moans his deſolation here
Upon his Knees unto his Comforter,
Nor let thy frowns O Lord command me hence
Thy mercies Lead my heart to confidence.
But hold, what's this that I receiv'd from thee?
A Viſit? and thy Self a guift to me?
How dares a Sinner in thy Preſence ſtand?
Or wilt thou let a Sinner Kiſs thy hand?
This doſt thou dain, and yet thou know'ſt full well
Poor I can nought deſerve but flames of Hell,
Let me then praiſe thy Piety, confeſs
Thy goodneſs, and my own unworthyneſs,
And let my thanks in ſome ſmall meaſure be
Adapted to thy Mercies ſhowr'd on me.
Even the meer motion of thy own free will
No merrits of thy Slave this acts, that ſtill
Thy goodneſs may more ſhine, thy Charity
Explain'd, and more inculcated may be
And thy true meekneſs prais'd more perfectly.
This is thy pleaſure Lord, this thy command,
And this (did not my wickedneſs withſtand)
Would make me gratefull as it ſhews thee good
That gives thy bleſt chaſt body for my food?
A Sacred banquet of that Heavenly ſtate
State that man muſt not aim to explicate.
What then remains? nothing O Lord but this
That thou (who art all mercy, ſweetneſs, bliſs)
May grant a Sinner ſo much grace as may
Unto thy name fit Praiſe and Honour pay.
But now in this Communion, this acceſs
Unto my Lord, what ſhall be my addreſs?
What ſhall I ponder in my thoughts, when I
Cannot enough adore his Deity?

Alas what thoughts can be more ſafe more fit
Then thoſe extoll thy bliſs that's Infinit,
And from Phanatick Double Dealing free,
Bring down my heart to true humility,
My heart 'tis true ſweld with devotions fire
Boils up and doth this Sacrament deſire,
But let me firſt with praiſe approach my God
And not allow my praiſe a period.
My worthleſs deſpicable ſelf let me
Thy proſtrate ſlave preſent my God, to thee
The Saint of Saints humbles himſelf to man
To me an unrepenting Publican
Unworthy worm, that dares not thy bright face
With one ſide glance behold, yet doſt thou grace
This wretch with Invitation as thy gueſt
To come and taſte and eat thy Heavenly feaſt,
The Sacred bread of Life, and Angels food
And thy great ſelf excelling all that's good.
Life on the world thou did'ſt beſtow, and this
Brought thee on Earth from thy bleſt paradice.
Whence Lord O whence did this great Love proceed?
Mercies not barely prommis'd but in Deed
Perform'd? If ſuch then Lord thy favours be
What are the thanks and praiſes due to thee?
In this great Councell of thy own (wherein
Thou did'ſt decree this Antidote of ſin)
What vaſt advantage to our Souls thereby
How ſweet that banquet where the Deity
Preſents himſelf for food, what wonders theſe
Which thy ſole will and Virtue acts with eaſe
Thy words are truth, no acts of Parliament
Can bind, that want the King of Kings aſſent.
Lord God that art both humane and Divine
Intirely under veils of Bread and Wine
Contain'd, ſo oft receiv'd, yet ſtill the ſame.
How can a wretch like me adore thy name?

How can my weakneſs Judge this wonder true,
But Faith muſt help where reaſon cannot do.
The Lord of all this world who cannot have
Need of mans help that is an uſeleſs Slave
To him, is notwithſtanding thus content
To dwell in us by this his Sacrament.
Vouchſafe Dear Saviour of my Life t'impart
A fitting Innocence unto my heart
And body, that my Joyfull Conſcience may
With purity thy miſteries each day
Perform, which by the Cannon of thy word
Are made a Law that doth my Soul afford
(If rightly done) perpetuall happineſs,
And *gratis* doth true Penitents ſtill bleſs
The Paſchall Lamb a tipe of this we do
A Sacrament and yet memoriall too.
Thy Love would have thy Servants honour thee
For their own ſakes, what honour can there be
Beſtow'd by worms on Heaven's great Deity.
Mount mount my Soul, with the aſpiring Larck
Contend with Angels wings to reach the mark
Of their ambition; let true gratitude
To *Jove* for all theſe guifts all Earth exclude
From ev'ry thought of thine, ſince he thus rears
Poor thee to Glory in this vale of tears.
As oft as thou repeat'ſt this miſtery
So oft Chriſts Body is receiv'd by thee
So oft the work of thy redemption's done
So oft thou ſhar'ſt the merrits of Gods Son.
His Love ne're leſſen'd is, this Sacrifice
Of mercy ne'r exhauſted, then be wiſe
My Soul, and with a recollected mind
Let thy great God thy heart diſpoſed find
To honour him and ſave thy ſelf, when that
Thou com'ſt to theſe great miſteries of ſtate

Thy ſelf thou ſhouldſt ſurmount, the world ſurpaſs
In Joy, when thou doſt here or ſay the Maſs,
As if that very day Chriſt firſt had come
And plac'd himſelf within the Virgins womb
Made man for us, or ſuffer'd on the Croſs
Preventing ſo by Death all mankinds Loſs.

CHAP. III.

That it is profitable to Communicate often.

SERVANT.

A Mendicant behold, Lord, at thy door
A Charity Imploring for the Poor.
The poor for whom thy ſweetneſs did prepare
Guifts beyond all that precious is and rare.
A ſacred feaſt, no leſs then Heavenly good
Yet through thy goodneſs made even ſinners food.
In thee my Lord is all I ought or can
Deſire, thou the redemption, hope of Man.
By thee to him his fortitude is lent,
Thou art his ſafety, glory, Ornament.
Let then thy Servant's ſoul this day rejoyce
In thee, to whom ſhe humbly rais'd her voice,
Thee with all piety with all reſpect
She would receive, this day doth ſhe expect
Her Lord within her houſe, and to be bleſt
As once *Sachæus* was, one though thee Leaſt
Of *Abrams* Line reputed, thus doth ſhe
Poor ſoul although unworthy covet thee
To joyn her heart with Chriſt in Unity.
Give but thy ſelf alone, that doth ſuffice
For without thee no comfort can I prize,
My trembling ſoul ne're can without thy hand,
Without thy viſit live or firmly ſtand;

Attendance on thee then muſt frequent be
Where my ſole ſafety in this remedy
Conſiſts ; rob'd of this Heavenly nouriſhment
My ſtrength (before my Journy ends) is ſpent.
Reaſon I have to fear it, for my Lord
When thou unto the People didſt the word
Of their ſalvation preach, and thouſands cure
Of their Diſeaſe, in pitty to aſſure
Their home return in ſafety thou did'ſt ſay
Theſe muſt not faſting part me leaſt they may
(Wanting ſufficient food) faint in the way.
Behold me Lord who thy poor Creature am,
As then for them ſo now for me the ſame
Perform, the faithfull by thy own conſent
Thy ſelf receive in this great Sacrament.
This ſweet refection of our Souls : Which we
(If worthily perform'd) enjoy in thee,
And hence of Heavens eternall glory do
Become the happy Heirs and partners too.
But as I often labour often ſin
Oft ſluggiſh grow and faint ; the more herein
I muſt be frequent, oft Confeſs, oft pray,
And with thy Heavenly Body mine of Clay
Repair, renew, encourage and make clean
Leaſt Sloath my Soul from this bleſt food ſhould wean.
Mans Inclination from his Youth is Prone
To Ill : And worſe then what's already done
Would glide unto, and execute, did not
This 'gainſt the Poyſon prove an Antidote
This bleſt Communion then withdraws from Ill
And Comforts man in good if good his will.
If now when I receive or celebrate
Do find my Soul in ſo remiſe a ſtate
Of negligence, what ſhould I do if I
Sought or apply'd not this great remedy?

Many

Many a day my Lord no doubt doth pass
That unprepar'd I heard and say the Mass;
Henceforth I'le rouze and raise my sluggish heart
To find those misteries thou dost impart
To us for our avail, that I thereby
May taste this grace giv'n by the Deity.
A faithfull Soul whilst a poor wanderer
Upon the Earth, finds her cheif Comfort here
In contemplation like a Turtle Dove
Of God her only Spouse her Heavenly Love.
Prodigious Spaciousness of Goodness this
That he who founder and dispencer is
Of all the bliss our Souls enjoy, should thus
Both God and Man humbly descend to us.
And in both qualities relieve the poor,
Poor hungry *Lazars* begging at his door.
O Blessed Soul O Happy mind that thee
Receives with proper zeal and piety.
And in reception finds true Joy within
His spirit, pleas'd, Triumphant over Sin,
Not like the Atheist and proud Heretick
That fram'd by him ungratefully doth Kick
Against the power that made them; he pretends
No God; and this a God to serve his ends.
Is God Omnipotent in will and Deed?
And do we this allow even by our Creed?
And this allow'd, must we Omnipotence
Limmit? and stint it to our humane sense
If Christ was God? God was the word that spake it.
The bread his Body was, his word did make it.
So doth my faith beyond my reason take it.
Thus *Abram* Sacrafic'd in will his Son
Though reason should have left the Act undone
Isaac Christ's Type was prommised to be
Father of Nations by the Deity.

How ſeem'd it then performance of this word
That *Iſaac* firſt ſhould dye by *Abrams* Sword?
This man of Faith ne're askt how God could do
The ſame, he drew and would have ſtrucken too.
God is no God if all he knows and can
May fathom'd be by that poor Inſect man.
That brute call'd man, if void of Chriſtian zeal
That drives all things into a Common weal,
Or rather woe; that makes himſelf the Pope
Of all Religion, reaſon, faith, and hope;
Shakes of at once Allegeance to his King,
And God, and then rebellioully doth bring
Perverted Sentences to Cheat himſelf
Of his Salvation for baſe worldly pelf.
Runs into Blaſphemy with Satyr pen
And tongue, and Looſeth Heaven to flatter men.
Nothing ſo Sacred, Saint or Sacrament
Which with a pagan barbarous Intent
He doth not ridicule, and would invoke
The Divell and ſubmit unto his Yoke
Were not our Chriſtian name the better Cloak.
O let not Lord thy Servant in a thought
Or wiſh deſire to have ſuch Language brought
Unto his Ears. That I may worthyly
A manſion in my heart prepare for thee,
In thee with what a Prince Lord am I bleſt
A ſweet Companion and Cæleſtiall gueſt?
A noble beauteous ſpouſe, a faithfull freind,
In whom all Joys conſiſt, and meet no end.
Nor Earth, nor Heaven, it ſelf muſt boaſt of Grace
Or Beauty, when thou once doſt ſhew thy face.
Whatever praiſe, or pomp they ſeem to wear
All borrow'd are, and muſt thy guifts appear.
Thy name and wiſdom great and famous are
None can this reach, and none with that compare.

CHAP

CHAP. IV.

That many good things are given to those that Communicate Devoutly.

SERVANT.

BEfore hand Lord prepare thy Servants heart
With blessings of thy sweetness, and Impart
To me such piety as may content,
My God, when I approach thy Sacrament.
Visit and raise my Soul from Stupidness
That sav'd from wrack it may in fitting dress
Appear at this grand feast, and taste that sweet
Which hid therein alone the Godly meet.
With Eagles eyes supply thy Servants mind
These glorious misteries to see and find.
As Princes set out men of war with care
And they the raging waves and Cannon dare
So fit my Soul with strength of true belief
That it may fight, (though Sathan rid in Cheif)
The fleets of Hell, more then man's work 'tis true,
For thou alone did'st institute and do.
And 'tis not our Invention; who is he
Dares say he understands the Trinity?
Though dark thy words they and thy wisdom's Just
What's man to thee? a thing less worth then dust.
Millions of years before this world was made
Thy wisdom Govern'd Heaven, and Angels had
At thy Command, nor was there Moon or Sun,
Or glittering Stars till all by thy thought done.
One thought built Earth and Seas, did terminate
Their waves with slender hillock bank and flat.
In short great Vollums, and not Lines are fit
To shew the Miracles of Holy writ.

Thy works Stupendious are, no wit of man
Their Latitude, their Height or bottom can
Diſcern, thy very Miniſters of State
Are Ignorant that hourly on thee wait.
How then can wretched Sinners ſuch as I
Find out the Secrets of this Miſtery
Lock't in the boſom of thy Deity?
In the Simplicity of heart O Lord,
In firmneſs of Beleif, in thy bare word
With *Abraham* and *Mary* let my Faith
Not argue, but what e're my Saviour ſaith
Credit Intirely, thus I here preſent,
With hope and all reſpect a Penitent,
Who in this Sacrament both God and Man
Receives, yet in which way no Mortall can
Diſcover; but thy Will will have me be
United to thy ſelf in Charity.
Aſſiſt me then with Clemency my God
Infuſe thy grace into a ſenceleſs Clod
Of Earth, that I with all Tranſports of love
May ev'ry Comfort but thy Self remove;
This Stately, Glorious, Heavenly, Sacrament
Is the chief Fortreſs and the Sole content
And cure of Soul and Body, for herein
My Paſſions arm'd againſt th' aſſaults of Sin
And Sins as numrous are in theſe our days
As Plagues in *Pharoh's* time, when Vice we praiſe
For Virtue. A prodigious Rebell that
Is ulcer'd o're with Crimes, aſſociate
With Hell; Invades the Innocent with guile,
With Sword, and Perjury, doth Stab and Smile
At once, with care premeditates a lye
To ruine man and mock the Deity.
And calls this Practiſe by Religious name,
Whoſe Atheiſt heart is ſtranger unto ſhame.

Theſe

Theſe are the Sheep that willingly have ſtray'd,
And by diſpair being *Judas* like diſmay'd
Hate to return; but O what will become
Of thoſe pretenders to the Church of *Rome*?
Pretenders only who with Flattery
Fawn on that Court, where they would minions be
For baſe and nafty ends, and thus out do
The very Turk, the Heretick and Jew;
Who cannot ruine but the Church invade
Whilſt we are Traytors and betrayers made
By our own Acts, entring the Liſts with theſe
Which they or we exceed in wickedneſs,
For ſuch as dwell within the Church are more
To be condemn'd, then thoſe without the door.
And dreadfull direfull ſhall their Pennance be
Not for an hour but all Eternity.
Arm, Arm me then againſt Temptation Lord
Thy Sacrament can victory afford.
But grant me Grace to greet it as I ought,
This Virtue ſtrengthens. Faith by this is brought
On Doubts on Perils, on Hell Jaws to tread,
And Charity by this exſpatiated.
Nor doſt thou ſtint thy goodneſs nor their good
That doth Religiouſly receive this food.
Like an Indulgent Parent ſtanding by
To guard and to reward their Piety.
In thee their wandring Souls their guardian find
Their Helper and their Comforter of mind.
Comforts vaſt comforts in adverſity
Thou giv'ſt, and raiſeſt thoſe that groveling lye
Strikes Courage to their hearts, and by thy light
Shines like the morn to their Cimerian night,
For as before Communion all was dark
Within, Dull, Anxious, Dry; ſtraight with one ſpark
Of this thy grace, with this thy heavenly food
They ſee thy beams and taſte what's truly good.

This Interchange our God doth cauſe that we
Might know our weakneſs and his Piety.
A Sinner indevout both hard and cold
His mercy ſhapes into another Mold
Of ſweetneſs. Can man Fountains taſt and thence
Exhale not one ſmall drop of Excellence?
Can man ſtand by a large and rapid fire
And thence ſtill frozen without heat retire?
Thou art that Plenteous Fountain Sweet and great.
That flaming fire that ſtill imparts the heat.
To quench my thirſt at full, I dare not Sue,
Only admit my Lips to touch the Dew
Of this thy Plenteous Conduit, leaſt I fry,
My God, my flowing fountain ſtanding by:
And though a Sinfull wretch dare not aſpire
Or hope to find thy Angels heavenly fire,
A willing mind (though weak it prays) may move;
The Widdow's mite thou know'ſt did ſpeak her Love.
Alone thy favour will ſuffice, ſo that
Thou doſt a glimps thereof expatiate.
Full oft thou lend'ſt to make a Sinner ſtand
(As Parents do to waddling Babes) they hand.
Our Phariſee a ſawcy Sep'ratiſt
Like Lurchers lye in wait to Carp at Chriſt
With why (if Prophet) would he not deſcry
This Sinner is? and from his Company
Him or her baniſh; O let none of theſe
That ſell their breath for gain, that ſtrive to pleaſe
The moſly world, be Councellors to me
Pretenders only unto Piety.
I Sinner am, and thou to ſuch did'ſt ſay

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LORD.

All that with load of Sins are burden'd, may
Come unto me, I came to cure the ſick,
The ſound no Doctor needs, the Heretick,

The Jew, Turk, Pagan Publican and all
I heal when their repentance on me Call.
But ſtill repentance muſt preceed, for Ill
And good not in the act conſiſts but will,
And without help of Pen or Tongue, both good
And evill are by nature underſtood.
No Law was then enacted when *Cain* did
Conſent to murder and turn'd fratricide.
Yet ſtraight his Conſcience flew into his face
That felt the ſmart, though this wore the diſgrace
Murder was acted in his heart e're *Cain*
Had ſtruck the fatal blow and *Abell* ſlain.
Abell did Sacrifice with greater Love
And me the givers heart not guift doth move.
How harmleſs had it been in *Cain* to ſtrive
And make next Sacrifice Superlative.
Or when conſenting unto Murder had
On better thoughts ſeeing the Action bad
Straightways repented, for repentance I
Place in the next degree to Piety.
I then had ſurely pardon'd, but to ſay
Man can not Sin avoid, and thence to lay
The guilt on me though he commits the fact,
Is worſe then Jewiſh, Turkiſh, Pagan act:
If thou doſt Sin ſin lies at thy own Door,
Each Creature hath (and much more man) a Power
Over his will, to Puniſh 'twere unjuſt
In me, if man could not command his Luſt.
Reward, or puniſhment's in thy own hands
And as he lives man either falls or ſtands.

SERVANT.

True, true my God and on my bended Knee
I court thy mercifull Divinity.
And not thy Juſtice, let not that O Lord
Be Umpier, 'tis thy mercy muſt afford

A Pardon or I'm Loſt, In this I toyl,
My trembling heart with ſweat my face doth ſoil,
Drop follows Drop, oppreſt with Load of Sin
And Paſſions lye like Thieves in wait to win
My burden'd Soul, and who can ſave but thou,
Stretch out thy hand, ſhew but thy bended brow
And all my foes will vaniſh, all this ſtrife
Will end, ſay but the word, eternall Life
Eternall happineſs will thence enſue,
Thou art my Saviour and Protector too.

If any happy heavenly Spirits ſtretch
Their hands in the behalf of me Poor wretch,
If any Bleſſed ſuch vouchſafe to pray,
For my Converſion that thereby I may
Obtain Salvation; let their goodneſs ſtand
Between me and the Juſtice of thy hand.

If *David*, *Joſeph*, *John*, or *Peter* Plead
If *Abraham* or *Iſaac* Interceed.
Remember what they did, not what I do
Let them rejoyce that I Converted ſue
For Pardon, let thy Body ſeal the ſame
This Fleſh and Blood, this Meat and drink that came
From Heaven, praiſe, glory for it to thy Name.

Look not on me, but hear theſe Saints, whilſt I
Encreaſe of Zeal beg from this Miſtery.
Grant it my Dear Redeemer and prevent
The diſmall Loſs of an Impenitent.

CHAP. V.

Of the Dignity of the Sacrament, and the Prieſtly State.

LORD.

NOt Angels Purity nor Holyneſs
Of *John* can put thy Soul in fitting dreſs

To touch this Sacrament; or to Receive
The ſame, did not I give man Grace and Leave,
Man is an uſeleſs Creature unto me,
All that he acts from my ſole Charity
And guift proceeds, though *Moſes* great and good
Turn'd to a Living Serpent a dead rod.
Surely 'twas I that did it; nor did he
Queſtion (as now) the Poſſibility
Of this Converſion, why or how does God
This or that act putting a Period
Unto his Power and limmiting the ſame
To human Reaſon, as if it were lame
Unleſs Supported by the reach of wit,
Which leſs conſults Truth then their benefit.
Thus helliſh upſtarts *Berengarius* like
Pretend Religion, whilſt they boldly ſtrike
Even at the root, and gladly would pull down
By fraud as well the Mitre as the Crown.
Men conſecrate 'tis true the Sacrament,
Eat Angels bread, but ſtill by my Conſent
And Power all's done; how can a worm a thing
Of Duſt, or merrit or obliege the King
Of Heaven? great is indeed this Miſtery
And great the Dignity of Prieſts, whereby
That Power they have which Angels we deny.
Yet no man hath this Power but Prieſts ordain'd
By right of Holy Church right truly gain'd.
To theſe I grant theſe Sacred acts of ſtate,
Theſe and theſe only I Commiſſionate.
Theſe are indeed my Miniſters, and thence
By Virtue of God's word this Excellence
Of power enjoy, and this by my Command
By my appointment doth Enacted ſtand
Author and Actor though inviſibly
Is God, whoſe power Atheiſts alone deny.

That

That horrid tragical Commedian which
Mimicks a Levites Perſon to enrich
Himſelf, Uſurps an Office for which he
Muſt dearly anſwer to the Diety
Such Mountebanks pretend to Preach, when that
None (if not ſent by God) can Preach, but prate.
This Sacrament ſpeaks his Omnipotence
Therefore his power before thy proper Sence
Or any other Demonſtration muſt
Be credited, his words are true and Juſt.
Guard then thy acts and thoughts prepare thy heart
And think with care whoſe Miniſter thou art
That Legally before Gods Alter ſtands
By Impoſition of thy Biſhops hands.
A Conſecrated Prieſt to Celebrate
Whoſe preſent Life muſt doom thy future State.
Weigh then exactly what thy office is,
A Prieſt to offer Chriſt for Sacrifice
To God, how far beyond an Embaſſy
Thy Charge, where thoughts as well as acts ſhall thee
Arraign, devoutly then thy ſelf prepare
And think how Angels wait yet cannot ſhare
Of thy employment; but conſider that
This loads thee more, does not exonerat
Thy Shoulders, for to ſtricter Diſcipline
And Sanctity thou art oblig'd herein.
Prieſts like the Vice-Roys of their mighty God
Muſt ſhine with virtues deck't in heavens abode
Mirrors their lives to others ſhould appear,
From Stains of ſins and ſcandall wholly clear,
Their grave and ſollid Converſation then
From Popular and common ways of men
Should be exempt, to Angels limited
Or Saints on Earth, whoſe Souls to Chriſt are wed
Prieſts in their ſacred Veſtments repreſent
His Perſon, and as Envoys from him ſent.

God

God they with humble yet with decent State
Both for themſelves and People ſupplicate,
The Croſs behind and on his breaſt wears he
As Trophies of his Captains Victory,
Where e're before he wears it this doth call
On him to follow Chriſt his Generall.
To Seal th' Impreſſion of Chriſt's ſteps with his
And Know his Paſſion is the way to bliſs.
The Croſs he on his ſhoulders wears behind
Minds him to bear the Croſs of ev'ry Kind,
To brook whatever is inflicted by
The world for his good God in Charity.
Before it alſo minds him to begin
With his own ſoul and wail his proper Sin.
Behind it calls him to compaſſionate
His Flock, and ſtand defender at the Gate
Againſt God's Juſtice, which would ruin thoſe
That ſin'd, did not a *Moyſes* Interpoſe.
Thou then that art a Prieſt like him muſt pray,
Muſt Sacrifice and ſo my wrath allay.
The Celebrating Prieſt God Honours, he
Rejoyceth Angels, and doth Edify
The Church, the living Comforts, and the Dead
As once by *Machabæus* Comforted
Find reſt by means of this grand Sacrifice,
And makes himſelf partaker of their bliſs.

CHAP. VI.

An Interrogation of that Exerciſe which is before Communion.

SERVANT.

WHen the vaſt Grandeur of thy Dignity
And my unworthineſs I ponder; I
Confounded am and tremble, Life I ſhun
If I approach not, and I am undone

If

If Spotted with the blots of ſin. What then?
Thou helper and Sole Councellor of men
Shall I in theſe extreams? Before mine Eyes
Place the right way to Heaven; the Exerciſe
Moſt fit for thoſe Cæleſtiall Myſteries.
Things of a fading worth that profit bring
Employ the thoughts of Emperour and King:
What care then claims this preparation ſince
I here receive my God the only Prince
Of Heaven and Earth; what care to Celebrate
This Sacrifice with due regard and State.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Diſcuſing or Arguing concerning our own Conſcience, and the Propoſall of Amendment.

LORD.

THat Prieſt which doth receive or conſecrate
Or touch this Sacrament, in humble State
And Reverence his Loyall heart muſt dreſs,
His Faith in God all ſawcy thoughts ſuppreſs.
'Tis Faith that Honour firſt to God doth ſhew
Faith rightly grounded makes man rightly do
Humbly confeſs and let thy ſorrow be
Unfeign'd, thy conſcience with ſtrict ſcrutiny
Examin, and let it be clean'd, refin'd,
Nothing of Lead therein that may thy mind
Dull, or oppreſs, or ſtop to Heaven thy way,
Or thee in thy Addreſs to God diſmay.
Be bold with Innocence, rank with the beſt,
Preſent thy ſelf to him a Loyall Prieſt,
Scorn thoſe falſe *Levits* thoſe mechanick Elves
That ſell their breath, damn others and themſelves,
Make proffit of their habit like a Turck,
Pretend it God's that is black Sathan's work.

Abhor

Abhor such dreadfull sins and all thy own,
Nay ev'ry day's excess thou should'st bemoan
To me within the Closet of thy heart,
Thy Passions and thy Miseries Impart.
Weep and bewail I say that thou art still
A worldly carnall slave unto thy Will,
So full of Passion and Concupisence,
And so unguarded in thy outward Sense,
So busy raising Castles in the Air,
And then thy thoughts that furiously repair
To outward things, neglect th' Interior part
To Laughter and Immodesty thou art
As prone, as hard to tears and sorrow, full
With fond desires of ease and pleasure, Dull
To fervour and Austerity, thy ears at catch
For news; for sights thy rambling Eyes at watch.
But where's that precious thought which calls on thee
To self contempt to true Humility?
In plenty thou art Covetous to live,
But grip'st thy purse and niggard art to give,
In deeds or manners a rude Libertine,
Thy Speech or silence stain'd with blame or sin,
Deaf to the word of God, greedy to feast,
To Labour slow, but hasty to thy rest,
Th'art in my war a Drousie Centinell;
Yet hunt'st for tales, and them again wilt tell,
Prayers begun with carelesness, oft end
In haste, and seldom rambling thoughts attend
Their work; mumbling thy hours is but to prate
And coldness ill the Mass doth Celebrate,
When thou Communicat'st alas how Dry
Thy heart; which straight doth to distraction fly.
How seldom recollected is thy Mind?
But unto Passion, suddenly inclin'd,

Soon

Soon blurts that word which others may displeaſe
Thy Peeviſh arguments like a diſeaſe
Infect, and without cenſure never ceaſe.
If Fortune frown, dejected doſt thou lye,
As much tranſported in Proſperity.
Sometimes ('tis true) thou doſt propoſe ſome good
But too too often ruin'd in the bud.
Theſe now and other thy defects confeſs,
Let Sorrow firſt diſſike and then redreſs
The Crimes, and when redreſt reſolve no more
Such ſoppiſh Pagan Idols to adore;
But beautify'd in Soul aſpire to fame,
Such as dares dye for honour of my name,
And in thy heart an Alter build that may
Burn Soul and Body Hollocauſts each Day
To thy Jehova, that more worthily
Thou may'ſt to God a Sacrificer be
Where I my ſelf am Sacrifice for thee.
Nor canſt thou wholly be compleat herein
Unleſs thy ſelf (without reſerve) for ſin
Thou offer'ſt an oblation when thou ſayſt
The Maſs, and for thy ſelf and People pray'ſt.
God in his Judgment's Juſt, and he from man
No more requires but what his weakneſs can
Perform; my Oath is paſt, and as I live
Let Sinners but repent and I'le forgive.
Sinners Repentance not their Death pleaſe me
And that they live live in felicity
Bleſt with an Act of my Indempnity.
Yet this extends not to half Penitents;
He that withdraws from Sin and then relents.
Invited to thoſe crimes with new deſires
Of Worldly honours, Wealth or Cupids fires
Muſt want this bliſs: Like *Ananias* ſuch
They give to God but think they give too much.

Man

Man from his birth to all Eternity
The Soul his ſole Companion hath, yet he
For ſome fond trifle will this Gem deſtroy
To which ten worlds compar'd is but a toy.
Monarchs as much as Swains are Slaves to death
At will the Tyrant orders their laſt breath.
Know then there are no Princes like the Juſt
In Heaven they Reign when all their bones are Duſt

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Oblation of Chriſt on the Croſs and of our proper reſignation.

LORD.

With naked body and extended hands
With Crown of Thorns, & with the bloody [brands
Of Piercing nailes, behold me on the Croſs.
A willing Sacrifice for thee with loſs
Of all my blood, that ſo I might appeaſe
My Fathers wrath for thy Souls happineſs.
This is the Copy now muſt thee invite
And thou with heart more then thy hand muſt write
After the ſame, when thou doſt Celebrate
The Maſs, could'ſt thou the world and all its ſtate
Beſtow on me, the whole is but a Toy;
Guifts I deſpiſe, thy ſelf I muſt enjoy.
Nothing without me can thee happy make,
Nought without thee will I for offring take
For thee my ſelf to God I wholly gave,
My fleſh and bloud for meat, and this to ſave
Thy Soul, thus am I thine, and thus again
Thou in exchange hereof muſt mine remain.
And thus if thou thy ſelf doſt not reſign
No union 'twixt us is, thou art not mine,
So as without it to deſign, intend,
Or act the leaſt of things, is to no end.

No grace or liberty enſues; and hence
For want of this men looſe the Excellence
Of thoſe great bleſſings; true my words muſt be
Unleſs thou all renounceſt, unto me
Thou no Diſciple art, if thy deſire
Then ſeeks for this, thus that thou muſt acquire.

CHAP. IX.

That we offer our Selves and all that is ours to God; and pray for all.

SERVANT.

ALL that's in Heaven and Earth are wholly thine
And poor unworthy I my ſelf reſigne
Fully to thee, ſtill to remain thy Slave,
Diſdain not Lord the guift 'tis what I have,
The free guift of a Bankrupt thou wilt prize
Such to thy name do I now Sacrifice.
But that now done, I next to thee preſent
That which excells all the old Teſtament
Contains: Thy ſelf; and this thy ſelf doſt know
Angels unſeen aſſiſt whilſt I this do.
Nor is th'oblation for my ſelf alone
But for the Peoples ſafety alſo done.
In preſence of thy Heavenly Court then I
My Faults and Sins unto thy Deity
Do Sacrifice, thy Charity will then
Burn up this Holocauſt with fire from Heaven,
That hence my Conſcience from all filth refin'd
May free'd from Sin thy Grace plant in my mind,
Thy ſpacious mercy may forgive, and pleaſe
To grant at length poor me the Kiſs of Peace.
And how alas can man the debt of Sin
Buy of from God: 'tis penitence muſt win
Remiſſion, when Confeſſion from the heart
Preceeds, and thou thy Grace art pleas'd t'impart.

Here

Here then my God behold a Bankrupt ſtands
Thus begging a diſcharge from thy dear hands.
Here I lay down my ſins the Arms of Hell,
I'le weep for what is paſt, ne're more rebell.
Lord I beſeech thee for thy Bleſſed Name
Pitty my Soul, remember for the ſame
Thou ſhed'ſt thy precious Blood, my ſelfe I yield
Unto thy mercy, let that be my ſheild
Againſt thy Juſtice, let thy Goodneſs be
My Orator for thy indempnity.
I offer all the little good I have
A Sacrifice to thee, thy Glance may ſave
A Thouſand Souls from ruin, and make fair
Unto thine Eyes that Ethiopians are.
So mine; that am a poor diminutive
Of Mankind, thy Sole word can make me live.
All the deſires of pious men to thee
I Sacrifice, and each neceſſity
Of Parents, Brothers, Siſters, Freinds, and ſuch
As e're ſo little gave or e're ſo much
In Charity for Love of thee, let them
That ſought my Maſs or Prayer, find a beam
Of thy warm love and mercy, whether Dead
Or Living that from pains and perrills freed
They may with heavenly Joys tranſported be
And ſing a loud Magnificats to thee.
The Sacrifice of Peace and Prayers too
For thoſe that Injur'd me in ought are due,
Which thy Example doth Command me do.
And ſo for thoſe which I in word or deed
Have wrong'd or any wiſe diſquieted
I beg thy Pardon and thy Mercy, that
We may at once thy guifts participate.
Make our hearts bright like Cryſtal Lord from
That neither Jealouſy nor wrath therein

May lodge, but ev'ry little ſpot remove
That may but dimn the Glory of true Love.
Mercy, O mercy Lord: Of words the beſt
For Sinners mouths, in thy Sole Grace doth reſt
Our happineſs, which makes us worthy here
To Journey towards Heaven and there appear.

CHAP. X.

Of Gratitude for the Grace of God.

LORD.

BEhold thy ſelf ſpread with the Leproſy
Of Sin, to this bleſt Fountain therefore fly.
Fall on thy Face and let thy Faith beg cure,
Chriſt in this Sacrament doth now aſſure
The ſame unto thy Soul, as once he did
Unto that Jew that was ſo putrifi'd,
But with the fulneſs of belief proceed
This Conquers Hell and this performs the deed.
The Prince of Darkneſs knowing this relief
Againſt the ſtroak of Mortall Sins is Chief,
Each ſtone he turns that art or mallice can
Diſcover, and employs to miſchief man.
The Helliſh Chief to ruin this great work
Amongſt the Sons of God doth often Lurk,
Men oft too oft miſtake Hipocriſy
For zeal, and fall from good to bad thereby;
The Timerous the Fiend invades with Fear,
Here their Love Leſſning, and withdrawing there
Their Faith, that they may this Communion quit
Or Coldly come when they approach to it.
But ſtill the ſtout the bold in Chriſtian faith
Weigh not his Stroak, regard not what he ſaith.
All his aſſaults his underminings are
By ſuch defeated, as do ſtill prepare

Their

Their hearts to fight againſt this wretch of Hell,
For Newters in ſuch Wars do but Rebell.
Make then this Sacrament thy ſhield, and on,
Courage prevails when Cowards are undone.
But often too much earneſtneſs to find
Devotion breeds Anxiety of mind.
Go and conſult with thoſe are juſt and wiſe,
Lay Scruples by, and be not too preciſe,
The Grace of God it hinders, Piety [ly
Deſtroys, and checks thoſe Souls would ſtraight way
To this Communion, as for all ſuch things
They do not kill although they ſmart like ſtings.
In and Confeſs and freely all forgive,
This muſt the Soul perform that hopes to live
In Heaven; if any thou haſt injur'd, go
Ask pardon, that *Jove* may thee mercy ſhew.
Delay not but in time apply this cure,
For timely done the remedy is ſure.
And triffling do not linger out this day,
Next morning brings misfortunes, and it may
Render thee leſs prepar'd and more unfit
For this great feaſt, and ſlower unto it.
Away with all theſe Obſtacles of ſloath
Th'are dilitory and pernitious both,
How diſmall is't to ſee man like a Brute
So cold to Virtue and ſo Diſſolute
In manners, and unwilling even to mind
This heavenly work, leaſt he might be confin'd
To ſtricter rules thereby. What Charity
What ſmall devotion have they that can fly
This Sacred Sacrament ſo eaſily?
How happy he that could each day preſent
Himſelf prepar'd to this great Sacrament?
Princes and Monarchs want this happineſs
Goodneſs not Greatneſs doth an Action bleſs.

If humbleneſs ſometimes a man withdraws
He Praiſe deſerves for ſuch a Lawfull cauſe,
But if meer ſloath invade thee, up and raiſe
Thy Spirit unto Combate, ſuch eſſays
Pleaſe the Almighty *Jove* whoſe goodneſs ſtill
Regards not ſo much action as the will.

If accidents juſt in themſelves prevent
The will ſupplies and this great Sacrament
Doth in effect enjoy, each Soul hath power
Not only ev'ry day but ev'ry hour
In Spirit to approach and taſt the Feaſt,
But ſtill at certain times ſhe muſt be Gueſt,
And this bleſt food both taſt and eat, and that
To honour God more then Communicate.

All ſelfiſhneſs muſt yield to heavenly Love:
As oft as man fixes his thoughts above
And in his mind revolves the miſteries
Of Chriſts dire Paſſion, and in paſſion flies
With Angels wings to Heaven, ſo oft doth he
Eat and refreſh his Soul inviſibly.

Thoſe that regard not this, and only do
This Duty for meer form and Cuſtom too
Are often unprepar'd, but bleſſed they
That to our Lord for Hollocauſt do pay
Themſelves as oft as they Communicate
Or Celebrate the Sacred Maſs. When that
Thou doſt perform this Sacred work, eſchew
What is or ſeems too much or elſe too few:
The Cuſtom of the place where thou doſt dwell
May help thee to perform thy duty well.

All that thy Neighbours may diſpleaſe lay by,
The road way ſettled by Antiquity
Is beſt, and better in devotion ſtill
Others to gratify then thy own will.

CHAP

CHAP. XI.

That the Body of Christ and the holy Scripture are Chiefly necessary to a faithfull Soul.

SERVANT.

TO Pious Souls good God how is it sweet
Beyond belief when they do Jesus meet
At his great banquet? where such Lovers eat
The darling of their heart their only meat.
My Lord how Joyfull would it be to me
That my poor heart could offer unto thee
Her eyes all swell'd with flouds of Tears, and then
To wipe thy feet with holy *Magdalen?*
But who alass these flouds of Tears can see
Or where is to be found this Piety?
In thy own Presence and thy holy Court
Mans heart should burn, or weeping in some sort
Express its Joy. And in this Sacrament
Though vail'd with outward forms, thou dost present
Thy self: For in thy brightness that's divine
When thy Majestick Rays at full do shine
No mortall eyes dare to approach the sight,
It dazel would the world not yield it light.
And therefore doth thy goodness think it fit
To come thus cover'd for mens benefit.
Man and the Angels the same Deity
Adore, but they in Heaven unveil'd whilst we
By strength alass of Faith can only see.
Thus light of this true faith must us Content
Till day in Heavens eternall firmament
Doth gloriously appear, till Shaddows fade
That Shaddows are of future figures made.
But when the fullness of our happiness
Arrives, the use of Sacraments will cease.

For happy Souls with Heavens true glory bleſt
Need no ſuch cures, their endleſs Joys and reſt
All ſuch poſſeſs in preſence of their Lord
Who face to face by them are now ador'd,
Beholding his great brightneſs, and from that
A brightneſs in themſelves participate,
And by this bleſſed Metamorphoſis
Enjoy the Deity in his Abiſs.
Of Excellence.

When in a deep and ſetled thoughtfulneſs
I muſe hereon, what is it that can pleaſe
On Earth the heart of man, when ſcarce I find
Ought of the Spirit that Contents our mind.
For till in Glory I my Lord can ſee
What is the world and all it's toys to me?
We ſee whole Kingdoms ruin'd to compleat
A Tyrants dream, and at his Lifes retreat
Into the Grave what was his life but this?
Yet made he Earth not Heaven his Paradiſe.

Thou art my witneſs God, thou Lord doſt know
That neither thing nor Creature here below
Affords me Pleaſure, thou thy ſelf alone
Adorn'd with glory on thy Heavenly Throne
Is the ſole Deity I do Adore
Seek ever to enjoy and nothing more.

But whilſt man Cloathed is with fleſh and blood
This cannot be, greif then muſt be withſtood
By Patience, and this virtue doth require
That we ſubmit to thee in each deſire.

Thy Saints Cohabitants of Heaven with thee
Whilſt Living wanted this felicity
And patiently endur'd with hopes to ſee
Thy Glory now enjoy'd: I hope as theſe
As they believ'd ſo I, and if that pleaſe
Thy grace, then may thy grace my God
Bring me at length thy Slave to their abode.

Mean while I'le walk in faith, lay by complaints
Arm'd with examples of theſe bleſſed Saints,
Whoſe holy Pens, (they gone) have left behind
Such Leſſons as may guide a Pious mind.
But above all thy ſacred Body is
The Curing remedy of remedies.
Two things are abſolutely requiſit
For man, whilſt the Almighty thinks it fit
To keep him in the miſerable plight
Of mortall Life. A Pris'ner wants both light
And meat: Such Lord am I and ſickly too,
Thou for my Suſtenance (though I not ſue)
Doſt give thy Sacred body, which relieves
Body, and mind of man, next he perceives
Thy Godly words which like the Sun ſhines bright
And guides our ſteps from ſtumbling in the night.
Ill can we Live without theſe two, thy words
Are our Souls light, thy Sacrament affords
Bread to our Lives, theſe may thy tables be
And paſs for part of thy Church Treaſury,
One Table that of thy bleſt Alter, which
The bread divine thy body doth enrich;
The Second of thy Sacred Law a Table
Which holds thy holy Doctrine, doth enable
Man to the truth of Faith, and leads thereby
His faith within the veile, in which doth lye
The Holy of all Holys. Therefore Lord
My mind, my tongue, and lips do all accord
In thanking thee that of this Doctrin art
The Table; light of lights unto my heart,
Theſe acts of grace to us are by thy Son
Thy Doctors, Prophets or Apoſtles done.
Thanks my Creator and Redeemer, who
Thy Charity to all the world did'ſt ſhew,
No Typick Lamb but thy own pretious Blood
And Body on this board prepared ſtood

And

And no leſs Banquet then this Cup and Meat
With Joy thy faithfull Servants Drink and Eat.
Angells and men here Cates of Heaven do meet
But our's more uſefull and their Feaſt more Sweet.
How great and Honourable is that place
Which on the Prieſthood God of his meer Grace
Beſtows? The Prieſt, the Lord of Majeſty
With Sacred Words doth Conſecrate, God he
Holds in his Hands, and with his Lips doth bleſs
Receives himſelf, and then the happineſs
Imparts to Others.
O Heavens how clean, how pure his heart his hands
His mouth, his body ought to be who ſtands
At this dread Alter, who ſo oft muſt be
Receiver of the Lord of Purity?
The Mouth of Prieſts ſhould Holyneſs contain
And nothing elſe, nought that's unjuſt or vain!
How dares he otherwiſe himſelf preſent
To handle this Cæleſtiall Sacrament?
His Eyes ſhould wear a Virgins harmleſneſs
And Modeſty, who in his Prieſtly dreſs
Chriſt's Body ſees ſo oft, his hands ſhould be
More white in Innocence and honeſty
Then Snow, with them erected to his Throne
Praiſing that Deity that's three in one.
God doth he touch that made both Heaven and Earth,
God that vouchſaf'd to take on Man by Birth,
He to the Prieſts in the Old Law declar'd

LORD.

You of All men with Sanctity prepar'd
Muſt be, muſt ſtrive to be with me the ſame,
Who both your God your Lord and Saviour am.

SERVANT.

Let thy all Powerfull Grace O Lord aſſiſt
Him that receives this Province of a Prieſt.

That

That he with goodneſs, Juſtice, Conſcience may
Serve thee all minutes of each night and day,
This is the Innocence of Life he ſhould
Be Maſter of, but we are weak, and would
What is beyond our Power, Lord therefore ſince
We cannot reach to ſo much Innocence,
Grant tears enough at leaſt to wipe the ſtains
Of ſin away, to Penitence God dains
The bliſs of humbleneſs thou know'ſt, whence we
May in the future ſerve him fervently.

CHAP. XII.

That He that is to Communicate ought to prepare Himſelf with great Diligence.

LORD.

KNOW that of Purity I lover am
Of Sanctity the giver, Juſt the ſame
Muſt theſe hearts be that ſought for are by God,
'Tis only there that he makes his abode.
I and my Favourits will Celebrate.
The Paſch with thee, but ſtill a Room of State
Muſt be prepar'd, this room muſt be thy heart,
All Spots ſwept of, all leven laid apart,
All clean and pure as Cryſtal, all the World
All Vice, all the tumultuous rabble hurl'd
Out of thy thoughts, and doors: Court Sollitude
As Sparrows on the Houſes tops, exclude
Exceſs of all kinds from thy humble mind,
Let thy Soul be with tears from ſins refin'd,
In ſuch reception thou thy love doſt ſhew,
And Lovers their beloved beſt do know.
This Darling of man's Life, is pleaſed beſt
With Virtue in a Chaſt and honeſt Breſt,
Such then prepares this Sumptious Ornament
Since Virtue moſt doth Chriſt their ſpouſe content.

But

But do not now mistake and think that man
Is able to provide this Feast, or can
Ought merrit of himself although a year
In preparation for this Banquet were
Wholly expended, and though he had nought
Besides this only to employ his thought.
If any comes and at my table sits
'Tis my sole Charity my Grace permits
The same, even as a beggar at the board
Of some great Prince or wealthy Lord
Hath nothing for this Honour to repay
But what an humble gratitude can say.
Then so do thou, Impossibilities
I not expect, the will doth me suffice
When power is wanting; But still care apply
(Beyond what's custom or necessity)
To take this Sacrament with fear and Love
And Rev'rence, since Christs kindness is above
Ought thou canst do; I came my self to thee,
I cal'd I caus'd it to be done, 'tis I
That did supply thy wants, up then and come
Take me thy guest if fitted is thy Room.
If I the sweet of Piety Impart
To thee, thank God for it, not that thou art
Deserving, but I mercifull; If dry
Thy heart; on still and pray and try
Again, knock hard, cry out untill a Crum
Or Drop of grace by thy Persistence come,
Thou my assistance want'st, I want not thee,
I come to visit and to Sanctify
Thy Soul, this cannot I from thee expect
What canst thou build upon what hopes erect
Of Grace, amendment, or of Sanctity,
Or union with thy Lord unless I be

The Corner ſtone; ſee then thou act thy part
Prepare with dilligence a Lovers heart
And win thy heavenly Spouſe by thy deſert
Before Communion it is requiſit
Thou doſt thy ſelf Prepare, and 'tis as fit
That thou art Pious after as before:
None ſerves too much that God he doth adore.
He that doth after this his actions beſt
Watch and direct is for the ſecond Feaſt
Prepared beſt; ſo he that gives himſelf
To Pleaſures or the queſt of human pelf
After this Heavenly work, can not attain
A fitting dreſs for's Soul to feaſt again.
Beware my Son thou art not talketive,
Retire with God and with him only live,
And thus ſhalt thou enjoy his Company
Whom all the world cannot withdraw from thee.
I am that only he to whom alone
Thy ſelf thou only ow'ſt th'art not thy own
But mine, ſee then if thou wilt happy be
Thou muſt thy ſelf renounce and live in me.

CHAP. XIII.

That a devout Soul with its whole heart muſt affect to be united unto Chriſt in the Sacrament.

SERVANT.

O Heavens who Is'ſt will grant that I may find
My Lord alone, 'tis ſo dear Lord my mind
Can only be appeas'd, 'tis ſo my heart
I open would to thee, and thee apart
Enjoy from all the world, that henceforth I
Regard not whether man doth villify
Or Praiſe or Pity or Condemn thy Slave
But that I may my dear enjoy and have

Unto

Unto my ſelf, as one beloved friend
In friendſhip with another doth contend,
And ſeeks as now I do to talk, to Feaſt
With none but thee, for Confident or Gueſt.
This I deſire this Covet I and pray
That all Created things from my heart may
Abſtracted be, and in an unity
Through this great Sacrifice conjoyn'd to thee,
That ſaying Maſs, and this great Sacrament
Receiving, I may wholly be content
With thoughts of Heaven alone, O Lord my God
When ſhall I wholly make my ſole abode
With thee, rejecting Earth and all its pelf
And all Relations I and all my ſelf.
As doth the chaſt and humble turtle Dove
Amongſt a million chuſe one certain Love,
So doth my Soul her God, him Love him Pray
Him Court alone during her length of Day.
No reall Peace no quiet but in thee,
And nought but Labour Pains and Miſery
Without my God, a hidden God thou art
That to the Humble, Simple, doſt Impart
Thy words, and with a Heavenly Juſt diſdain
The Hipocrite, the miſer and the vain
Doſt truly Scorn, how ſweet thy Spirit that
Permits thy Children to Perticipate
That bread which Manna only did foretell,
They dy'd that eat that bread, though their Lives well
Were ſpent; this Heavenly bread that thou doſt give
Makes him that virtuous is for ever live.
Never was Nation Lord as ours ſo great,
What God but our true God did ever treat
With Mortals face to face? Though *Moſes* ſtood
To hear our Lord and was a Prophet good
And Mighty, yet could not with mortall eyes
That God (to whom heoft did Sacrafice)

Bshold

Behold. And other Gods were only toys
Things meerly fit to Coſen fools or boys.
But thou in a miſterious way doſt feaſt
With thy own bleſſed fleſh thy faithfull gueſt.
No Creatures like true virtuous Chriſtians are,
Others with men but theſe with Angels fare.
O Grace, O Love, O Favour not to be
Expreſt by Mankind but the Deity.
What then can I return for this alaſs?
Can man requite what Angels doth ſurpaſs?
What can I give but this poor heart of mine?
Take it I lay it at thoſe feet of thine,
And this accepted it will in my Face
Appear rejoycing bleſt by ſuch a grace;
When Unity betwixt my Soul and thee
Hereby is made, and thou ſhalt ſay to me
Now we are one ſince I perceive thy will,
Continue thus and thus it ſhall be ſtill.
O Lord what words of thanks can I invent
To ſhew (this done) how vaſt is my content.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the fervent deſires of ſome devout Souls to receive the Body of Chriſt.

SERVANT.

HOW vaſt; O Lord their ſtore of Sweets appear
Which thou Reſerv'ſt for thoſe that thee do fear
Amaz'd ſometimes (noting a Penitent,
Who comes with zeal unto thy Sacrament,)
I bluſh confounded at my Coldneſs, that
Approach thy table to Communicate,
And find my heart ſo dry ſo void of Love,
And though thus dry yet nothing can it move
To flame before my God, nought of deſire
Which carries fervent Souls with rapid fire

Unto

Unto thy Heavenly Banquet, who again
To quench this heat with Eyes and heart could rain
Flowdgates of tears, not able to ſuppreſs
The zealous Joys of their ſouls eagerneſs.
Such real true and ardent Faith as this
Argues that our Redeemer preſent is
In this Great Sacrament, ſuch faith doth ſhew
In breaking bread our Lord they truly know,
Their hearts do burn whilſt walking in the way
To Heaven they liſten what our Lord doth ſay.
But I alas am far, far far am I
From ſuch a Love, ſuch zeal, ſuch piety.
Help then thy ſlave, him with thy mercy bleſs
With one ſmall mite of thy ſoft Humbleneſs.
Grant but the leaſt reflection of thy Love
That very Leaſt my heart will warm and move
To walk with Faith unto this Sacrament,
And ſtrengthned with this Sacred Manna ſent
From Heaven, my hope my Charity may bring
My Soul at Length to wait upon its King.
And what is all that grace man can deſire
Which mercy from his God cannot inſpire?
Or fervour of the Spirit may not give?
And though I do not ſo preciſely live
As thoſe great Actors of true Penitence
Yet like a Publican I'le own the ſence
Of my paſt guilt, and aided by thy Grace
Amongſt them ſeek Society and Place.

CHAP. XV.

That the Grace of Devotion is obtained by Humility and ſelf deniall.

LORD.

AS Diamonds are dig'd for, deep in Ground
And both with hazard and with labour found

So

So must the Jewell of Devotion be
Obtain'd in pains, pains acted Patiently
With Faith and expectation; when possest
Humbly preserv'd and work't on without rest
And not with greedines to wish an end
By Death, but quietly on God depend.
Humble thy self when thy Devotions gone
By sadnes men may quickly be undone.
What God oft Long denies a Minute brings
At prime he weeps that oft at even Song sings,
If full Devotion at the first request
Were granted, man would soon be overprest
With too much Load, and therefore must give scope
Of time to gain it in the strength of hope,
Humbly w th Patience then unto thy sin
Attribute what thy Prayers cannot win,
Some times away 'tis taken hiddenly
A trifle oft conceals or takes from thee
The same, if we can what prevents this good
A trifle call, which rather's understood
A thing of Consequence, but be it great
Or small, thou in the Conquest dost Compleat
The work, And this by yielding unto me
Is gain'd: No self Will partiality
Must interpose, thus doth disturbance cease
United unto God man rests in Peace:
Then Words and Acts and Thoughts are pleas nt still
When still refer'd unto thy makers will.
He therefore that can wholly raise his heart
To God, from worldly Love and hatred part,
This and this only man is made most fit
For true Devotions happy benefit.
The Vessell that is empty clean and Sweet
Doth soonest with our Saviours blessing meet.
That Soul which can most perfectly surmount
The world, and by a self contem pt, account

Her ſelf as Dead, more nimbly doth her ſtore
Of Grace with Eagles wings help her to ſoar
Above the Earth, and in Heaven God adore,
Thus will her Eyes undazled ſee the rays
Of Gods moſt glorious Face and in the praiſe
Of his bleſt Name raiſe up her Joyfull mind
When ſhe the powerfull hand of Heaven doth find
Protecting her for a reward ſince ſhe
Aſſign'd her ſelf to God eternally.

Bleſt ſuch, for ſuch their God doth ſeek and gain
Such and ſuch only have not Souls in vain,
Such in receiving the bleſt Euchariſt
Are bleſt by Union with our Saviour Chriſt
And ſuch their own Devotion, Comfort, will,
Reſpect not, but Gods Glory covet ſtill,
Still do they Honour their Eternall King
Still to his name their Alleluia's Sing.

CHAP. XVI.

That we ought to manifeſt our neceſſities to Chriſt and to ſeek his Grace.

SERVANT.

MOſt ſweet moſt loving Lord behold me now
A Publican that at thy feet doth bow.
Thou ſee'ſt alas my weakneſs, ſee'ſt my ſin
Yet mercy unto *Mary*, *Auguſtin*,
And to the Theif was granted once by thee,
If then to Penitents why not to me?
I tumble in the mire of wickedneſs
My Soul perplexed with her diſmall dreſs;
Yet where can this poor ſickly patient come
But to the Doctor that can ſave and doom?
What need I tell thee where my Sickneſs lies
Is not my heart apparent to thy Eyes?

Thou

Thou ſeeſt my wants, how I defeçient am
In good, ſwift unto ſin, to Virtue lame
What need'ſt thou feel my pulſe thy word alone
Can cure, and bid the tempting Fiend be gone
Alas how Poor and naked do I ſtand
And wilt thou this behold and Cloſe thy hand,
Wilt ſee my trembling Soul with Cold oppreſt
My blindneſs groping to find eaſe and reſt.
And not remember what thy ſelf didſt ſay
By thy Apoſtles Pen, which ſhew'd the way
Of Charity, O help me then and give
Thy Servant ſight and heat and let him Live.
Lord let him live to find all Earthly things
Seaſon'd with wormwood, pleaſures mixt with ſtings.
And thence thereon place a true eſtimate
To Scorn the world and graſp more happy fate.
Hence thou alone wilt relliſh to my mind
In thee alone Eternally 'twill find
Both Love and Joy and ev'ry ſort of food
And each delight and all things that are good,
Like to the Phœnix burn my heart to duſt
Thence like thy own raiſe my poor ſpirit Juſt
And wholly fit to joyn it to thy own
And let it be attendant on thy Throne.
Let me not Lord with hunger pine away
Diſdain not beggars when they humbly pray,
Such wonders as I beg thy Saints once got,
No Law of thine e're barr'd me from this Lot.
For As thou art Eternall fire, thy light
And heat to each repenting praying wight
Is granted when admitted to thy ſight.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the ardent Love and vehement Desire to Receive Christ.

SERVANT.

WIth all Devotion all the ardent Love
All the Desires and fervor that can move
Mans heart, I come and seek thee Lord as some
Crown'd for their Innocence or Martyrdom
Have done before, with these I do desire
My Saviour to receive, thou didst inspire
Their happy thoughts with proper Piety
Why should my Lord refuse the same to me?
To me that counts my God my only bliss
Eternal Love and endless happiness.
I want 'tis true their zeal in this great Act
But still the will with thee supplies the fact,
And though I am those pious Sentiments
Unworthy to receive, yet my intents
Are cordial as if I alone possest
These zealous flames as my sole Interest.
Whatever then devout Souls can conceive
I humbly offer, Lord do thou receive
The same, a holy Sacrifice that's due
Unto my God and my Redeemer too
My self and all that's mine I offer up
Prepar'd with Jesus for his bitter Cup
Thus predispos'd my Lord, why may not I
Receive my Christ Joyn'd to the Deity?
'Tis true Indeed I was about to say
I would perform it with that love this day
Which once thy blessed Mother did when she
Receiv'd by *Gabriel* thy Grand Embassy. [tongue
But straight my thoughts gave check unto my
Heat of ambition runs into what's wrong.

She was that Choſen cloſet which thine eye
Nine months did Chooſe to Lodge the Deity
So that on Earth her Soul enjoy'd ſome ſhare
Of Heaven, ſome parts of holy Scripture are
From her receiv'd and what could mankind do
But for this Virgin and a Mother too?
God the all knowing God of all did chooſe
Her amongſt women bleſt: The reſt refuſe,
Her near Relation wife to *Zachary*
Though Juſt in each command yet could not ſhe
Obtain this bliſs wanting Virginity.

'Tis true her Babe did in her womb rejoyce
At the firſt ſound of virtuous *Mary's* voice.

The Heavenly Spirit gave her Mouth the word
Of truth, to Stile her Mother of her Lord,
The very viſit did Prognoſticate
John's greatneſs and his future happy fate.

But theſe great Saints were propperly ſubmiſs
Rejoyc'd and yielded unto *Mary's* bliſs.

The word receiv'd, why ſhould ſhe queſtion how
She might conceive? but that ſhe paſt her vow
To live in Chaſtity for future time:
To know her *Joſeph* could not be a crime?
But that this vow did bar. So when ſhe knew
This bleſſing came from Heaven, ſhe like the true
And holy offspring of great *Abraham*
Wellcom'd the gift ſeeing from whence it came,
Her faith like his contributed to ſave
The World. And therefore let thy Servant have
A due reſpect unto this greateſt Saint
Not ſeek with Turk, or Heretick to taint
Her fame, whom God did thus appoint to be
The worthy Mother of a Deity,
At whoſe requeſt thou firſt did'ſt yield to ſhew
A Miracle, and in thy height of woe

(When even great *Phœbus* thought himſelf undone)
Appoint her *John* the Virgin for a Son
Far be it then I ſhould let ſlip this word
Ought of Compariſon with her's abſur'd.
So 'tis with thy Precurſor, he that knew
Earths great Creator e're his eys did view
The World, and with Prophetick Spirit bleſt
When grown to man theſe words of Joy expreſt
The Bridegrooms Friends, that hears the Bridgrooms voice
Becauſe he hears the Bridgroom doth rejoyce
'Twas he Baptis'd that God which gave him breath
'Twas he rebuk'd a Tyrant though his death
Enſued, far far from me then in a thought
That either act or wiſh of mine be brought
To ſpeak reſemblance only with the leaſt
Of theſe great heavenly Angels, their requeſt
In my behalf is that I do implore
Repenting Sinners pleaſe ſuch Spirits more,
Then any thing this Earth affords, for they
Rejoyce to ſave and help whilſt we do pray.
I then unworthy wretch beg thou'lt Permit
Theſe Saints to ſpeak for me what they think fit
So did'ſt thou *Moſes* and ſo *Job* allow
To pray and mittigate thy bended brow.
Let them obtain for me that the deſires
Of my poor heart enflam'd with Sacred fires
May in exceſs of Joys it ſelf preſent
Bright and unſpotted to this Sacrament.
That all beneath on Earth and in the Skies
May with bent Knees aſſiſt this Sacrifice.
And though unworthy I, yet Lord accept
That boundleſs praiſe that bleſſing and reſpect
That's due unto thy Greatneſs Power and Name
And I each day each minute ſtrive the ſame
To pay unto thy Goodneſs; and invoke
As well each mortall (Subject to the ſtroak.

Of Death,) as thoſe that ſtoutly Conquer'd it
And now in Glory with thy Angels ſit
To Joyn with me in humble fit eſſays
Of giving thee my Lord thy proper praiſe.
Thy praiſe may ev'ry begger Swain and King
Each Tribe each Tongue and ev'ry Mortal Sing,
And may each Levit that doth Celebrate
With due Devotion and with holy State
Such as thy Heavenly Sacrament doth fit
Receive thy Grace to his Souls benefit
And in their good memorials pray for me
A wretched ſinner to thy Majeſty.
So when their long petitioning obtains
That true Devotion, and that Union gains
Which makes them truly happy and imparts
From thy bleſt table to their Joyfull hearts
All the Celeſtiall comforts they deſir'd
Let my Souls help be in their minds inſpir'd
To purchaſe that for me they have acquir'd.

CHAP. XVIII

That man be not a curious ſearcher of the Sacrament but an humble Immitator or follower of Chriſt, Submitting his Senſe unto Faith.

LORD.

WIth thy *Icarian* wings mount not too high
Searching the Secrets of this Miſtery,
Leaſt thy ambition ſoar too near the Sun
And find with Lucifer thy ſelf undone,
Nor with an Ethiopian Atheiſt drive
Too far, thy Scrutiny can not Survive
Th'attempt, if once the Ocean wrath of God
Tempeſtuous grows and dooms thee to a Clod.
Egregious fools are they that ſtrive to know
By ſearch what 'tis the Deity can do.

Hereof I gave thee Items once before
But in addition take one Item more.
Men oftentimes 'tis ſeen looſe Leg and hand
This is in their Country, that in forreign Land
And in a third they dye, thus each part comes
In ev'ry place unto their diffrent tombs.
Yet at the dreadfull day each man Intire
Shall riſe, this doom'd to Heaven and that to fire.
Conſider too with this how that the ruſt
Of Centuries have Chang'd their bones to duſt
And this part of your Creed; ſhall then the Son
Of Slime and dirt ask how this work is done?
As if Almighty power could nothing frame
But that your Scrutiny could find the ſame.
An humble pious inquiſition is
Allowable, with care that truth or this
To find, but ſtill prepared to receive
Thoſe Documents the Fathers did you leave.
Bleſſed that ſweet ſimplicity which flies
Queſtions of Crabbed ambiguities
And walks thoſe plain and beaten Paths were trod
By Saints according the commands of God.
Devotion that rich precious Pearl is loſt
By many while their lofty thoughts are toſt
In ſearch of fancied conqueſts, bleſt is he
That doth believe although he cannot ſee.
Faith and Sincerity of Life is that
Which God requires from thee, not how to prate
Philoſophy, or gain the miſteries
Of God, Pride oft we ſee in knowledge lyes.
If what's on Earth thou canſt not comprehend
How canſt thou things in Heaven? Come Son attend
Thy ſelf, humble thy ſenſes unto Faith
Follow what Chriſt by his Apoſtles Saith
Submit to God in all things, he will give
Thoſe precepts that beſt teach to dye and live.

In

In this of Faith and of this Sacrament
Many are dayly tempted, Saints have ſpent
Some years in this encounter, but they find
'Tis not their act but planted in their Mind
By mans eternall foe. When this is ſought
By him, baniſh the Traytor from thy thought
Make mine, my Saints, and Prophets words thy ſhield
Thus arm'd thy enemy will fly and yield
My Servants often profit by the like
Sathan doth ſeldom faithleſs Sinners ſtrike,
They are his own already; 'tis the good
This roaring Lion ſeeks to make his food,
With harmleſs faith and Confidence then on
Let thy addreſs too harmleſly be done
And what thou canſt nor reach by humane wit
Safely unto the Deity commit.
His good omnipotence ne're fails but he
Oft fails that doth upon himſelf rely,
God with the Simple walks, and Judgment gives
To that poor Soul that's Juſt and meekly lives
The Humble man his revelation finds
The ſence of things he grants to modeſt minds
To ſuch he open is and yet doth hide
His grace from Curioſity and pride.
Weak is all humane reaſon, and (we know)
Doth fail full oft; but reall faith not ſo.
Reaſon and natural diſcoveries
Should always follow faith and ſuch we prize
Beyond thoſe wits that would invert this way
By arguments, and make this that obey
For Faith and Love in this great act excell
They Conquer reaſon when it dares rebell,
By hidden means their well diſpos'd intent
Doth operate in this bleſt Sacrament.
Eternall and omnipotent is God
His Power is Infinite Heaven his abode

Thither

Thither on Heavenly Angels wings he fled
From Earth, though murder'd and for ſome time dead
His works inſcrutable both here and there
His Miracles but not his ways appear,
And were they ſuch as eaſily were ſeen
By us, how could they wonderfull have been.

FINIS.

An Index of the Chapters.

The Chapters contained in the First Book.

1. *OF Imitating Christ and contempt of worldly vanities.* Pag. 1.
2. *Of having an humble opinion of one's self,* p. 2.
3. *Of the Doctrin of truth,* p. 4.
4. *Of Prudence and foresight,* p. 6.
5. *How to read and study the holy Scriptures with profit,* p. 7.
6. *Of Inordinate desires and affections,* p. 8.
7. *Of flying vain hope and haughtiness,* p. 9.
8. *What Company is to be followed or refrained,* p. 10.
9. *Of Obedience and Subjection,* Ibid.
10. *Against Idle meetings and vain talk,* p. 11.
11. *Of obtaining peace and zeal of spiritual profit,* p. 12.
12. *Of the profit gotten by Adversity,* p. 14.
13. *Of resisting Temptation,* p. 15.
14. *Against rash Judgment,* p. 18.
15. *Of the works of Charity,* Ibid.
16. *That we must bear sometimes with other mens faults,* 20.
17. *Of a Religious life,* p. 21.
18. *Of the Virtuous Lives of the holy Fathers,* p. 22.
19. *Of the Exercise of a good Religious Person,* p. 24.
20. *Of the Love of Solitariness and Silence,* p. 26.
21. *Motives to Compunction,* p. 29.
22. *Of the consideration of Mans misery,* p. 31.
23. *Of the Meditation of Death,* p. 33.
24. *Of the last Judgment and punnishment for Sin,* 36.
25. *That we should earnestly endeavour to amend our Lives,* p. 40.

The

Thither on Heavenly Angels wings he fled
From Earth, though murder'd and for some time dead
His works inscrutable both here and there
His Miracles but not his ways appear,
And were they such as easily were seen
By us, how could they wonderfull have been.

FINIS.

An Index of the Chapters.

The Chapters contained in the First Book.

1. *OF Imitating Christ and contempt of worldly vanities.* Pag. 1.
2. *Of having an humble opinion of one's self,* p. 2.
3. *Of the Doctrin of truth,* p. 4.
4. *Of Prudence and foresight,* p. 6.
5. *How to read and study the holy Scriptures with profit,* p. 7.
6. *Of Inordinate desires and affections,* p. 8.
7. *Of flying vain hope and haughtiness,* p. 9.
8. *What Company is to be followed or refrained,* p. 10.
9. *Of Obedience and Subjection,* Ibid.
10. *Against Idle meetings and vain talk,* p. 11.
11. *Of obtaining peace and zeal of spiritual profit,* p. 12.
12. *Of the profit gotten by Adversity,* p. 14.
13. *Of resisting Temptation,* p. 15.
14. *Against rash Judgment,* p. 18.
15. *Of the works of Charity,* Ibid.
16. *That we must bear sometimes with other mens faults,* 20.
17. *Of a Religious life,* p. 21.
18. *Of the Virtuous Lives of the holy Fathers,* p. 22.
19. *Of the Exercise of a good Religious Person,* p. 24.
20. *Of the Love of Solitariness and Silence,* p. 26.
21. *Motives to Compunction,* p. 29.
22. *Of the consideration of Mans misery,* p. 31.
23. *Of the Meditation of Death,* p. 33.
24. *Of the last Judgment and punnishment for Sin,* 36.
25. *That we should earnestly endeavour to amend our Lives,* p. 40.

The

The Chapters contained in the Second Book.

1. OF *Internal converſation*, p.45.
2. *Of Patience and Humility*, p.48.
3. *Of a good and peaceable man*, p.49.
4. *Of pureneſs in mind and plainneſs in meaning*, p.51.
5. *Of the conſideration of mans Life*, p.52.
6. *The Joy of a good Conſcience*, p.53.
7. *To love Chriſt above all things*, p.54.
8. *Of familiarity with Jeſus*, p.55.
9. *Of the want of Comfort*, p.57.
10. *Of thankfulneſs to God for his Benefits*, p.60.
11. *The ſmall number that love Chriſt unfeinedly*, p.62.
12. *Of patient bearing the Croſs of Chriſt*, p.63.

The Chapters contained in the Third Book.

1. OF *the Spiritual diſcourſe between Chriſt and the faithfull Soul*, p.69.
2. *That the truth ſpeaketh Inwardly*, p.70.
3. *That the words of God with all Reverence ſhould be heard, and that they are not weigh'd by many*, p.71.
A Prayer to implore the Grace of Devotion, p.73.
4. *That we muſt walk ſincerely & humbly before God*, p.74.
5. *Of the wonderful effect of Divine Grace*, p.76.
6. *Of the proof of a true Lover*, p.79.
7. *Of modeſt concealing the benefits of God*, p.81.
8. *That man muſt debaſe himſelf in the ſight of God*, p.83.
9. *That all things are to be refer'd to God as the laſt end*, 84.
10. *That it is a ſweet thing to ſerve God and deſpiſe the world*, p.86.
11. *That the deſires of the mind muſt be examined and bridled*, p.88.

12. *The way to Patience & to fight against fleshly desires*, 89.
13. *Of Obedience to our Governours after the example of Christ*, p.91.
14. *That we are to consider the secret Judgments of God least we grow proud in his guifts.* p.92.
15. *What words and method are to be used in desiring any thing from God*, p.94.
A Prayer, p.95.
16. *That true comfort is to be sought for in God alone*, Ibi.
17. *That all our cares must be cast upon God*, p.97.
18. *That temporal miseries by the Example of Christ are to be born patiently.* p.98.
19. *Of suffering Injuries and who is prov'd to be truly patient.* p.99.
20. *Of the acknowledging of our own infirmity and of the miseries of life*, p.101.
21. *That we are to rest in God above all his guifts*, p.103.
22. *Of the remembrance of Gods multiplied benefits*, p.106.
23. *Of Four things greatly importing peace*, p.109.
A Prayer for the enlightning of the mind, p.110.
24. *To avoid frivilous inquiry after other mens lives and actions*, p.111.
25. *In what things consist the firm peace of Heart and true advancement*, p.112.
26. *Of the Excellency of a free mind which humble prayer better deserveth then reading*, p.114.
27. *That private love doth most hinder us from our chiefe good*, p.116.
A Prayer for cleansing of the heart, and for heavenly wisdom, p.117.
28. *Against the tongue of Slanderers*, p.118.
29. *How we ought to call upon God and bless him when tribulation draweth near*, Ibid.
30. *Of craving the divine aid and confidence of recovering Grace*, p.120.
31 *Of the neglect of all Creatures that the Creator may be*

be poſſeſt, p.122.
32. Of the quitting our ſelves and renouncing of Luſts, 125.
33. Of Inconſtancy of heart, and of directing our final intentions to God. p.127.
34. That God is ſweet above all things, and in all things to that Perſon that loveth him, p.128.
35. That there is no ſecurity from temptation in this life, p.130.
36. Againſt the vain Judgments of men, p.131.
37. Of the pure and full reſignation of ones ſelf to obtain liberty of Heart, p.132.
38. Of good Government in exteriour things and recourſe to God in dangers, p.134.
39. That man ſhould not be too Importunate and ſollicitous in buſineſs, p.135.
40. That man of himſelf has no good and can glory of nothing, p.136.
41. Of the contempt of all temporal honours, p.138.
42. That peace is not to be plac'd in men, p.139.
43. Againſt vain and worldly knowledge, p.140.
44. Of not attracting to ones ſelf exteriour things, p.142.
45. That faith is not to be given to all and of the eaſy failing of words, p.143.
46. Of Confidence to be put in God when ill words are ſpoken againſt us, p.145.
47. That all grievous things are to be endured for Eternal Life, p.148.
48. Of the day of Eternity and neceſſities of this life, p.149.
49. Of the day of Eternal life and how many bleſſings are promiſed to thoſe that fight for it, p.152.
50. How a forlorn and misfortunate man ought to offer himſelf to the hands of God, p.156.
51. That a man ought to employ himſelf in works of humility when ability is wanting for higher things, p.160.
52. That man muſt not judge himſelf worthy of conſolation but rather guilty of puniſhment, p.163.

53. *That the Grace of God is not mixed with the love of worldly things,* p.163.
54. *Of the different motios of Nature and Grace,* p.165.
55. *Of the corruption of Nature and efficacy of divine Grace,* p.169.
56. *That we ought to deny our ſelves and imitate Chriſt by the Croſs,* p.171.
57. *That man ſhould not be too much dejected when he falls into any misfortunes,* p.173.
58. *That we muſt beware not to diſpute of lofty things and of the hidden Judgments of God,* p.175.
59. *That all hope and confidence is to be fix'd in God alone.* p.178.

The Chapters contained in the Fourth Book.

1. AN *Exhortation to the Holy Comunion,* p.183.
2. *That the great goodneſs and charity of God is beſtowed on man, in this Sacrament,* p.189.
3. *That it is profitable to Communicate often.* p.193.
4. *That many good things are given to thoſe that Communicate Devoutly.* p 197.
5. *Of the Dignity of the Sacrament, and the Prieſtly State,* p.202.
6. *An Interrogation of that Exerciſe which is before Communion,* p.205.
7. *Of the diſcuſing or arguing concerning our own Conſcience, and the propoſall of amendment.* p.206.
8. *Of the Oblation of Chriſt on the Croſs, and of our proper reſignation.* p.209.
9. *That we offer our Selves and all that is ours to God; and pray for all.* p.210.
10. *Of Gratitude for the Grace of God.* p.212.
11. *That the Body of Chriſt and the holy Scripture are Chiefly neceſſary to a faithfull Soul.* p.215.

12. *That He that is to Communicate ought to prepare Himself with great Diligence.* p.219.
13. *That a devout Soul with its whole heart must affect to be united unto Christ in the Sacrament.* p.221.
14. *Of the fervent desires of some devout Souls to receive the Body of Christ.* p.223.
15. *That the Grace of Devotion is obtained by Humility and self deniall.* p.224.
16. *That we ought to manifest our necessities to Christ and to seek his Grace.* p.226.
17. *Of the ardent love and vehement desire to receive Christ.* p.228.
18. *That man be not a curious searcher of the Sacrament but an humble Immitator or follower of Christ, submitting his Sense unto Faith.* p.231.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA